

SCOTLAND PICTURESQUE AND TRADITIONAL



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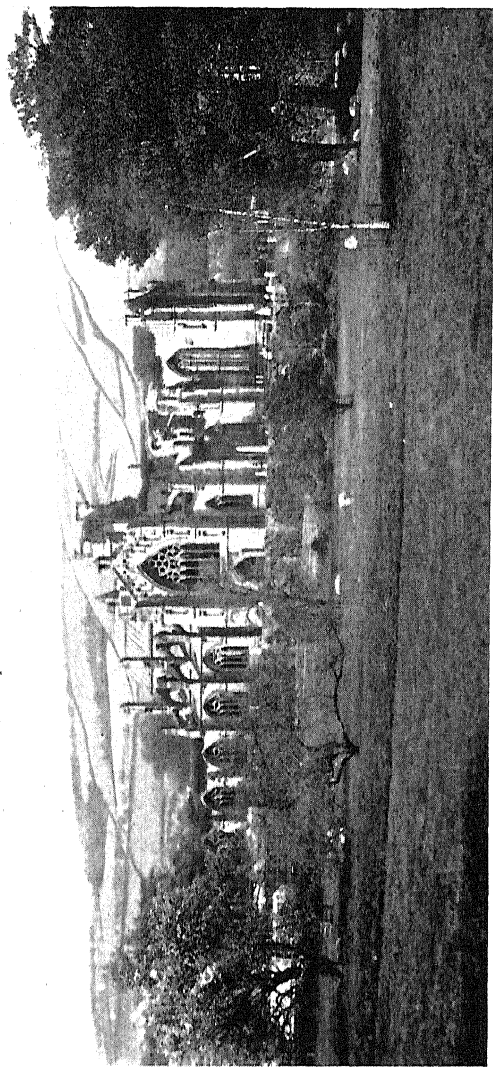
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SCOTLAND PICTURESQUE AND TRADITIONAL

CHAPTER I.

THE LAMP OF THE BORDER.

SOME time in every year, notably in the green spring and the reminiscent autumn, there comes upon most men some stirring of the primeval instinct to forsake beaten ways. Stronger and stronger grows the desire, like that of the reindeer for the sea, to travel to new places, to enter the life of strange cities, and to wander through unknown green valleys of the world. It is not only the thought of landscape loveliness that draws the heart away. There is attraction, indeed, in the sunshine and the scented silence of steep mountain-sides, in the red roofs and yellow corn-lands and leafy farm-lanes of a warm champagne country, and in the visions of green and purple islands washed by the foam of clear blue seas, which pass before the mind's eye of the jaded dweller in towns. But it is more than this. Out somewhere in the world there are new possibilities to be met, new characters to be

encountered, unhackneyed delights to be enjoyed. It is, if the truth must be told, the same ancient attraction of adventure in new circumstances and in unknown places as endues with a perennial charm stories like the narrative of one Robinson Crusoe and the account of the wanderings of a certain Romany Rye. And so, year after year, the desk is shut up, the bag is packed, and the bachelor sets forth, more or less consciously like to the knight-errant of old, upon his wander-days.

For the successful conduct of a holiday some little care and a modicum of originality are necessary. Many travellers, driven by custom, by fashion, or by the impression that places farthest from home are most likely to possess fresh interest, betake themselves abroad. It is a characteristic of human nature which is well known, but is not the less curious and not the less true, that the thing farthest from reach always appears the thing most to be desired; two birds in the bush are always infinitely more interesting than the bird in hand. There are, however, several drawbacks to the enjoyment of foreign travel which are not sufficiently taken into account. To mention one of these, no man is so familiar with another language as he is with his own, and this disability must of itself keep him to beaten tracks, mark him out as a stranger, and debar him from exactly that familiarity with individual traits, and insight into local ways, which form a great part of the object of his journey.

There is, on the other hand, a world of minute interest and delight open to the traveller who is content to remain within the four seas, and who has

a mind to plan his own path through unexploited byways of the country. Well shod, with a good stick and a light knapsack, any man—or, for that matter, any woman—who has not lost the faculties with which heaven endowed him, and is not afraid to “take the road” when the railway fails, can plunge almost at once out of the world of convention, and enter, an adventurer of the most literal type, amid scenes of old tradition and of modern idyllic existence, with no barrier of foreign feeling or historic ignorance to prevent full understanding and enjoyment. A pilgrimage of this sort is not less attractive, and furnishes no less refreshment of mind and food for thought now, than it did in the days when Ben Jonson took staff in hand and set his face towards the country of his ancestors, or when Oliver Goldsmith, with his flute in his pocket, set forth to see the world.

Scotland is particularly well suited to be the field of such unconventional wanderings. No other country, probably, possesses within so small a space so rich a variety and colour of interest. Hardly a step can be taken in its fields without treading on historic ground; hardly a nook is there in its old grey towns that is not the scene of some strange tradition. It is a country of ancient romance, superstition, and song: and he who has the key to a real acquaintance with the people discovers still, within their outer dignity of reserve, all the strongly marked individual characteristics which in an earlier generation found their great interpreter in the Wizard of Abbotsford. One of the greatest writers of English prose, a few years ago, when asked by an Edinburgh student for a list of the best books to read,

promptly recommended his applicant to study Scotland; and there can be small doubt that, if pursued with anything like enthusiasm, such study, with all the varied light upon human act and motive which it evolves, would furnish something more than a liberal education. Some share of this is the reward of the unconventional wanderer in the country. Keeping away from the great hotels, with their German waiters and cosmopolitan *cuisine*, he lives on the country fare, and learns something of the country ways, in the little roadside inns. Here and there, if he has address enough, he may be welcomed still further "ben," and become acquainted with the actual home life and spirit of the kindly folk. If he has taken care, before starting, to "get up" the interests and associations of the region through which he is to pass, he has history impressed upon his mind with such clearness as never to be forgotten. And if he has eyes to see, and enjoys anything like an average allowance of luck, he is likely to come, once and again, upon typical scenes and circumstances, not described in the books, which throw a new light upon old imaginings, and themselves become treasured pictures of the memory.

It is true that the pedestrian who is bold enough to strike away from the regular tourist routes may find himself sometimes obliged to suffer slight inconveniences. Trains and coaches do not run through the by-lanes of the country with the same frequency as in the streets and under-ways of London; and *caviare* and *paté de foie gras* are not always available in a roadside inn. But the charm of travel is in great part its novelty, and after a course of knocking about in baggage trains, lifts in the

dog-carts of kindly farm-folk, marches down moonlit straths in search of a hostelrie, morning bathes on the sunny shingle-banks of clear-rushing mountain rivers, and mid-day meals furnished at short notice from the lowing byres and clucking stackyards of upland crofters, the wanderer returns to the smooth ways of ordinary life with sentiments not far short of scorn.

For a beginning, a plunge at once into the midst of the storied associations of the North, no better start could be made than at Melrose. Round the ruined fane there, are gathered some of the richest ecclesiastical memories of Scotland, and the history of the spot, from the earliest times till the present day, is the history of the ancient religion of the land. Lying full in the centre of the chief highway into the heart of the country, Melrose has by turns been enriched in the first triumph of returning conquerors, and suffered the first devastation of vindictive invaders. Rebuilt again and again by royal munificence, its wondrous windows shining in the morning sun or glowing at night with rich colour from the lights within, it must have appeared to the northward-riding traveller of the middle centuries what in more senses than one it was—the lamp of the Scottish Border. Here, from the four corners of Europe, gathered the learned men to whom David I. entrusted the making of his famous code of laws. Here was written the ancient *Chronica de Mailros*, giving on account of Scottish affairs from the year 735 to 1270. Here in the chapter-house, in 1215, the barons of Yorkshire swore fealty to Alexander II., and here that king lies buried. Here, as wanderers in the byways of history know, lie the

bones of Michael Scot, scholar, traveller, and wizard of the 13th century.¹ Here, under the high eastern window, where the great altar once stood, lies in its casket the heart of Robert the Bruce, brought back with loving care from the Spanish battlefield where its bearer, the Douglas, fell. Here lies the dust of the Douglasses themselves, so long the champions of Scotland; including the young hero of Otterbourne and the chivalrous Knight of Liddesdale; with the dust of other great houses of the Border. Within these precincts the memorials of the dead possess a dignity which is hardly to be met with elsewhere, as when one reads upon the walls, black with age, "Heir lyis the Race of the Hous of Zair." Romance could hardly invest the spot with more moving interest than its own actual history already confers; and the greatest of the romancers, Sir Walter Scott, with the instinct of true art, set himself here to do little more than picture in fresh colour the actual ancient life and spirit of the place. Good, rubicund, easy-going Abbot Boniface of *The Monastery*, no less than the pale, devout Edward his successor, may be taken as a true representative of some of the later ecclesiastics whose ashes moulder beneath these floors; and William of Deloraine, on his unholy midnight mission in the "Lay of the Last

¹ An account of the known facts and widespread legends concerning the superhuman achievements of Michael Scot is furnished in the present writer's *Byways of the Scottish Border*, 2nd edition, p. 127. Readers of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" may be interested in a discovery chronicled in Bower's *Description of Melrose* of 1827. In 1812, it appears, there were found, in a small aisle south of the chancel, two stone coffins, one of which, surmounted with the carving of a St. John's Cross, contained the skeleton of a tall man, six feet in length. This skeleton, buried for six centuries, was at once identified by tradition as that of Michael Scot.

Minstrel," is no more than a portrait to the life of the mediæval Borderer, brave, ignorant, and superstitious, who must often have resorted hither on errands of penitence and gratitude, to confess and to pay his vows. It is no more than a picture of what the interior of this rich Border abbey church of St. Mary's must have presented in its hour of splendour which is painted in the often-quoted night-scene of the "Lay":

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined.
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed.
Full in the midst his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

With these pictures and memories awake in his mind, the traveller who arrives in Melrose, say, on an autumn night, when the yellow harvest moon is rising over the Eildons in the dark, stainless blue of the southern sky, is likely to feel at once the unspoken charm and spell which the place has cast over generation after generation of pilgrims. If it be a Saturday night when he arrives, that is so much the better. Sunday is the most appropriate day to wander about these quiet

precincts. The tinkle of a bell from the Abbey turret at nine and at ten o'clock keeps alive to the present day the memory of the ancient hours of service, and by-and-by the people begin to be seen coming to kirk, across the fields, down the leafy roads, and along the quiet river-paths, very much as their ancestors came, four centuries ago, to listen to the stately service of the priests. Grey seniors and demure but bright-eyed girls, stalwart farmers' sons, ruddy and heavy-footed, and pale housewives neatly clad in black, and evidently, even on Sunday, careful over many things—in ones and twos and threes, they gather to their separate places of worship. When the bells have ceased, and the last belated townsman has hurried along the street and disappeared, the place is left to an unbroken stillness. In the little square the old, slender, crested market-cross stands alone amid the sunshine, bearing its silent testimony to the sacredness of bargains transacted on it by long-forgotten generations.¹

In any direction a few paces carry the loiterer out of the clean little town, and into the open country. Down by the Abbey, where the interest of the place is strongest, one comes upon many quaint nooks—ivied garden walls, old, sequestered houses buried in sunny shrubberies, and grassy orchards with ruddy hanging fruit. Behind the monastery, where the Tweed murmurs under the green abbey-close, one might almost expect, so little disturbed is the spot, to meet some of the grey monks reading their breviaries. The ruin is

¹ A ridge of land near the town is held upon condition that the owner shall keep the cross in repair, and some fifty or sixty years ago the possessor of the ground, a lady, was called upon to expend a considerable sum of money for this purpose.

best seen from this side, appearing, with its mellow-tinted stone, and miracle of delicate carved tracery, the fragment of a shrine which in the rudest age must have awakened some consciousness of the beautiful.

In these great religious houses, the abodes of learning and genius and art, must have dwelt, during the middle ages, much of the moving spirit, the inner soul, of the nation. By no means otherwise can it be understood that the sanctuaries, again and again destroyed, should again and again be rebuilt, and always with greater magnificence. Melrose, founded first two miles farther down the Tweed by Aidan, the contemporary of Columba, was, after destruction by the Danes about the year 839, erected here into an abbey by David I. in the twelfth century. Destroyed again by Edward II., rebuilt by the Bruce, once more ruined by Richard II., and restored in the reign of James IV., it was not finally shattered till the time of the Reformation, when certain English marauders, under the commission of Henry VIII., pillaged and set it on fire. At the zenith of its splendour, before the great national disaster of Flodden in 1513, its walls housed, besides a multitude of lay brethren, no fewer than one hundred monks, with an abbot and other great dignitaries of the church.

One can almost see in these broken cloisters, where the grass grows now in the crannies, but where once the pavements were smooth and the lawns were trim, the cowed monks stand reverently aside, while some great churchman sweeps past. For the spiritual lords who ruled here were men of the world as well as of religion. Masters of great revenues and of broad

lands,¹ these nobles of the church constantly proved themselves fit to meet and match and master the lay barons of the kingdom in their own field. Men of affairs, and of boundless ambition, they had at their back, upon appeal, the spiritual power of Rome, and nowhere did they hesitate to use all the advantages of their rank. Half confessors and half ministers of state, they exerted an unmeasured influence in the closet of the king, and, clad in mail from head to foot, they did not hesitate to ride to battle by his side. When the good Abbot of Inchaffray had blessed the troops at Bannockburn, he no doubt laid aside his gown, and stepped forth in steel cap and shirt of proof to add the weight of his carnal arm to the spiritual encouragement of the morning; and it is a matter of history that no fewer than two bishops and two mitred abbots were left among the dead round James IV. on the day of his fatal overthrow at Flodden.

At the Reformation, however, the lands and heritages of Melrose Abbey were partitioned among temporal lordships, and its last abbot, the eldest son of James V., died in 1559.

Overhanging Melrose, mystic and still against the sky on an autumn day, lean the storied Eildon Hills. These, and their legends and memories, afford the best of all introductions to another world of influence that has gone to the making of the spirit of Scotland. Eildon, with its strange shape and signal position, may be looked on as the high altar of all the elfin and un-

¹ Among other appurtenants of magnificence, the Abbot of Melrose possessed one of the handsomest residences in old Edinburgh. For an account of this, and of the large garden which was attached to it, see Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. i.

canny imaginings of the North; and no one not a Gallio of the most commonplace type is likely to linger in Melrose without being attracted thither.

Everyone is acquainted with the circumstances to which, according to unvarying legend, the mountain owes its peculiar formation. The reader will remember how in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the monk of St. Mary's aisle, watching with Deloraine at midnight by the wizard's grave, adds to his apprehensions with, among other awe-inspiring communications, the intimation,

"And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

In short, this and a good many other peculiar geographical features of the surrounding region were the work, according to popular tradition, of Michael Scot, who in such undertakings found a precarious means of keeping a troop of troublesome fiends in employment. Whether or not this account of the origin of the three summits of Eildon gains the entire concurrence of geologists, the appearance and associations of the mountain have certainly a somewhat weird effect.

Passing to the rear of the houses in the street at the head of the little town, one finds himself at once on the side of the mountain. On an autumn day the sunshine falls pleasantly in the quiet field corners through which the path at first climbs upwards. Yellow corn-stooks stand winnowing in the open, and the gentle airs drifting ever and again among them bring a haunting fragrance of sweetbrier from the hedgerows beyond. Soon, however, the fields are passed, and the

path rises on the naked hillside—a grassy steep dotted with low dwarf bushes of whin. There is royal purple higher up, where the summits are capped with heather; and a purple fringe lies in the deep bosom between the hills. Probably, save for the tread of many feet, the hillside here has changed little in aspect since the days when True Thomas wandered along its slope, seeing with wise, thoughtful eyes things no one else beheld—the troublous future of Scotland; and casting his thoughts, for popular purposes, into the form of elfin prophecy. It is on this hillside that the first “fytt,” or canto, of his elfin romance details his meeting with the Queen of Faërie, his violation of her warning to restrain his passion, and all the marvellous experience to which his daring led.

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me !”
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

One would like, here, to happen upon the door in the hillside by which Thomas at a later date admitted a certain horse-dealer to behold, in the caverns of the mountain, Arthur and his knights waiting, asleep in their armour, the blast of the trumpet which shall wake them at Scotland’s need.¹

Higher, where the air is sweet with the honey-scent of the heather, one is struck with the unbroken silence of the mountain. Not a sheep bleats, and not a grouse calls. It is as if the place were consecrated to memories of the past. On the summit of the northern peak

¹ See Scott’s *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, No. iv.

the short turf has been cut with many initials. Who knows but some strange good fortune may attend the votaries who thus sign their names, as it were, to the elfin allegiance? An altar of many faiths, Eildon has smoked in turn with the fires of Druid sacrifice and of Latin offering. On its summit the Caledonians reared a mighty tumulus, and the Romans fortified a camp, both still to be seen. And bravely, through the valley gateway at its foot, have marched in succession the armies of Pict and Briton, Roman and Dane. The value set upon that valley gateway from its earliest time may be judged from the fact that the Roman camp at Newstead there, explored in 1905, has been found to be one of the largest in the country, 18 acres in extent. The view from Eildon summit is ample. North and south, east and west, stretch historic landscapes, and far and near every point and feature has some thrilling tale to tell. Abbotsford, the home of him who has woven most of these memories into the literature of the country, lies just out of sight beyond a woody hill in the Tweed valley; but over Bowden Moor are visible the blue waters of Coldshiels Loch, a possession which was for a time, one remembers, the Ultima Thule of Scott's estate-buying ambition.

There is a mossy bridle-path along the southern foot of the mountain, through the woods of Eildon Hall, and this is the pleasantest way to make the descent. Withering bracken stands red there by the scented, leaf-strewn ways. Tall elfin grasses droop their plumes in the chequered sunlight of the glades. The woods are silent but for a sigh of wind sometimes among the tree-tops far overhead, and the occasional

twitter of a bird. And on the left, between the tall straight boles of the century-old Scots pines, can once and again be caught a glimpse of the steep side of purple Eildon rising just above, with its awe and its memories, boldly against the sky. In such a spot one fancies his ear might at any moment catch the chime of the quaint merry music of middle-eard, and his foot-step stumble upon some strange marching revel of the mountain gnomes.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTRY OF THE CROSS AND THE SWORD.

OVER by the village of St. Boswell's, and down through fields of silvering oat-stocks, on the way to Dryburgh, the pedestrian crosses the Tweed by a swinging wire bridge. There the river flows clear and broad and swift over gravel shoals and shelving rocks, and one is tempted to linger and watch the constant silvery leaping of the trout in the smooth shallows. A little farther down, the water rushes between red escarped cliffs, and on the left of these rises, bowered among the golden foliage, the grey ruin-fragment of Dryburgh Abbey.

About the place, as at Melrose, lie orchards and gardens, tokens still of the rich cultivation carried on in the neighbourhood of their establishments by the monks of old-time. The road itself, rising through the little hamlet, is scattered thick with a wealth of brown beechnuts.

A strong contrast appears in the very aspect of Dryburgh and Melrose. Melrose lay in the midst of the chief gateway of the country, and wears still the stately grace of a shrine where ambassadors and kings were wont to worship and be entertained. Dryburgh,

on the other hand, remains, what it must always have been, a place of peaceful seclusion, where the man of thought and religion could pass his meditative days with no interruption from the clamour of the outer world. Melrose, in foundation, was a king's abbey; Dryburgh was a noble's, owing its origin to Hugh de Moreville, lord of Lauderdale, in 1141. This de Moreville, or his son, was one of the four barons, who, following the tragic hint of Henry II., on one of the last days of the year 1170, hewed down Thomas à Becket on the Cathedral steps at Canterbury. The founder's grave is marked here in the floor of the chapter-house. Strange memories of a stormy time lie buried in that mouldering brain.

The finest part of the abbey which has survived the destroying zeal of the Reformers is St. Mary's aisle. Here, under the carved roof, lie the mortal remains of Sir Walter Scott, in the same vault with his mother's ancestors and several of his own family. This, among all the varied memories of the place, is the spot which most people come to see.

Close to the abbey precincts, on the woody haughs above the river, have been built two or three modern mansions of red stone, and from the lodge gate of one of these the road for Kelso turns to the east. This quiet byway, ascending through aisles of beech and birch, is hallowed by one dark pageant. At the corner where it receives the road winding steeply down the hill from Bemersyde, one pauses to see in imagination the black procession descend, with champing bits and waving plumes and glittering harness, which in September, 1832, bore by this route to their last resting-

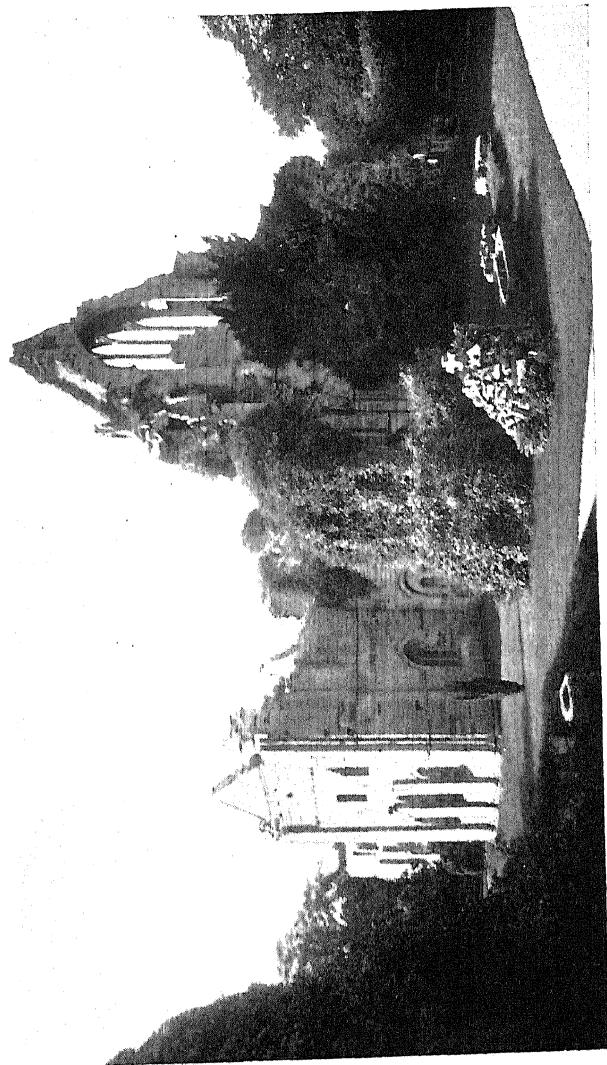


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DRYBURGH ABBEY

place the once-powerful frame and generous brain of the great Wizard of the North.

Almost the only sound in these woodlands at this time of year is the crooning of wild doves. Little life is to be seen, and only at far intervals a cottage is passed, buried in clustering flowers, where perhaps there is a clear space and a cornfield, or an old sheep pasture with its mossy dyke climbs up under the hanging woods. Presently, however, the shadowy aisles are left behind, and the road passes through the open, fruitful Vale of Tweed, between hedge-rows scarlet with rowan and crimson with haws, shining in the western sun.

Far in the midst of this well-tilled country the pedestrian comes upon a stern reminder of the rudeness of life here in the feudal centuries. On some grassy crags across a few fields to the left of the road appears the top of a tall, gaunt, square tower. Little is known of its history, except that it belonged to the Pringles, and was built about 1535; but the walls, seven feet thick, the dungeon above the cattle cellar, entered only by a small square hole in the middle of the kitchen floor overhead, the narrow shot-windows, and the high arched roof of stone, all indicate that the Baron of Smailholm was a man of strength and strife. The spirit of the place has been well interpreted by Scott, who made the tower the scene of his weird "Eve of St. John." Its early effect upon his own mind he partly indicates in "Marmion."

It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between

Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green.
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round surveyed ;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power,
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
Of forayers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And home returning filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.

On this spot, indeed, it appears easy to understand the birth of Scott's feeling for romance; for in the long periods of his childhood which he spent in his grandfather's farmhouse at the foot of the crags, were received the determining impressions of his life. If we could trace everywhere the minute experience of genius, we should have an unfailing key to the genesis of its productions.

One cannot forget that these crags very nearly became the scene of an early tragedy which would have conferred upon the spot a more local and less glorious fame, and would have made an incalculable difference to Scotland and the world at large. Scott in his autobiography tells the tale: "It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left

her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandyknowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection, for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the house-keeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning, under a strong temptation of the Devil, to cut my throat with her scissors and bury me in the moss."

Sandyknowe farmhouse remains much as it must have stood in Scott's time, a small but comfortable dwelling of some refinement, in a small well-kept garden, with trim farmyard and offices behind. Probably, also, nothing has changed about the old tower, where the children of the farm-folk still find pleasure in climbing the dark winding stair and clambering over the giddy roof. The castle courtyard, where once the steeds stamped for their riders when the foray was about to set forth across the Border, is honeycombed now by the burrows of timid rabbits, and Cheviot sheep feed peacefully on the knowes around, while in the little loch at the castle foot a flock of water-fowl delight to splash and sail.

Six miles to the east of Smailholm the road runs into the clean little town of Kelso, another of the early habitats of Scott, though, curiously enough, in none of his romances does he introduce any of the historic associations of its neighbourhood. It is just

possible that the memories of the place were too clearly known—no slight disadvantage for a work of imagination. Or perhaps here he would have been overmuch at the mercy of his printer-critic Ballantyne, who was first established in business in Kelso. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a spot on the Border which can show a bead-roll of so many historic events as this little town and its immediate surroundings.

The place owes its trim, well-planned appearance to the fact that in 1684 and again in 1744 it was totally consumed by fire. Nothing, therefore, is left of the straw-thatched town originally known as Calchow (Chalkheugh), which during five centuries had been the scene of the constant comings and goings of kings and armies. The only ancient building extant is the Abbey, in the heart of the town, and what is left of it is but a fragment. That fragment, however, in its quiet enclosure, remains more eloquent of the passions and pageants of the past than many a volume of history. Founded for Tyronensian monks in 1128 by David I., that "sair sanct for the croun," it was built in the form of a Greek cross, and extended probably over the ground on which the town now stands, down to the green river bank. Its abbot, a lordly personage, ruled for long as the premier ecclesiastic of Scotland, figuring again and again as ambassador, chancellor, and the like; and its revenue, fostered under the patronage of the royal residence at hand, rose to more than that of all the bishops in the country. Among many pregnant episodes which have taken place

within the walls two may be noted. These precincts in 1152 received with pompous obsequies the remains of the hope of Scotland, the brave and generous Earl Henry, only son of David I., who died close by in Roxburgh Castle. And, in 1460, upon the death of James II. by the bursting of his great cannon, the Lion, on the river bank above the town, the Scottish nobles hurried hither with the infant James III., accorded him royal honours, and crowned him amid the acclamation of the army. A hundred times, however, have these brown arches looked down on kingly processions and royal festivals, to say nothing of the gorgeous ceremonies of the monks themselves.

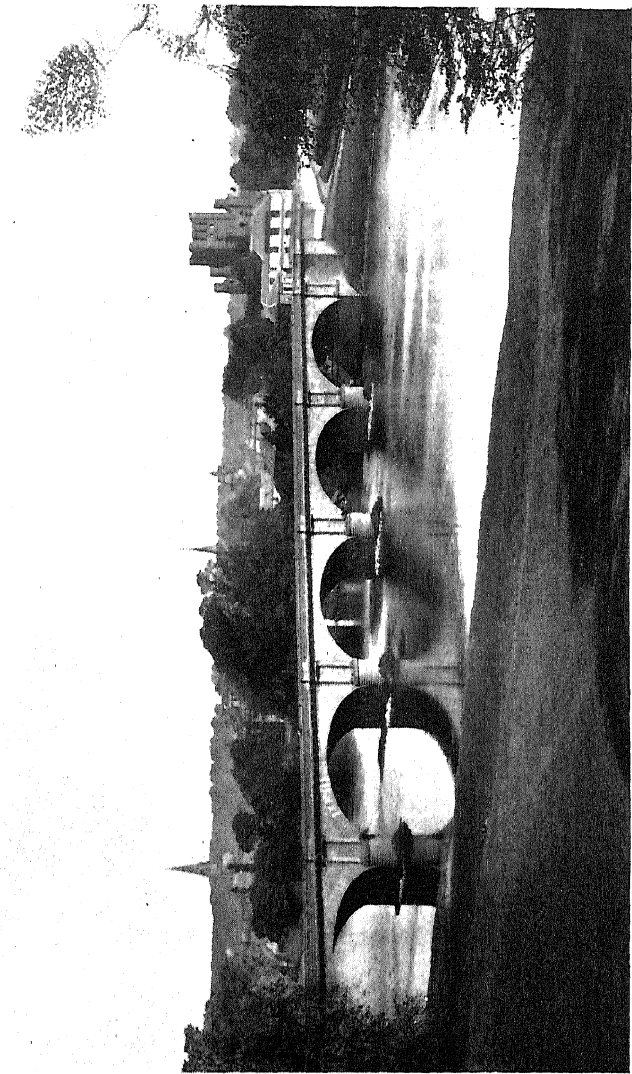
The downfall of the house began on the night after Flodden, in 1513, when the emissary of the Earl of Home appeared at the gate, expelled the abbot, and took possession of the abbey. After that indignity the place suffered constant spoilings, burnings, and destructions at the hands of English invaders. Again and again the harried monks, flying through the midnight cloisters, heard behind them the fierce shouts of the desecrators, and, amid the sounds of havoc, recognised the rising crackle and blaze, as their carved woodwork, stalls, and rood-screen caught the flames. In 1545 twelve monks and a hundred men-at-arms defended the steeple against the Earl of Hertford's army, till it was stormed by his Spanish troops. The final scene occurred at the Reformation in 1560, when the gates were opened, and the monks contemptuously driven forth. No doubt, by that time the corruptions of the religious houses had become both great and many.

Yet, at a spot like Kelso, one cannot but wish that the reformers had been a little less thorough-going in their iconoclastic zeal, and had left something more than a few broken arches as a memento of ancient splendour.¹

The inhabitants of Kelso have forever in their ears, along with the chimes of their own town bells at the quarters and half-hours, the murmur of the meeting of Teviot and Tweed which takes place opposite their town. The waters here on a September day flow shallow and limpid over a bed of pebbles, and the pedestrian, looking down upon them from the parapet of the bridge, and watching the swallows flashing through the arches, can hardly imagine a scene like that of 1797, when the floods came down, a riot of tossing trees, wreckage, and foam from bank to bank, and, driving all before them, swept bridge and mill, horse and man, headlong into the North Sea. But it is so that the Tweed sometimes has spoken.

On the tongue of land between the two rivers once stood Old Roxburgh. A place of note before the dawn of authentic history, a royal burgh with wall and ditch in the time of David I., a place of royal coinage in the reign of William the Lion, and said to have been at one time, with its provost and bailies, the fourth town in Scotland, it has not one stone now standing upon another to mark its site. Here, more than anywhere in the kingdom, appears room for reflection on the vanity of human carefulness. Above

¹For a full if not very impartial account of the gay goings-on of monk and priest and friar in their last days, the reader may be referred to the highly-coloured "History" of John Knox, and to some of the popular songs made and circulated by his friends.



the town hung the royal castle, a fortress-palace of immense strength in the Middle Ages, and the cause of the shedding of lakes of blood; but there, too, desolation reigns. The wanderer who climbs its eminence to-day finds only a single line of ruined wall, and green mounds of grass cropped by sheep. Sitting, however, on these green mounds, it is impossible not to feel growing upon one something of the spell of the past. Details of mediæval life come back before the eye, and one catches again something of the ancient spirit of the place. Once more in the courtyards buried underfoot great steel-clad horses stamp and neigh; there are the strange costumes and manners, rude amid a barbaric magnificence, of the twelfth century, and the mixture of tongues—Gaelic and Cymric, Saxon and Norman—of the different peoples of the country, not yet fused into one nation. Count and sheriff, toshach and thane, crowd the royal council chambers, and the heir of the Scottish throne is still content with the title of earl. The whole atmosphere breathes of force and passion; life, under jerkin or steel shirt, stands of little value; the serf is his master's for labour and for lust; the good things of the world are held only by the hands of the strong.

Roxburgh was a royal castle while David I. was still only Earl of Northumberland, and it was almost a constant residence with all the succeeding monarchs of the Celtic line. David's grandson, William the Lion, it is true, after his capture at the Battle of Alnwick, was forced to cede it as part of his ransom to Henry II. of England, but he received it back with

his other forfeitures at a later day from Richard Cœur de Lion. Here William held his court, and here his son, Alexander II., was married, and his grandson, Alexander III., was born. Hither with great magnificence came Henry III. of England on a visit to his royal son-in-law, the last-named monarch; and within these walls, after his great victory over John Baliol at Dunbar in 1296, Edward I. received the abdication of the Scottish king. The scene on the latter occasion was the most humiliating to which Scotland has ever been dragged down. Baliol, it is said, appeared before Edward barely clad, carrying a white wand, without sword, arms, or royal insignia, and, abjectly expressing subjection, bought his own safety by handing over his sovereignty of Scotland to the English king. That, however, was only the first of the humiliations of Scotland at the hands of the luckless and spiritless Baliols, of which the castle here was to be the scene. Three years after the death of Bruce, that is, in the autumn of 1332, Edward, the son of John Baliol, having gained the battle of Dupplin, near Perth, here acknowledged Edward III. as his liege lord, and ceded the town, castle, and county of Roxburgh to the English crown. And once more, in the spring of 1355, when Edward was about to make a final attempt upon Scotland, Baliol, in Roxburgh Castle, made a more formal and degrading surrender to him of his crown rights, tendering the English king, in token of absolute submission, a golden crown and a handful of Scottish soil. Between these dates the stronghold had seen strange and cruel sights, and had suffered many vicissitudes. Mary, the sister

f Robert the Bruce, had languished for four years on these walls in an iron cage, as the heroic Countess of Buchan had done at Berwick. Twice the place had been taken by surprise, by Douglas in 1313, and by Ramsay in 1342, and twice had fallen again into English hands. And in later days it was the scene of two momentous incidents. In 1436 James I., the poet-king, lay encamped against these walls, when his queen, the heroine of his famous "Quair," and of the still more famous love-story of his youth, rode into the siege-lines with the first tidings of the conspiracy which was to cost him his life. And again, in 1460, his son, James II., was personally superintending the discharge of the rude Scottish cannon, recent inventions of that time, against the castle, when the largest of the pieces burst, a flying fragment struck him in the groin, and the kingdom was left to its too frequent state, the troubles of a long minority. Upon the last occasion, it is stated, the address of the widow-queen, Mary of Gueldres, so incited the Scottish forces that they presently took the place. Then, partly out of wrath for the death of their king, and partly to prevent the English, who had held Roxburgh then for a hundred years, from ever again making it a centre of rapine and menace to the country, they themselves threw down the walls. It was once more fortified for a time by the Protector Somerset in 1547; but its ancient glory was no more, and it gradually crumbled to the desolate condition in which it lies to-day. Among the trees which grow above the ruins, with the Tweed singing on one side and the Teviot murmuring and flashing on the other, as they have done throughout

the changes of the centuries, one appreciates the apostrophe of Leyden :

Roxburgh ! how fallen since first in Gothic pride
Thy frowning battlements the war defied,
Called the brave chief to grace thy blazoned halls,
And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls !
Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood ;
Crushed are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees,
The still-green trees whose mournful branches wave
In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
Proud castle ! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
The curb, the guardian of this Border land,
As when the signal flames, that blazed afar,
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
While in the lion's place the leopard frowned,
And marshalled armies hemmed thy bulwarks round.

Upon the ruins of Roxburgh Castle and of Kelso Abbey rose the fortunes of one of the great Border houses of the present day. The Kers of Cessford and the Kers of Ferniehirst, descended in early times from two brothers, had long been rivals for the chieftainship of their name. In 1631 the Kers of Ferniehirst became earls of Lothian, and later, earls of Ancrum, and they are now represented by the Marquis of Lothian. The rise of the Cessford house was of a slightly earlier date. In 1499 they obtained from James IV. a grant of the ruined castle and town of Roxburgh ; and after the Reformation the abbacy of Kelso, including the town and abbey lands, became a part of the same family's barony of Halidean. In 1599 Sir Robert Ker was made a baron, and in 1616

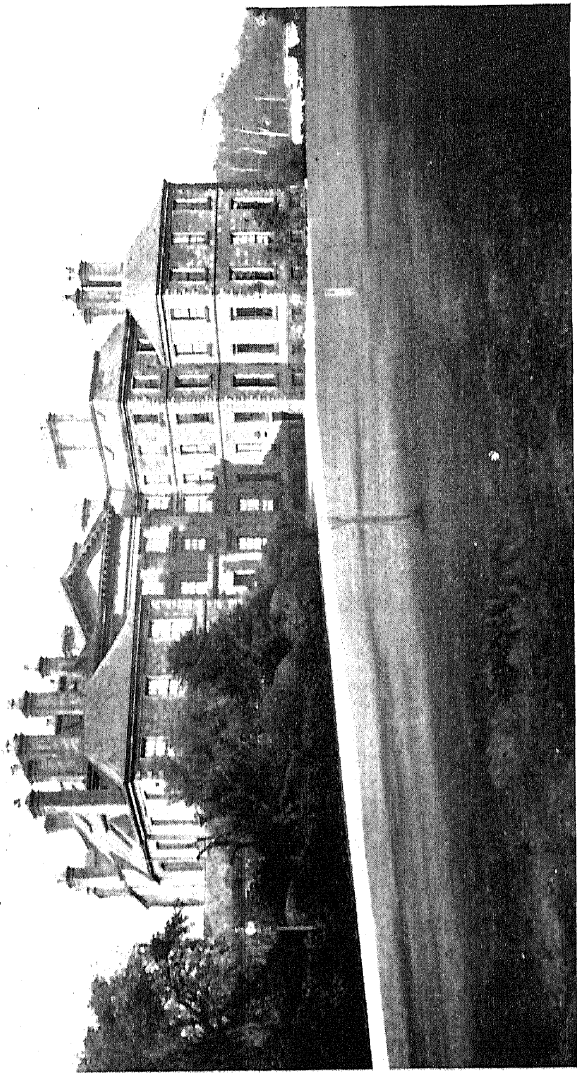


Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

DALKEITH PALACE

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he became Earl of Roxburgh. The dukedom dates from 1707, the year of the union of England and Scotland, and the present line is descended from Sir William Drummond, a younger son of the noble house of Perth, who married Jean, the daughter of the first Earl. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the succession to the titles and vast wealth of the dukedom was the subject of one of those great law cases which at one time or other have been fought over nearly every peerage. The successful claimant, Sir James Innes Ker, won his cause through a kinship so remote as that of heir-male of Margaret, daughter of Harry, Lord Ker, of the time of Charles I., who died in 1643. The whole history of the house, its rise and progress upon the breaking up of the ancient feudal possessions of church and crown, is typical of many of the great peerages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fleurs Castle, the modern seat of the family, and perhaps the noblest ducal residence in Scotland, stands, backed by its woods, on the green rising haugh of the Tweed, directly opposite the great ruin-mounds of its royal predecessor.

Northward from Fleurs and Melrose it was, in old times, the gallop of a winter's day to another stronghold of the Border lords, the castle-palace of Dalkeith. The railway route of the present hour, up the Gala Water and through the defiles between the Muirfoot Hills and the Lammermuirs, follows the ancient track. This was probably the way by which Earl Douglas hoped to ride on his return, when, under the walls of Newcastle, two days before the great fight at Otterbourne, he told Percy that he would carry home his

pennon and plant it on the highest turret of Dalkeith. It was also probably the road by which, a few years later, in the end of the fourteenth century, Froissart, the most delightful of all the historians of chivalry, journeyed to the castle of the Douglasses to get at first hand an account of the battle. In the upland pass through which the route runs, little change, one may believe, has occurred since mediæval times. The rounded contours of the hills remain as they were, and the streams brawl down their rocky beds as they did when Douglas rode by them to Otterbourne; but the great houses have altered with the habits of the dwellers in them. The old baronial stronghold of Dalhousie, the seat for ages of the valiant Ramsays, has been trimmed into a peaceful mansion; and at Newbattle the historic monastery of David I., where the queen of Alexander II. was buried, has passed out of sight in the stately home of the Marquis of Lothian, inheritor of the far-spreading abbey lands.

At the ancient castle of Dalkeith the same change has taken place; the stately pile which looks down upon the Esk to-day is not the fortress which stood the storm and fire of the warlike centuries. Dalkeith is now the principal seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, chief of the name of Scott, and representative of yet another house which rose amid the havoc of the Reformation. The estate was bought from the Earl of Morton by Buccleugh in 1642, and the present mansion was built fifty years later by that famous Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch in her own right, the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time, whose hand had been bestowed by Charles II. on his son, the

unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and whose portrait has been drawn by Scott as the central figure in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Within its walls, in more recent years Queen Victoria and King Edward have both been entertained.

But wandering to-day in the great walled park, where the red pheasant crouches in the grass and the brown hare gallops away in the green spaces, one's mind goes back to the years when the castle here was known as the Lion's Den. So it was called in the later days of the sixteenth century, when the fierce and cruel Regent Morton, who had been concerned in all the dark deeds of Queen Mary's reign and afterwards—the assassination of Rizzio, the murder of Darnley, the betrayal of Northumberland—lay here, thrust from power, but brooding darkly on the new endeavour to assert his strength which was to bring his head to the block. And still farther back, behind the sieges and intrigues of earlier centuries, one sees ride here the famous "Flower of Chivalry," the Knight of Liddesdale. A natural son of the great "Black Douglas," the "good Lord James" of Bruce's time, that knight, Sir William Douglas, in the reign of David II. became possessor of the castle of Dalkeith by marrying the heiress of the Grahames, its ancient owners. It was of him that an old writer said: "He was terrible in arms, modest and gentle in time of peace, the scourge of England, and the buckler and wall of Scotland; one whom good success never made presumptuous, and whom evil fortune never discouraged." Yet it was this knight, the victor at Kilblene, and his country's champion on many a field, who threw his rival, Sir

Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, into a dungeon at Hermitage, and left him to starve in the darkness to death; and he was himself finally slain, out of a jealousy for which there was probably good reason, by his kinsman the Earl of Douglas. Hume, of Godscroft, the family historian, tells the tale of the slaughter, which took place in Ettrick Forest, where Liddesdale had gone to hunt; and he quotes a verse of the old ballad written on the event:

The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
And loudly there that she did call :
" It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
That I let all these tears down fall."

Such was the outer life of those days gone by—the days when Scotland shook with the ridings of abbot and bishop, baron and earl. Of the inner circumstance of that life, the final means by which the honours were won and kept—the private struggles, plannings, passions, and accomplishment—history is silent, and the stone walls do not speak.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAIDEN TOWN.

EDINBURGH is said to have been named the Maiden Town in the days of James IV., from the fact that it had never submitted to conquest. An earlier origin of the name has been sought in the tradition that this was the *Castra Puellarum*, the Maidens' Castle, where in old times were kept certain maidens of the Pictish royal blood. But though conquest has twice poured through her streets since the reign of the gallant James, and though even the names of the Pictish princesses have been forgotten, Edinburgh remains still the maiden town, the first-loved and last-loved city of every Scottish heart, dear for its romantic beauty to the eyes of youth, and dearer for its storied memories to the heart of age.

It would be difficult to state altogether in one word what to a Scotsman makes up the singular charm of Edinburgh old and new. It is not alone that it has been the scene of so much that was tragic or triumphant in the national past. It is not only the picturesqueness of its situation, nor the quaintness of its speech and ways. Nor is it, altogether, either its ancient memories of courtly splendour, or its more

modern traditions of learning and wit—traditions kept alive by the dominating atmosphere of the University and the Parliament House. It is all of these and something more, and perhaps Scott put the feeling best into words when he spoke of Edinburgh as “mine own romantic town.”

Of all the literature which has been written about this ancient capital of Scotland, the book from which one catches best the atmosphere, the spirit of the city, is certainly Robert Chambers’s *Traditions of Edinburgh*. Within these boards one reads incidentally, of course, of the great historic scenes to which the walls of “high Dunedin” have been witness; but one reads as well, and with much more interest, the minuter things—traits and incidents, private manners, sayings, circumstances, and prejudices—which are not chronicled in the formal histories, but which are exactly the things, as Plutarch knew, that make history memorable, and that give the reality and vividness of life to our portrait of the past.

Everyone has duly visited the great show-places and tragic scenes of Edinburgh; has gazed at the ancient regalia in the castle, and quivered amid the memories of Queen Mary’s bedchamber at Holyrood; has looked, curiously or reverently, at John Knox’s house; and has stood on the spot, beside the college, where Darnley and the Kirk o’ Field blew up into the air. Everyone has pictured the procession with the captive Montrose riding up the Canongate, and has seen the sinister visage of Argyll look down on his enemy from the balcony of Moray’s mansion. Everyone, in the Cathedral of St. Giles, has imagined the flying stool



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOUSE,
39 SOUTH CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH

of Jenny Geddes, with her shout of "Out, priest! Dost say mass at my lug?" And everyone has visited the spot of the martyr-burnings and witch-burnings, and of the Porteous-hanging, in the Grass-market. These, and a hundred other conspicuous scenes and memories of bygone centuries, are the common property of every tyro in antiquities who spends a day in the Scottish capital. Among more modern interests, also, the most casual visitor does not fail to stand for a space in South Castle Street before the classic No. 39, the abode of Sir Walter Scott; to take a turn in the great hall of the Parliament House, where the wit and learning of Jeffrey and his *confrères* of the earlier part of the 19th century are perpetuated among the judges and advocates of the Supreme Court; and to dally a space in the quadrangles and class-rooms of the University, where the leonine Christopher North fired the students with his lectures of such indescribable style, and where names of earlier and later renown, from Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart to Professor Aytoun and Professor Masson, have upheld the tradition of the city's accomplishment in letters and science.

But it is in the less-known corners, the half-forgotten or wholly forgotten incidents and associations of the city, that the loiterer catches Edinburgh's most subtle charm. And here may be noted a curious paradox. Edinburgh—or Edwin's burgh, as the name is supposed to have originally run—is stated to have been founded by Edwin, King of Northumbria, about the year 633; but, for lack of detail and circumstance,

the event, though doubtless a landmark of history, remains to the reader a colourless, almost meaningless, fact. Yet it is exactly that lack of detail which in some later events, leaving imagination to make its own picture, most fascinates the mind. There is the story, for instance, of the secret abstraction of the heart of Montrose. All the world is familiar with the scene of the great Marquis's execution: the black-draped scaffold in the Grassmarket, the gibbet of thirty foot, the thronging crowd, the noble figure above, bare-headed and richly clad in scarlet, the pause while he spoke, the blare of the trumpets, and the crash of his doom. But the circumstances of the succeeding night have not been written. "In the secrecy of night," it is simply said, "a few devoted persons stole to the gallows, unburied the body, and carefully securing the heart, embalmed it in the costliest manner, and preserved it religiously through succeeding generations of the family." Of the awe of that proceeding in the deserted market-place, in the darkness, with the fatal gallows creaking above, the tread of the watch in the distance, and the strange noises of the city around, no man has told, but it appeals not the less strongly to imagination.

Again, to descend from the noble to the ignoble, there is the similar scene which must have happened in the same place some forty years later. John Chiesly, of Dalry, for a supposed injustice at the hands of the Court of Session, had dogged the Lord President from church on a Sunday morning to the head of the old Bank Close in Lawnmarket, and there, as he turned into his house, had shot him dead. For this, by a

special Act of the Estates of Parliament, he was tortured, tried, dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, had his right hand struck off, and was finally hanged, with the pistol with which he had shot the President tied round his neck. To the account of this execution, which is furnished by Chambers, is appended the curious piece of information that "the body of Chiesly was stolen from the gallows by his friends; and it was never known what became of it till a few years ago, when, in removing the hearthstone of a cottage in Dalry park, the bones were found with the remains of the pistol attached to the neck, the whole having been hastily concealed in that place, probably in the course of a night." Whatever dark romance lies behind that strange discovery must remain unknown. The decree by which Chiesly had thought himself aggrieved had been one ordering him to pay a slender aliment to his wife and children; yet this man, who had proved faithless in his lawful ties, must have had some humble heart devoted to him with passionate loyalty.

Chiesly's daughter, it may be remembered, became that Lady Grange, wife of a Judge of the Court of Session, of whose strange story so much has been written. Whether she was mad, or merely indiscreet, or possessed some incriminating knowledge of her husband's past, which urged him to have her kidnapped and imprisoned in spots like St. Kilda for so many years of her life, her story reads like the fulfilment of some wild family destiny.

To recall still another of those circumstances, of which the true details have never come to light, there

was that strange midnight "Summons of Pluto" from the Cross of Edinburgh on the eve of James IV.'s march to Flodden, which is narrated in the pages of the contemporary, Pitscottie. Already there had been the warning apparition in the church of St. Michael at Linlithgow; but the king, no whit hindered, had gone on with his preparations. His army was summoned to meet on the Boroughmuir, a stretch of waste ground south of the city, now covered by the houses of Merchiston, Grange, and Morningside, and he was taking from the castle of Edinburgh the cannon called the Seven Sisters, "casten by Robert Borthwick, the master gunner," with other artillery and munition of war. The incident, which is said to have occurred one night in the midst of all this stir, when the city had gone to rest for a few hours, may be given in the words of Pitscottie himself.

"In the meantime," he says, "when they were taking forth their artillery, and the king being in the Abbey for the time, there was heard a cry at the Market-cross of Edinburgh at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof 'the summons of Plotcock,' which desired all men to compear, both earl and lord and baron and all honest gentlemen within the town, every man specified by his own name, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time under the pain of disobedience."

The possibility of fraud seems to have occurred to the old historian, but he proceeds to back up the authenticity of the occurrence with a strange piece of

circumstantial evidence. "Whether this summons," he continues, "was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shown to me that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed—*i.e.* sick—ganging in his gallery stair foreanent the cross, hearing the voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown and cast over the stair, saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judgement, and sentence thereof, and take me all whole in the mercy of God and Christ Jesus His Son.' Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons but that one man alone which made his protestation and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave (rest) were perished in the field with the king."

Pitscottie's namesake, Sir David Lyndsay, who was an expert in stage-plays and such vanities, and was himself a member of the Court, has been accused of knowing more than he cared to tell of the apparition at Linlithgow, for whose verisimilitude he was the historian's authority. There is room for supposing that his skill in stage-craft may have been put into requisition in that instance at the desire of Queen Margaret, who had no wish to see her

husband and her brother at war. And, with no less likelihood, it may be conjectured that Sir David had something to do with the midnight voice in Edinburgh. Pitscottie states that his informant on the latter occasion was "a landed gentleman who was at that time twenty years of age," a description which might very well apply to Lyndsay, who was exactly twenty-three at the time; in which case it looks as if, both at Linlithgow and at the cross of Edinburgh, the young poet-courtier may have acted the double part of originator and reporter of the marvel.

The cross of Edinburgh, restored by Mr. Gladstone on its ancient site, was from early times the place of all royal and other proclamations, and round it occurred that famous scene, on the eve of the battle of Prestonpans in 1745, when, in the presence of Prince Charles Edward, James, his father, was proclaimed James VIII., King of Great Britain and Ireland. That was the occasion, probably, of the most ardent enthusiasm which Edinburgh has ever displayed. As the prince rode up the street, ladies pressed to touch his stirrup and to kiss his hand, the closes poured out their teeming population, rank and beauty crowded the steep forestairs of the houses, and from window to roof of the high seven-storey tenements—the abodes then of the learning and fashion of Scotland—waved banners and kerchiefs and scarves; while, as the heralds and pursuivants, in their antique dress, with blast of trumpet proclaimed the Stewart king, the loveliest of the Jacobite ladies rode through the press distributing the white cockade. Then, and at the ball which the prince

ave at Holyrood in the evening, popular Jacobite feeling rose to its high-water mark. Wild with delight to see the heir of the ancient Scottish kings appear once more in the palace of his ancestors, the ravest blood of Highland and Lowland that night crowded the royal saloons. Dowagers coined compliments and epigrams, which have since become historic, to catch the fancy of the prince. The loveliest daughters of lord and chief, their hearts beating high with the feeling of the hour, cast on him looks of undisguised devotion. Never had so gallant a prince appealed to his people in such romantic circumstances, and never did a people receive their prince with so much rapture. In the flush of his hopes, and on the eve of the great things which he was to accomplish, it was the most brilliant hour in the life of "Bonnie Prince Charlie"; and if, a few days later, he had fallen, sword in hand, in the moment of victory at Prestonpans, his memory would have fired the hearts of Scotsmen to all time with a warmer and kindlier devotion than has been felt for any candidate for a throne before or since. As it stands, amid the sad and dark eclipse of later years, the life of Charles Edward affords a conspicuous instance of the truth of the ancient saying that the hardest part of the fate of man is that he does not know the time when it would be best for him to die.

For fifty years after the final overthrow of the hopes of Charles at Culloden, Edinburgh was full of people, mostly ladies of rank, whose families and fortunes had been ruined by adherence to the

Jacobite cause. Their fate, however, strange to say, in no case seems to have lessened their enthusiasm; and the wreck of fortunes and of lives was forgotten in recalling some word or look, or some trifling memento—a silver button or a lock of hair—which had been graciously accorded on some memorable occasion by the Prince. Many such ladies must have been known by Sir Walter Scott during his boyhood in Edinburgh, and no doubt it is a portrait of one of them which is drawn in the *Lady Bellenden of Old Mortality*.

In no case, probably, were the contrasted fortunes of past and present more tragic and more sad than in that of Jeanie Cameron, a fair member of the Jacobite clan of Lochiel. Of gentle birth and singular beauty, she was one of those who, in the stir of the romantic time, gave both head and heart to the Chevalier. An old and little-known ballad commemorates her story :

BONNIE JEANIE CAMERON.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' bonnie Jeanie Cameron,
How she fell sick, and she was like to dee ;
And a' that they could recommend her
Was ae blithe blink o' the Young Pretender.

Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

She wrote to the Prince a very long letter,
Stating who were his friends and who were his foes ;
And a' her words were sweet and tender,
To win the heart o' the Young Pretender.

Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

BONNIE JEANIE CAMERON

Scarcely had she sealed the letter wi' a ring,
When ope flew the door and in cam' her King :
She prayed to the saints and bade angels defend her,
And sank in the arms o' the Young Pretender.

Rare, O rare, bounie Jeanie Cameron !

Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !¹

The young lady seems to have had reason to believe that her sentiments were reciprocated. She fell victim, at any rate, to the warmth of her devotion. Upon the escape of the Prince it is said she followed him to France, and, meeting there with a repulse, she returned to Scotland, to be cast off by her friends. Her last sad condition is described in a note in Chambers's "Traditions." She was pointed out, it appears, in the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1786, reduced to mendicancy and dressed in men's clothes. "This celebrated and once attractive beauty," says the note, "whose charms and Arizonian gallantry had captivated a Prince, afterwards died in a *stairfit* (*i.e.* entry) somewhere in the Canongate."²

Curiously enough, just sixty-six years earlier than the date of the Chevalier's brilliant reception, Holyrood

¹The ballad, with its air, has been engraved for singing, with forty-six others, in "Ancient Scots Ballads," published by Messrs. Bayley and Ferguson, Glasgow and London.

²It may be noted here, however, that another and different account of the later days of Prince Charles's adherent is furnished by the Rev. Mr. Ure in his *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride* in 1803. Mrs. Jean Cameron, he states, after building a house called Mount Cameron in Kilbride parish, and residing there in great respectability for many years, died in the full odour of sanctity and church membership, and was buried under a green mound in her own grounds. It would therefore appear that there were two persons who claimed the equivocal honour of having been the Jenny Cameron of Jacobite romance.

was the scene of another Stewart prince's effort to secure the affection of the Scottish people. In 1679 the grandfather of Prince Charles—the Duke of York, afterwards James II.—at that time by no means assured of a peaceful succession to the throne of Charles II., retired here to await the event of the Exclusion Bill. Holyrood Palace was finished for his residence in the shape in which it now appears, having previously consisted of little more than the square tower in which Queen Mary's apartments are situated. Here he, with his duchess, Mary of Modena, and his daughter, afterwards Queen Anne, revived the long-lost traditions of the Scottish Court in a brilliant succession of entertainments—receptions, balls, and masquerades—which, with the great numbers of nobility and gentry attracted by them to Edinburgh, more than restored for a time the ancient splendours of the capital. Tradition runs that the princesses during their stay particularly won the hearts of the Scottish ladies by, among other flattering attentions, treating them to tea, then a commodity only newly introduced into England, and sold at the rate of sixty shillings per pound. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, states it as his belief that the conciliating behaviour of the ducal household upon this occasion laid the foundation of the devotion to their family which rendered possible at a later day the risings of 1715 and 1745.

It was at the instance of James a few years later, in 1687, that the nave of the ancient abbey church—all that had been left after the English plunderings of 1544 and 1547—was converted into a chapel royal. It was paved with marble mosaic, a throne was erected

for the sovereign, and stalls for the Knight-Companions of the Order of the Thistle, and a splendid organ was provided. But once more, as in the days of Queen Mary, the populace learned that High Mass was performed within the walls, and once more with a fury of zeal they rushed upon the place, overthrew the guard, broke, tore, and set fire to everything—even took from the royal tombs the bodies of David II., James II., James V. and his second son, and King Henry (Lord Darnley)—and left the fane in which Mary and three of the Jameses had been married, and Charles I. had been crowned, nothing but four bare walls.

While this wild scene was being transacted at Holyrood, to be followed almost immediately at London by the Revolution and the flight of the king, there was beginning to run about, among the Leadhills at the head of Clydesdale, a little merry-eyed boy who was to exert a far-spreading influence on the capital and on Scotland. Allan Ramsay was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh in the first year of the eighteenth century to be apprenticed to a wig-maker; and none could then have foretold the effect he was to have upon the literature of his country and of Europe. For, though it has been the fashion to attribute the credit to Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, printed in 1756, there can be no doubt that the first seeds of the great Natural and Romantic movements in literature were sown by the little wig-maker and bookseller of Edinburgh. It is not to Ramsay's own poem of "The Gentle Shepherd" that this effect was mainly due, though that delightful pastoral remains quite unsurpassed in its way. It was

his *Evergreen*, and his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, published in 1724-5, which, including as they did many of the finest old Scots songs and ballads, struck the new note of romantic charm. Thirty years later this note was taken up by Percy, much of whose collection was purely Scottish; but the lineal poetic descendants of Allan Ramsay were Robert Fergusson and Robert Burns, and it was the genius of the last-named, bold and fresh and racy with the spirit of the countryside, whose characteristics it reproduced at first hand, which finally did for literature what the French Revolution about the same time did for the politics of Europe—let in fresh sunlight and fresh air. Following Burns in Scotland came Scott, the greatest of all the Roman-cists, and after him elsewhere came Byron, Goethe, and Balzac. The connection of all these with one another from Allan Ramsay downwards, is not difficult to trace.

The point to be marked here, however, is that from the time of Ramsay down, throughout the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth, Edinburgh became the scene of a unique series of literary events and circumstances. The city's literary reminiscences form a history by themselves. Allan Ramsay gossiping in his bookshop or up at his house, which still hangs like an eyrie on the castle cliff, embedded in Ramsay Gardens; Robert Fergusson drinking out his short life in tavern revelry; Macpherson producing his first translations of Ossianic poetry at the dinner of Edinburgh literati; Burns, the "inspired ploughman," reciting his poetry in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Gordon—all go to form a series of pictures not likely to be forgotten

while the city stands. And at last, in the early decades of the nineteenth century, with the publication of *Marmion* and *Waverley* came the sudden out-flaming of that constellation of genius, whose central sun was Scott, which conferred upon Edinburgh its chief modern glory, and procured for it its classic title of the Modern Athens.

CHAPTER IV.

BY THE SCOTTISH SEA.

ALL along the east coast of Scotland, from Eyemouth to Wick, exist little fishing communities of an interesting character. Apparently of a different race from the other people of the country, with separate traditions and customs of their own, they have kept by themselves and intermarried among themselves for many centuries. Even where, as at Nairn and St. Andrews, a fisher town and an agricultural or educational town adjoin each other, the fisher folk still hold clearly apart, and seem to look down, with a certain sort of quiet pride, upon their neighbours. Possibly these stalwart, tan-skinned dwellers by the deep are Danish in origin, and represent, by pure and direct descent, early settlements of Scandinavian sea-rovers.

Along with these communities, on the outer shores of the Firth of Forth, exist the remains of a quaint series of little mediæval merchant towns, which at one time, with their exports of wool and imports of cloths and wines, made this the most thriving part of Scotland. So noted, indeed, was their prosperity, and so close together did the little places lie—Pittenweem, St. Monance, Elie, Largo, Leven, Wemyss, Dysart, Kirk-

caldy, Kinghorn, and the rest—that one of the Jameses is said to have termed his kingdom of Fife “a blanket fringed with gold.” To the present day these towns retain an air and a picturesqueness quite *sui generis*; there is nothing else like them in the country, with their little sea-harbours, their queer, steep streets, and their confusion of gables, chimneys, and high-pitched roofs. Probably nowhere else in the country, either, are seen in such striking contrast the three primary colours—the blue sea, the red roofs, and the yellow fields of corn.

In the course of time, as their merchant trade has deserted them, several of these little towns have come to be almost entirely inhabited by the fisher folk. So it comes about that, with the sturdy, rough-clad figures of the fishermen themselves rolling through the narrow streets, the hardly less stalwart figures of wives and daughters carrying on most of their domestic operations at the open doorways, and the groups of fair-haired children playing on the cobble-stones—with the fishing craft in the harbour, the tan-pots heating for the dyeing of the nets, and oars and spars lying everywhere—these places at the present day exhibit very much the aspect they must have worn four hundred years ago, when they were thriving seaports of the French and Flemish trade.

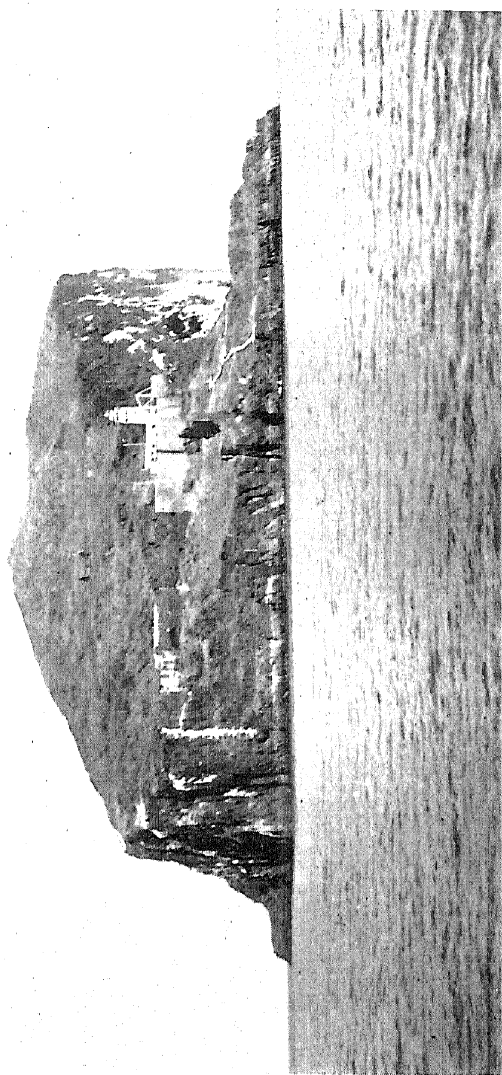
There are few experiences more exhilarating than a sail in one of the fishing-boats out, say, round the Bass on a breezy day. The boats, undecked and with a heap of round stones in the bottom for ballast, are strongly-built, tight craft, and the management of them in all weathers is wonderful. The stout old

fellow at the helm probably knows nothing of the history of the famous rock, the sentinel of the Forth,¹ for which he steers; but he will have many a story to tell of wild scenes and stormy nights on the seas around.

People who know nothing of the subject are frequently heard to comment upon the lazy appearance of the fisherman ashore, where his wife does most of the work—the baiting of the lines and the selling of the fish; but no one takes into account the fact that after a long night's struggle with winds and waves at sea the man needs his full day's rest if he is to be fit for the next night's work.

It is an interesting sight in the morning, in a little place like Cockenzie on the Haddington coast, to watch the boats one after another coming in. Each wife seems to know her own man's boat far out on the firth, and no sooner is a craft seen heading for the harbour than the wives and daughters of its crew, with kilted skirts, and brown creels on their backs, come hurrying down to the pierhead. On a stormy morning there is perhaps one anxious moment as the little vessel, bending under its brown sail, comes rushing on the

¹ The Bass Rock, whose dome-shaped mass forms the most conspicuous object at the mouth of the Firth, figures again and again in Scottish history and ballad. St. Baldred, a Culdee hermit, made it his home, and died there in 756 A.D. From 1316, for three hundred years, it was the property of the Lauders, famous as the Lauders of the Bass. In 1671 it was bought by the Government for £4,000, and was used for the incarceration of obdurate Covenanters. Curiously enough, the Bass was the last place in Scotland that held out for James VII. In 1690 a few young Jacobite officers, taken at Cromdale and imprisoned here, managed to surprise the garrison, and they held the place for several years, till the arrival of two ships-of-war cut off their supplies from the mainland, and they were forced to capitulate. The rock now belongs to the Dalrymple family.



curling foam-crests towards the pier; but the fishermen manage their craft with wonderful skill. As the boat flies through the harbour mouth like some great bird, down goes the sail, and she swings round into calm water. In a moment one of the men is upon the quay with a rope, making her fast. Fine, sturdy fellows these are, three to a boat, their fresh complexions visible under the weather-tan; and as the climber on the quay draws off his oilskins, shining with wet, he shows himself well cared for and heavily clad—a muffler and jersey below his coat, and thick woollen stockings coming up over the trouser-knees under his heavy sea-boots.

No time is lost in getting the boat's contents ashore. First the fish are swung up in shallow baskets, and the women—strong, spare figures—carry them off on the top of their creels to the place of auction. Then the lines are landed, and last of all come up the sackfuls of newly-dredged shellfish for next night's bait.

The place of auction at Cockenzie is a flat spot on the beach at the back of the houses. Here the fish are laid out on the ground in dozens and twenties as fast as they come in, and the skippers' wives, all of them stout, comely dames, effect the sale. When the takes of two or three boats are being disposed of, the clatter of tongues at this spot becomes a Babel; and as each wife, standing over her lot with uplifted finger, keeps repeating, "Seevenpence, seevenpence, eichtpence, eichtpence—eichtpence ance, eichtpence twice," and so on, the confusion is deafening. The fish are bought for cash by the professional fishwives, such familiar

and picturesque figures in the Edinburgh streets, who at once proceed to sell them over the countryside.

This is the method with the line-fishing for haddock, flounder, and cod, which lasts throughout the winter. The herring fishing on the east coast of Scotland is over at the end of August; and while the big boats engaged in it are being got ready for the Yarmouth and Stornoway season the little towns on the shores of Forth are lively places, the streets at night merry with talk and laughter. Then it is that the lads and lasses manage their "speaking," as the courting is called, and then are made up the matches which will be consummated when the young men come back with their pockets full from the West Coast.

Notwithstanding its hardships, and the risks that have sometimes to be run, the fisherman's life is by no means an unenviable one. His trade is probably the only one that has never known dull times. With plenty to eat, and warm clothing to wear, the fisherfolk are a healthy race. The men are rendered hardy by their calling, and their wives, picked for qualities of strength and character, become the mothers of a stalwart brood. For these reasons it could be wished that a greater proportion of the population of these islands were engaged in gathering the harvest of the sea.

In early times, down to the reign of Malcolm Canmore in the eleventh century, the rule of the Scottish kings extended no farther south than the Firth of Forth. In those days, therefore, the passing of the Scottish Sea, as the estuary was called, became frequently a matter of the greatest moment. The story of one such passage is told by Wyntoun in

his fifteenth-century "Cronykil of Scotland." Macbeth, it appears from that account, was one day watching the building of his castle of Dunsinane, when he noticed a yoke of oxen fail in drawing timber. Upon enquiry, he discovered that these oxen belonged to Macduff, the thane of Fife, and, indignant that the thane should serve him so meanly, he threatened to put Macduff's own neck into the yoke and make him draw. Upon learning this, Macduff took alarm and fled south, pursued by the king. It was evidently a close pursuit, and the thane would probably have been taken had not his wife proved both brave and able. As it was, she held Macbeth in treaty before the gates of her castle of Kennachy till she saw her husband's sail beyond reach on the firth. This passage of Macduff conferred its name upon the place where it occurred, and a regular ferry was established there, with rules of which the chronicler already quoted furnishes some account :

That passage syne was comounly
In Scotland called the Erlysferry.

In recognition of the service to the country which had been rendered by Macduff's escape, a further and somewhat curious rule was made at that ferry: all fugitives crossing to the south shore were by law allowed a certain grace, no boat being suffered to start in pursuit until the first was half-way over. Other ferries across the Scottish Sea were established at Pettycur and at Queensferry, the latter receiving its name from the frequent crossing there of Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, between Edin-

burgh and Dunfermline. None of these ferries, however, equals in storied interest the crossing-place between Earlsferry and North Berwick. An account of a passage over the firth there in the sixteenth century occurs in the memoirs of that important Reformer, Mr. James Melville, minister of Kilrenny. Mr. Melville, it appears, took passage in a coal-coble on a windless day, and, when about half-way over, owing to the tumbling and yawing of the boat, became afflicted with a complaint common in such circumstances. His account is chiefly interesting for the strong inference with which it concludes. "Nae relief being but in the sweet mercy of our gracious God, my heart maist urgently importuned Him; and hoping patiently (for every hour was mair than the hail time of our banishment), at last the Lord looked mercifully on and sent, about the sun going to, a thick har (mist) from the south-east; sae that getting on the sail that was upon her, within an hour and a half, quhilk was strange to our consideration, nae wind blowing, we arrivit at the aillie (hostel), and, after a maist wearisome and sair day, got a comfortable night's lodging."

But the minister of Kilrenny was not the first who considered his safe passage over the firth at this place the result of the direct personal favour of Providence. It is on record that King David II. in his old age, crossing here with his beautiful young wife, Margaret Logie, on a visit to the Dishingtons of Ardrross, came in danger of being lost; but having vowed that if saved he would dedicate a chapel to St. Monan, he was presently, with his consort, brought to land. It is to the king's vow upon that occasion that the



quaint old kirk of St. Monance owes its existence. Built in 1369, on a sea-rock near the spot where David landed, it is one of the oldest buildings now used in Scotland for public worship. It is not, however, the oldest, as has sometimes been said, for, to go no further than the other side of the firth, higher up, the beautiful parish kirk of Dalmeny, with its groined roof and richly-carved Norman arches, dates back at any rate to the year 1107, and there is a still older kirk in use near Kingussie.

Whatever may have been the importance in times gone by, however, of these ferries established on the firth, they have now for all practical purposes been superseded by the great iron structure which spans the narrows at Inverkeithing. It was in the little inlet just there, known as St. Margaret's Hope, that the heir of the Saxon throne of England, Edgar Atheling, and his two sisters, Christian and Margaret, fleeing before the usurpation of Harold, landed to seek the protection of Malcolm Canmore. The young Saxon princess, soon afterwards to become the Scottish queen, would look now with eyes of some surprise on the changes which have taken place about that, for her, momentous spot. These changes are likely to be even greater presently, when the great arsenal arises which is to take its name from Rosyth Castle at hand, where the mother of Oliver Cromwell is said to have been born.

Many days might be spent by the pedestrian in wandering among the scenes of interest on both shores of the Firth. The shores of the Lothians in particular are clustered thick with memories. East of Edinburgh

the very soil of the fields seems pregnant with suggestion. Trodden by forgotten generations of serf and hind, and tilled and reaped for a thousand years, its fruitfulness has age after age built up the sinew and the brain of Scotland. Age after age, too, that soil has been watered by Scottish blood and the blood of Scotland's enemies. And still it does not cease to be turned, and to yield its yearly increase.

A good deal of market-gardening is now carried on in the country about Musselburgh and Prestonpans; and among the fields there, on a September day, one may still see some such picturesque group as half a dozen women threshing with flails. Some seeds, those of the cabbage, for instance, require, it seems, to be treated in this way. A similar sort of market-garden cultivation appears to have been carried on in these fields a hundred and fifty years ago, for on the eve of the battle of Prestonpans the Highland army, it is recorded, slept on their arms in a shorn field of peas.

The ghost of many a dead and gone old soldier must wander about these fields in the stormy autumn nights; and if one's eyes were clear enough, it would be a strange mixture of uniforms that would be seen. General Cope's unfortunate infantry were the last to be cut down among the stone dykes. A hundred years earlier it was the soldiery of Cromwell that was being hewn to pieces by Lesley's midnight "Riders of the Kirk." Still another hundred years back, in 1547, and along these fields the battle of Pinkie was being lost and won, and the flying bands of Scottish militia were falling under the hackbut shots and ghastly bill-

strokes of Somerset's English troops. So the panorama stretches away to a remote past, for this neighbourhood was the battlefield of Edinburgh, where the possession of the city was generally determined.

In the same way the grim ancient castles, towers, and mansions, which stand thick along the countryside, must be peopled by many quaint and stately spectres of olden times. These were the houses of some of the chief nobles and gentry of the kingdom, who found it convenient to live within a day's ride of the court. Probably it would be needless to look for Lord Marmion at Tantallon, though the most vivid picture of the past about the ruined stronghold is that of the haughty noble bearding "the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hold." But Queen Mary should certainly be seen at Seton Castle and at Preston Tower, where sometimes she went hawking in the happy early days of her married life with Darnley. At Pinkie House, close by Musselburgh, Charles Edward slept on the night after Prestonpans, dreaming his fair dreams of conquest; but the place has older memories than that. It was a country seat of the wealthy abbots of Dunfermline, who were superiors of the regality of Musselburgh; here some of them are accused of having solaced themselves with other and more bewitching charms than those of religion and learning; and here the inheritor of their possessions, the first Earl of Dunfermline, died in 1622. From a bedroom, known as "the king's room," in the oldest part of the house, a door leads on to the bartizan of the roof, and tradition avers that by this door some king at one time effected his escape.

Tradition also has it that a long saloon, known as the painted gallery, with a fine blazoned ceiling, was used as a hospital for the wounded after one of the battles in the neighbourhood. And on the walls of that saloon one of the family portraits is pointed out as that of the restless lady whose spirit more particularly haunts the mansion. Her especial reason for taking this trouble is said to lie in the fact that she murdered the unattractive infant who figures beside her in the picture. Among the servants of the house she is alluded to as "Green Jean."¹

Further to the south of Edinburgh stands the castle-mansion of Craigmillar. Within its corbelled chambers and on its turret stairs, if anywhere in Scotland, the ghosts of the past must walk. Inhabited by the Prestons for three hundred years, and since 1660 by the Gilmours, it was the place where in 1477 the "noble and lustie" Earl of Mar, brother of James III., was, according to tradition, offered his choice of deaths, and elected to be bled to his end in a warm bath. And in some chamber of Craigmillar may be pictured the scene following the murder of Rizzio at Holyrood, when Queen Mary, with whom it was a favourite residence, was approached by those dark and scheming spirits—Bothwell, Maitland, Morton, and Moray—and urged to a divorce from the foolish and unfaithful Darnley. Whether or not they hinted to her within these walls anything of a darker method of ridding herself of her consort remains one of the great unsolved problems of history. Hither Mary's

¹ Pinkie House is the scene of a song by Joseph Mitchell, Walpole's protege (*Blackie, Book of Scottish Song*, p. 502).

father, the boy-king James V., was brought from Edinburgh Castle in 1514 to escape the plague; and on "a fayre ley feilde" under Craigmillar windows her son, James VI., on the 3rd of April, 1594, saw his horsemen driven back by his kinsman, the turbulént Francis Stewart, second Earl of Bothwell, the trumpets of the latter contemptuously sounding a retreat almost within pistol-shot of the king's person.

Still further out, overhanging the woody chasm of the Esk, rises the romantic mansion of Hawthornden, keeping its memories of the seventeenth century—of the poet Drummond and his visitor Ben Jonson; with, close by, the mediæval donjon of the St. Clairs, and the enchanted chapel of Roslyn. Under the vaulted pavement of that chapel lie uncoffined the barons of Roslyn, entombed in their armour. The armour, in the dry crypt, remains unruined as on the day when they were carried hither; and it is asserted that still, on the night when a baron of Roslyn dies, the chapel from crypt to pinnacle is seen to be on fire.

O'er Roslyn all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslyn's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.¹

On the road nearer the capital, at Gilmerton Grange, occurred the tragedy which forms the subject of Scott's ballad of "The Grey Brother." The barony in a bygone century, it appears, belonged to a gentleman of the name of Heron. This person was the father of one beautiful daughter, and the frequency of the young lady's visits to her nurse, who lived at this house, and the hours at which they were paid, having aroused his suspicions, he discovered that she was in the habit of passing the time there in stolen interviews with no less a lover than the abbot of Newbattle close by. Outraged in his dearest and most sacred thoughts, the father determined on a terrible revenge. Accordingly, on a dark and stormy night, when he knew that his daughter and the abbot were within, he had a stack of dry thorns and branches heaped round the place, and, setting fire to this, reduced the dwelling and all that it contained to a pile of glowing ashes.

Westward, again, out of Edinburgh, stand two old towers—Barnbogle on the shore of the firth, and Niddrie Castle farther inland—each with a story to tell, each story turning on the tragedy of a woman's

The ballad of "Rosabelle" in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

life, but with strangely contrasted characters in the leading parts.

On the way to Barnbogle, however, the traveller crosses Cramond Brig, the scene of some of the most romantic and dramatic incidents in Scottish history. The circumstances of those events are familiar to every reader, but it is interesting to recall them on the spot. James I., it will be remembered, was passing from Edinburgh, towards the close of the year 1436, to hold his fatal Christmas feast at Perth, when, at Cramond Brig, he was accosted by the Highland prophetess who warned him of his danger, and foretold his doom if he crossed "the Scottish Sea." The scene is described with weird effect by Rossetti in his ballad "The King's Tragedy."

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes :—

“O King, thou art come at last :

But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea

To my sight for four years past.

“Four years it is since first I met,

’Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,

A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,

And that shape for thine I knew.

“A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle’

I saw thee pass in the breeze,

With the cerecloth risen above thy feet

And wound about thy knees.

“And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,

As a wanderer without rest,

Thou cam’st with both thine arms i’ the shroud

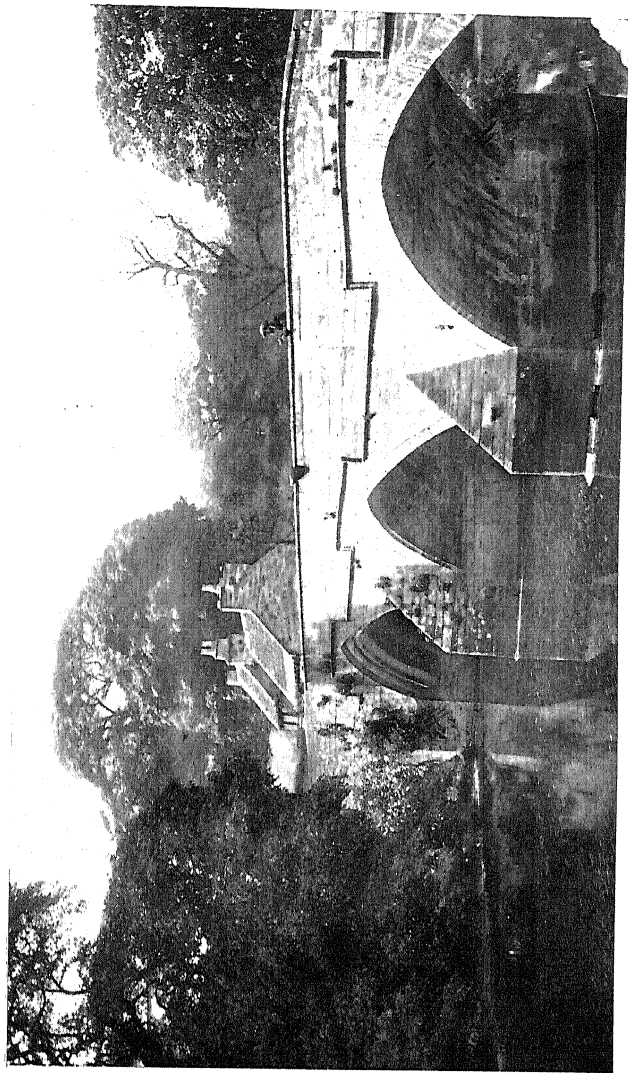
That clung high up thy breast.

“And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast,
And risen around thy throat.

“And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth—
Except thou turn again on this shore—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more,
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

“O King, whom poor men bless for their king,
Of thy fate be not so fain ;
But these my words for God’s message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein !”

A hundred years later a less tragic incident occurred at Cramond Brig to a descendant of James I. On a fair summer evening, sometime about the year 1535, James V., returning alone from one of the frequent expeditions in disguise which he was in the habit of making among his people, had just passed this spot on his way to Edinburgh, when he was set upon by a company of gypsies with sticks and knives. Finding himself in some danger, he retreated a few paces, and at the narrow part of the bridge, where his opponents’ numbers were of less account, he was defending himself as best he could with his single sword, when a labourer at work in a neighbouring barn, moved by the national feeling for fair play, sallied out with his flail, and gave so good an account of himself that the assailants were presently driven off. He then, it is said, took James into the barn, and brought him water and a towel to wash the blood from his face. Afterwards, by way of



preventing a renewed attack, he accompanied the stranger some distance towards Edinburgh. On the road James ascertained that his preserver's name was Jock Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the king's farm of Braehead. Upon a question as to whether he was quite contented with his lot, Howieson said there was not much he could wish for, unless perhaps that he might be owner of the farm on which he wrought. Howieson then, Scotsman-like, asked the king who he was; whereupon James said he was the gudeman, or tenant-farmer, of Ballengeich, but that he held a small post at court, and if Howieson would pay him a visit next Sunday he would, by way of some small return for his help, let him see the palace and, perhaps, the king.

Next Sunday, accordingly, Howieson appeared at the postern-door of Edinburgh Castle as he had been told, and was duly received by his friend the "Gudeman." He asked his guide, however, if the king would not be angry at his appearance, and was assured that King James liked nothing better than receiving his loyal subjects. "But what is he like?" inquired Jock. "How am I to ken him from the gentlemen about him?" "That is easily done," replied James; "the king will be the only man wearing his bonnet; all the others will be uncovered."

"So speaking," says Scott, who tells the story at considerable length, "King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. Jock was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. 'I told you that

you should know him by his wearing his hat,' said the conductor. 'Then,' said Jock, after he had again looked round the room, 'it must be either you or me, for all are bare-headed but us two.'"

James, it is said, laughed heartily at the *dénouement*, and by way of putting Howieson at his ease, presented him on the spot with a charter of the lands of Braehead, a possession which, after three hundred and seventy years, is still retained by his descendant.

Thirty years later occurred another dramatic and strange scene to which the old brig of Cramond was witness. It was two months after the murder of Darnley at the lonely Kirk o' Field, and the Earl of Bothwell, the chief actor in ~~that~~ tragedy, and perhaps the most powerful, as he was certainly the most ambitious of the nobles round the throne, had just obtained a bond of the Scottish peers declaring his innocence, and recommending him as husband to the queen. Determined apparently to take the earliest advantage of this charter, and believing, perhaps, that a woman's heart and a kingdom alike were best won by a bold stroke, he cast his fortune on the die here. Queen Mary, according to the historians, was returning from Stirling to Edinburgh with a small retinue, and she had just reached Cramond Brig, when she found herself surrounded by a thousand men-at-arms in Bothwell's livery. The earl himself took her horse by the bridle, and, disarming her retinue, led her unresistingly to the fortress of Dunbar, of which he was governor. There he kept her for ten days, and, whether for love or fear, a few days later she gave him her hand. Whatever was the actual guilt of queen or

earl, vengeance came soon upon it. Two months after the incident on Cramond Brig, Bothwell was a fugitive on the high seas, and Mary was a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle.

It is an almost similar incident of compulsion which is associated with Barnbougles Castle. This tower, on the shores of the firth, or rather in the firth, for the tide now flows round it, was the ancient seat of the Mowbrays. It passed by purchase into possession of the house of Rosebery in 1620. About the year 1730 Miss Campbell, daughter of the Honourable John Campbell of Mamore, was staying here with her sister, Lady Rosebery, when Simon, Lord Lovat, at that time a widower of somewhat evil fame, began to pay addresses to her. He was a man of singular ugliness, and many things were whispered of his brutal cruelty to his first wife; so it was little wonder that the young lady rejected him with horror. He was, however, as unscrupulous as he was determined, and, favoured for political reasons, it is said, by her relatives, he resolved to get by craft what he could not by fair offers. One day accordingly Miss Campbell received a letter purporting to be from her mother, stating that that lady lay dangerously ill at a lodging in the Lawnmarket, and that she begged her daughter to come to her without delay. Arriving at the address given, Miss Campbell was received by a servant and the coach dismissed, when, to her alarm and dismay, she was shown into a room containing Lord Lovat. Bursting into tears she demanded to be released, but his lordship informed her that, as she was now in a house of evil fame with him, she would find

the doors of all society closed against her henceforth, unless she consented to become his wife. After confinement of several days, she at last, filled with despair, agreed to marry him. After the marriage he carried her to the North, where he treated her for years with unheard-of cruelty, until she managed to communicate with her relatives, and they effected a separation. Yet after she left him, it is stated, he fell into a condition of deep melancholy, and for two years did not rise from bed. It was only on being told of the landing of Charles Edward that he roused himself. "Lassie," he cried, "bring me my brogues—I'll rise noo!" Before his execution, Lady Lovat, forgetting her wrongs, went up to attend him in the Tower, but he would not see her "after what had happened." Years afterwards, when her grandson frowned at some remark she had made, her ladyship is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, callant, dinna gloom that gate—ye look sae like your grandfather!"

Not far from Barnbogle, in the fine old Hawes Inn at Queensferry, it will be remembered, the Antiquary and Lovel, in Scott's romance, solaced themselves while waiting to cross the firth. In his charming "Gossip on Romance" Stevenson exactly conveys the old-world feeling of comfort and suggestion about that inn when he names it, with the inn at Burford Bridge where Keats wrote his "Endymion," as a place where one feels that something romantic *ought* to happen.

Southward, a little way out of Winchburgh, at the grey ruin of Niddrie Castle, one comes again within the atmosphere of charm that everywhere, strangely, seems to haunt the spots associated with the fortunes of

Mary Stuart. The castle belonged to the Earl of Wintoun, head of the house of Seton, who remained constantly loyal to the queen throughout her troubles, and whose descendant, two hundred years later, was to be as loyal and as unfortunate in the cause of her last direct representative, Prince Charles Edward. It is not difficult to imagine the scene within those walls on the night of Sunday, the second day of May, of the year 1568. For weeks there had been expectancy—mysterious whispers, strange comings and goings. On that night those in the secret must have had anxious hearts, conscious that a daring attempt was being made; and there would be little thought of sleep as they waited, and the lights burned on. Long after midnight it must have been when at last the heavy gallop of horses was heard. Out of the darkness came the clashing and the flash of mail, and the little cavalcade dismounted in the courtyard. In their midst stood the queen, pale and weary no doubt with the risks and the long ride of the night, but with the bright light of hope in her eyes, and the firmness of freedom in her step. Willie Douglas had fulfilled his task, the keys of Loch Leven Castle were at the bottom of that loch, and Mary, after eleven months of imprisonment, was a queen and among her people once more. Eleven days later she was to see her little army routed, and her last hope shattered, at Langside; but meanwhile the future was full of fresh promise, and her heart must have been beating with new happiness as, on that first night of her freedom, she laid her head down for a few hours' rest at Niddrie Castle.

CHAPTER V.

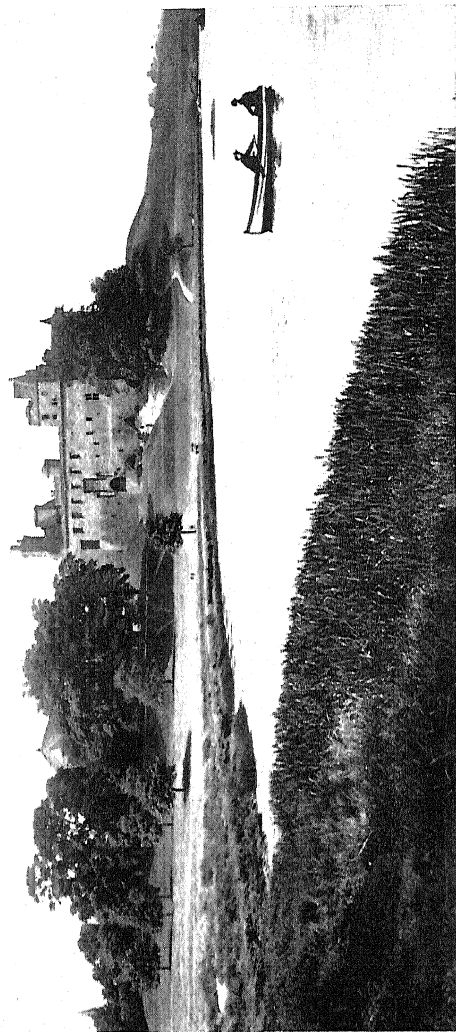
THE QUEEN'S BOWER AND THE KING'S PLEASANCES.

LINLITHGOW, westward somewhat from Niddrie Castle, remains the spot of all others where the interests of this countryside must be held to culminate. The royal palace there, called by Sir David Lyndsay "the Palace of Plesance," and more recently by Lord Rosebery "the Windsor of Scotland," has been the scene of some of the most significant events of Scottish history; and the aspect of the quiet, grey old town in the hollow of green hills, its walls washed by the little blue loch, retains much of the quaintness of bygone times.

Like most other market towns in Scotland, the place wakens up one day in each week to something of stir and business; but for the rest of the time it lies asleep, children play in the long, warm street, and the wayfarer has leisure to catch a glimpse, through the narrow closes between the houses, of the royal swans drifting on the shining waters of the loch. An ancient rhyme of the neighbourhood runs—

Glasgow for bells,
Linlithgow for wells,
And Fa'kirk for bonnie lasses ;

but Linlithgow in itself certainly possesses all these



attractions. The great bell of St. Michael's Kirk, of the time of James III., remains one of the finest in Scotland; the fountains, some of which have run wine in their day, have an antique quaintness that is all their own; and the female charms of the town have remained unquestioned since the place was the residence of the Stuart Queen and her "four Maries."

The great square-towered palace has been roofless since 1746, when it was accidentally burned by General Hawley's soldiers, quartered within its walls after their defeat at Falkirk;¹ and the noble interior of the great kirk of St. Michael, just below it, was long defaced by division into two places of worship; but, rising over the roofs of the town, palace and kirk still dominate the place with their royal and lordly memories. Whether Linlithgow was founded first by King Achaius or by the Romans, it cannot be forgotten that this was the spot where Edward I., during his possession of Scotland, chose more than once to hold his Christmas feast, returning here after the battle of Falkirk, close by, in which he had defeated Sir William Wallace; that it was the dower-place of all the Scottish queens, from Mary of Gueldres to Anne of Denmark; and that here James V. and Mary Stuart were born. Black dungeon, grim torture-chamber, and secret staircase within these walls keep each their silent memories undivulged; and it is only dimly that one pictures James III. hiding here in his dark recess

¹ It is said that when General Hawley refused to order his men to moderate the dangerous fires they were heaping on the hearths, Mrs. Gordon, the housekeeper, turned from him with the words, "Aweel, aweel, I can rin frae fire as fast as ony general in the King's army."

from the search of the insurgent nobles, and James V. fleeing from the bullets of his treacherous favourite Hamilton. But there are two or three dramatic episodes which stand out in Linlithgow's past with undimmed vividness of detail and circumstance.

Behind St. Michael's Kirk, which was ancient in David I.'s time, the high mound jutting into the loch had probably been a place of defence since defence was needed in the country. This, no doubt in Arthurian times, was the fort of the Llyn-llyth-cw, or Lake-in-the-wide-hollow, as the name still reads in Welsh. And here Edward I., the greatest general of his age, with the eye of the military strategist, built "a pele, mekill and stark," which was the scene of an incident recorded in Barbour's "Bruce."

It was during hay-harvest in the year 1313, the year before Bannockburn, when John Bunnock, a farmer of the neighbourhood, apparently determined to turn his pruning-hook into a spear, and so made name and fame for himself. His strategy, both for its courage and its skill, has given the shrewd "husband" a place on the same page of history with Douglas and Stewart and Randolph. Bunnock had been employed, it appears, to cart hay to the garrison, and one night he told them with grim humour that next day he would bring them

"a fothyr

Fayrer and gretar and weile mor

Than he brocht ony that yer befor."

Next morning, accordingly, when most of the English soldiers were at work in the fields, the porter saw him leading up a huge waggon-load to the gate, and

promptly wound up the portcullis. Bunnock, however, proceeded to teach the man a lesson from the siege of Troy. No sooner did the waggon, entering the gateway, block the descent of the bars, than suddenly shouting "Call all! Call all!" the farmer with one blow of his hatchet cut the oxen loose, and with another dashed out the porter's brains. Eight men forthwith leaped from their hiding-place under the hay, others in ambush near rushed up, and in a few minutes the peel was taken, those of the garrison who were in the fields flying to the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh.

Two hundred years later, on the eve of Flodden, Linlithgow figured again.

At his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., James IV., as his father and his grandfather had done, had settled on his bride the whole lordship of Linlithgow—palace, town, and jurisdiction; and here, in the last days before his fatal step, he seems to have come to take farewell of the queen and her infant son. The incident, which is familiar from the poetic account in "Marmion," may be given here in the words of Pitscottie.

"The King," says that chronicler, "came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth, a pair of brotikings (buskins) on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but

he had nothing on his head but syde (long) red yellow hair behind and on his haffets (cheeks), which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pikestaff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring for the King, saying he desired to speak with him. While at the last he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the King he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffing on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: ‘Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou dost thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee melle with no woman, nor use their council, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded, and brought to shame.’

“Be this man,” proceeds Pitscottie, “had spoken thir words unto the King’s grace, the Evensong was neere doon, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but in the mean time, before the King’s eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away and could no ways be seen nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had been ane blink of the sunne or ane whiss of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, lyon herauld, and John Inglis the marshall, who were at that time young men, and

special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him; but for all nought, they could not touch him, for he vanished away betwixt them, and was seen no more."

St. Catharine's aisle in St. Michael's Kirk is said by tradition to be the spot where the king was thus strangely accosted; and there is no doubt the figure was meant to represent James, "the Lord's brother."¹ The king, however, was not to be deterred even by such a warning. On his finger was the turquoise ring of the Queen of France, and for that pledge of chivalry he had determined to follow her romantic behest—to march, for her sake, three miles on English ground. His own Queen Margaret, therefore, was left at Linlithgow when he passed to Edinburgh to muster his army; and tradition points out, high in the corner tower of the palace, the bower where she sat in those still September days watching for his return from Flodden.

Some writers have affected to sneer at the authors or author of the apparition for the folly of attempting by such means to deter a brave and enlightened prince like James IV. from a course on which he had set his mind; but that king, from other evidence, appears to have been exactly of a character to be affected by such demonstrations. To his last day he wore an iron belt by way of penance for

¹Galatians i. 19. James, however, as is now known, was the cousin of Jesus, the term brother being anciently applied to such near relationship.

his presence at his father's death; and more than once he is mentioned as shutting himself up in moods of religious dejection. Such appearances, besides, were not beyond the belief of the age; and years later, if John Knox is to be believed, James V., in the same neighbourhood, was greatly moved by a similar presentment.

The incident occurred after the death of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, executed upon a charge of twice attempting the life of the king, by seeking to murder him in bed at Holyrood, and by shooting at him from the palace and steeple of Linlithgow. The real reason for Hamilton's execution, according to Knox, was that he favoured the Reformation. At any rate, after his former favourite's death, King James is reported to have been troubled with frightful hallucinations. "How terrible a vision," says Knox, "the said Prince saw, lying in Linlithgow that night that Thomas Scot, Justice-Clerk, died in Edinburgh, men of good credit can yet report. For, afraid at midnight or after, he called aloud for torches, and raised all that lay beside him in the palace, and told that Thomas Scot was dead; for he had been at him with a company of devils, and had said unto him these words: 'Oh, woe to the day that ever I knew thy service; for serving of thee, against God, against His servants, and against Justice, I am adjudged to endless torment!'"

The last great incident which happened at Linlithgow was the death of the Regent Moray. That event happened in 1570, two years after Queen Mary's overthrow at Langside. Among the chief of the queen's supporters who suffered had been Hamilton

of Bothwellhaugh, who, though his life was spared, had his estates forfeited by the Regent. Moray's nominee had, it appears, acted most ruthlessly in taking possession. At Woodhouselee, under the Pentlands, he turned out Hamilton's wife naked from bed on a dark and stormy night, with the result that before morning the poor lady became hopelessly mad. From that time Bothwellhaugh had sought an opportunity of revenge, and his occasion arrived on this winter morning in Linlithgow.

The Regent was on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, and on the night of January 19th lodged with Drummond, the Provost of Linlithgow, in a house whose site is now occupied by the county prison. Someone having warned him of an impending danger in the town, he decided to return by the way he had entered, and go round by the back of the place. Scarcely, however, had he left his lodging, riding slowly in the press, when there was the report of a shot, and he fell forward, pierced through the belly, while the horse of Arthur Douglas, who rode next him, struck by the same bullet, stumbled and dropped dead. A rush was made by the Regent's attendants at the door of the house whence the shot had come; but before they could burst it open the rapid gallop of a horse was heard behind, and Bothwellhaugh had fled. He was chased for many miles, and only escaped, it is said, by striking a dagger into the flank of his steed, and compelling it to leap a trench which his pursuers could not cross. Within the house they found the room whence the shot was fired hung with black to hide the movements of the assassin. He had also

spread a mattress on the floor to deaden his footsteps ; and he had taken off the lintel of the garden gate behind that he might escape on horseback without delay. The house, which belonged to Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was forthwith "alluterlie burnt with fyre."

Meanwhile the fainting Regent, carried up to the palace, was laid in the first room within the gate, which happened to be the guardroom. In that dark, low-roofed chamber he dragged out the hours till eleven o'clock at night, when he expired. It is curious to imagine what his thoughts must have been in these last hours, dying there in the birthplace of his sister. Mary had twice given him an earldom, and had once in his interest risked her life ; and in return he had imprisoned, overthrown, and sought to traduce his benefactress. These things, however, were done in the cause of Reform.

With the death of Moray the romance of history, so far as Linlithgow is concerned, may be said to have closed. In the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., during times of trouble or plague in Edinburgh, parliaments were sometimes held here ; and Cromwell did St. Michael's Kirk the honour of stabling his horses in the nave. St. Catharine's Aisle, too, the family burying-place, recalls the Jacobite efforts of the Livingstones, Earls of Linlithgow and Callendar, attainted after the rebellion of 1715. But such later memories form a sorry contrast to those of earlier times—to the days of the brilliant court of James IV., with its "makaris" and "menstrallis," and "dansaris" and "gysaris" and "fithelaris," and to the more significant

gaiety of the reign of James V., when, somewhere within these walls, the king and queen once listened through a whole winter day to the performance of Lyndsay's "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis."¹ Only, amid the ruins, something may be recalled of the ancient life of the place so aptly suggested in "Marmion."

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling ;
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune—
How blythe the blackbird's lay !
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake—
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see a scene so gay.

From Linlithgow down to its old-world castle-port of Blackness on the Forth is a pleasant hour's walk, and there in the sleepy hamlet near the ancient fortress, while a boat is being got out, the wanderer may recall many grim and strange old scenes. A fort in Roman times, when it formed the end of the Great Wall; the Caer-eden of the days of King Arthur; a stronghold of the Black Douglasses; the place of meeting of the confederate lords before the overthrow of James III. at Sauchieburn; and the place whither they returned next day—Blackness was for some hundreds of years one of the chief havens of Scotland, a fortress and a State prison. Again and again these walls have

¹ Lyndsay's "Satire" was first performed at Linlithgow before a great gathering of Court and people on January 6, 1539-40, the feast of Epiphany, when the representation lasted nine hours.

shaken under the boom of big guns, and the smoke of battle has rolled over the water; once at least the castle was destroyed by southern invaders; and under its ramparts in 1547 the High Admiral of Henry VIII., after a vigorous cannonade, burnt a fleet of Scottish trading vessels, and carried off some English ships which the Scots had captured. Twenty-six years after that last experience it was the scene of a curious drama. Queen Mary had for five years been a prisoner in England; but her party had not given up hope. To help her cause, fifty thousand ducats, arrears of her dowry, were sent from France in charge of Sir James Kirkaldy. Unluckily, landing at Blackness, the envoy was made prisoner by the Governor, who had meanwhile gone over to the other side. Sir James, however, while in prison, managed to gain over the garrison, and, to the chagrin of the Government, it was presently announced that he held Blackness for the queen. In these circumstances the Regent Morton had recourse to strategy. Kirkaldy's wife was apparently suborned; she went to see her husband at Blackness, and, inducing him to accompany her part of the way home, she led him into an ambush, and he was sent a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle. Retribution, however, was in store for the faithless wife; Kirkaldy presently escaped, and on the eighth morning afterwards his wife was found strangled in her bedroom.

As one of the fortresses specified in the Act of Union, Blackness is still kept in a condition of defence. But the ancient importance of the place has quite departed. The castle has been turned into a powder magazine, the "garrison" lingers forlorn enough; the

harbour lies in ruins, and the great custom-house is let for lodgings. Blackness, in fact, is another Salem, only, if anything, sleepier and quieter than that famous haven, and still waiting a Hawthorne to make its atmosphere immortal.

The Firth of Forth here is an inland sea, muddy and brown with its earthen foreshores, and churned once and again throughout the day by the paddles of some passing steamer. Often enough, in bygone times, the royal barges swept over these waters, with pennons floating, and the court on board; for Culross, or "Cu'ris," as it is locally called, was anciently a place of note, a Cistercian abbey, and a favourite resort of some of the kings. To-day, if the weather be calm, a couple of stout rowers will pull a boat across in an hour.

From the talk of these lads—all of sculling matches and the like—it is curious to discover that the rivalry between the two sides of the firth remains almost as strong and prejudiced to-day as it was when different nations dwelt on north and south shores; so slowly in these quiet corners does ancient feeling die.

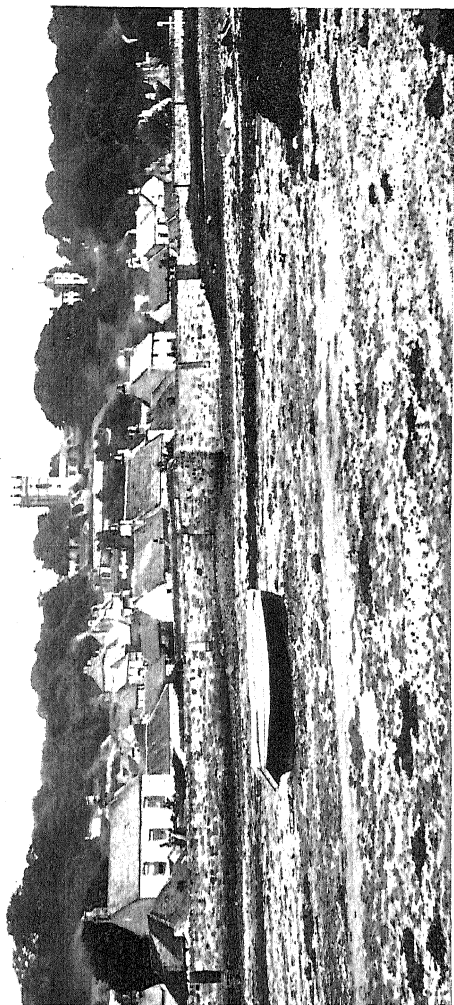
A typical tradition of the time of the saints belongs to this passage over the water. It appears that Theneu, a daughter of Loth, the Pictish king of Lothian, having granted more favours than were wise to a certain gay young king of the Strathclyde Britons, Ywain ap Urien, found herself presently in trouble. Set adrift in a coracle on the firth by her outraged kinsmen, she was left to drown. The winds and waves, however, drove her to the spot where Culross now stands, and there next morning she became the mother of a son. Left with

St. Serf, a holy hermit of the place, the boy grew up to become the famous St. Mungo, prophet-priest of the Cymric tribes, and first bishop of the kingdom of Strathclyde.

As the boat approaches the shore, details of the neighbourhood of Culross can be made out. There is Dunamarle House among the woods on the left, occupying the site of the early stronghold where Lady Macduff and her children, according to false tradition, were murdered by order of Macbeth; and high on the hillside, above the red roofs of the town, also bowered in trees, rises the grey tower of the old abbey.

Culross from the water, rising on the hill-face, wall above wall and roof above roof, among its hanging gardens, looks most like some little old-world town on the Rhine; and after one lands, the impression remains. It is difficult to imagine that the place was ever a busy port, trading in salt and coal. Its coal-pits were famous in James VI.'s time, running a mile under the firth; and before the Union as many as 170 vessels were sometimes to be counted in the roads. All that, however, was long ago, and the place looks as if time had stopped there for three centuries. The hours, it is true, drift down at intervals from the abbey clock, but Culross, asleep in the sunshine, does not heed. The doors of the quaint town hall, in the forsaken market-place, stand open at the head of their outside stair, and it seems as if the council might be found asleep in their chairs within.

As one climbs the steep narrow streets paved with cobble-stones, one seems to be climbing into the past. These might be the very cobble-stones down which



James VI. rode when he visited the town in 1588; and half-way up, in a sunny open space, with garden scents and the hum of bees about it, stands the ancient stone cross where the royal scene was enacted.

That was the great day of Culross, when James with his court rode down from the Abbey House, and here at the cross, with much quaint ceremonial—trumpet-soundings and waving of flags—created the place a royal burgh.

Higher up the climbing street the blaze of sunshine and flowers comes through open garden doors, and the warm, silent air is haunted with old-fashioned fragrance of sweet-peas and balm and southernwood. Little is left of the abbey except its kirk, but that is a pleasant place to wander in. Tragic memories, it is true, are not awanting in the spot. Sir James Inglis, a chaplain at James V.'s court, and reputed author of the "Complaynt of Scotland," was not long abbot here till he was murdered by the neighbouring baron of Tullialan. But the atmosphere of the place is of peace. Here, in these deep transept galleries, and in the high brass-nailed pews, lad and lass, grandsire and grandame of the town below, still on Sundays listen to the preacher, as, lad and lass, their ancestors listened to the priest in the same place five hundred years ago. Under-foot lies the dust of baron and abbot; mingled with it, perhaps, the dust of the great thane who founded the abbey; and thick round the walls outside rest the bones of humbler folk. Here in a silver casket lies the heart of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, killed in 1613 in a duel in Flanders with Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset. And here in a row beside their

parents' tomb stand the marble effigies of a whole family of Bruces of Blairhall, eighteenth-century tenants of the ancient abbey coal-mines, and ancestors of the Lords of Kinloss and Earls of Elgin.¹

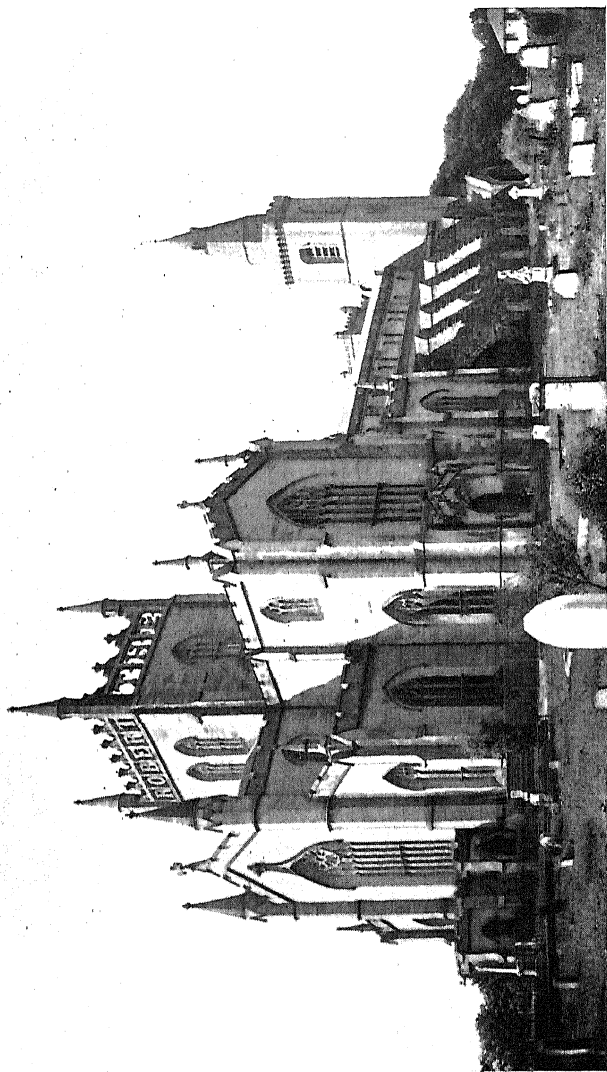
Culross, in fact, with its steep, narrow streets, its grey abbey above, and its red-tiled "palace" or "place," below, remains the best, as it is the quaintest, representative of the ancient Fife towns.

From royal burgh to royal city is here but a step. Seven miles inland a *char-à-banc* public conveyance carries the traveller for eightpence to Dunfermline.

That eightpence-worth, behind two gaunt nags—along the water-wall where curious old coracle-like boats known as prams float, tied to their moorings, past delightful old houses in the level between the sea and the hills, and through quaint hamlets and villages stranded by the ebb-tide of forgotten industries—remains one of the most suggestive drives in Scotland. It is with hardly increased interest that one alights at last in the ancient royal city of the Celtic kings.

Little is left to look at in Dunfermline except the abbey church, part of the noble Fraters' Hall of the abbey, and a windowed side of the royal palace wall. For historic landmarks of the place are fast disappearing among the transformations of prosperous modern industry. Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift of two millions sterling to his native town came only in time to preserve the ancient associations of Pittencrieff Glen. Still, however, here and there some battered monument,

¹The descendant of the courtly "collier" of James VI.'s time is still an active prosecutor of the ancient industry of his family, being perhaps the largest colliery owner in Fife.



or the name of a street or a walk, recalls a pregnant memory.

Dunfermline was to Scotsmen in ancient times almost a sacred city. From the time of Malcolm Canmore to the time of Bruce it was the capital of the Scottish kings, and here most of these monarchs were buried. It was the favourite residence of Canmore himself and his saintly queen, and to the patriotic and the devout of the middle centuries the footsteps and the dust of that royal pair consecrated the place. At the head of the town a hollow called Wooers' Alley, though surrounded now by mean dwellings, is still pointed out by the townsfolk as the courting-place of these royal lovers. And in Pittencrieff Glen, close by the palace, is still to be seen the cave whither Malcolm, jealous of some lawless assignation, followed his queen, to find her engaged in secret devotion, and to become himself a convert to her faith.

Margaret's tomb lies—a shapeless mass of limestone—outside the present walls of the abbey kirk, on the spot where the Lady Chapel once stood. It is touching to think of the centuries of veneration with which that mass of mountain limestone and its silent contents have been regarded. Nor was that reverence without good reason. Within these worn grey flagstones moulders the heart, not only of a most loyal and loving queen, but of a woman whose wise and gentle spirit wrought the dawn of a new era in Scotland.

The story of Margaret's life and death is told by Andro of Wyntoun, and a fair romance it makes—her flight before Harold, her refuge at the Scottish court, her marriage with Malcolm, by which she brought him,

what is not often remembered, the inheritance of the Saxon throne of England; then her influence on the country through the king, and her death upon news of his fall at Alnwick. The story ends with a strange scene. Two hundred years after her death, during the reign of Alexander III., it was desired to re-inter the royal pair in the more honoured place behind the high altar, where they now lie. Before the assembled churchmen and nobles the tomb was opened, but when the workmen tried to raise the coffin of the queen it refused to move. Bishop and abbot whispered to each other—a miracle was being wrought. The ashes of the sainted queen declined to be raised till those of her husband had first been taken up and carried to their new resting-place.

Another strange story of the opening of a royal vault within these walls is told by Sir Walter Scott, who was an eye-witness of the scene. In the early years of the nineteenth century, when the church was being repaired, the workmen came upon fragments of a marble tomb known to be that of the Bruce. "Then," says Scott, "they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding-sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through in order to take out the heart." The bones were carefully guarded till a new tomb was prepared, into which, in the presence of a great multitude of people, they were laid with

profound respect. "Before the coffin was closed," says the narrator, "the people were allowed to pass through the church one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears, for there was the wasted skull which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn."

Much of the nave of the great church as it still stands, with its Norman arches and curious zigzag pillars, though restored and improved by David I., is the work of Canmore's masons. That monarch founded the abbey at his queen's request, in 1075, to take the room of Iona as a royal burying-place; and within its walls accordingly lies the dust of no fewer than seven kings, with their queens and sons and daughters. Here also lie many of the great nobles of Scotland, from Macduff and Constantine, to Randolph, Earl of Moray, and Robert, Duke of Albany.

The abbey, with its great buildings and its immense wealth, appears to have been a sumptuous place. At the death of Alexander III. its boundaries, according to Matthew of Westminster, "were so ample that three potent sovereigns, with their retinues, might have been accommodated with lodgings here at the same time without incommoding one another."

The palace adjoining was a regular royal residence as late as the time of James VI.; and high in the

massive wall is still pointed out the window of the room in which Charles I. was born. The last royal inhabitant was Charles II., during his Scottish attempt in 1650, and the place fell to ruin in 1708. That palace, however, was the creation of the Stewart kings. Not far off, on the height of Tower Hill, may still be seen a fragment of the earlier castle of King Malcolm and the Celtic monarchs. This was the original *Dun-fiar-linne*—the “castle by the crooked stream”; and it was within its walls, probably, that in the days of King Alexander III. the opening scene took place of the tragedy narrated in the famous ballad of “Sir Patrick Spens”—

The King sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the bluid-red wine;
“Oh, whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship o’ mine?”

The wooding in the deep glen round the ancient stronghold remains classic as the haunt of one of the sweetest of the Scottish “makars” of the fifteenth century—Robert Henryson. The poet was schoolmaster and notary public of Dunfermline, and in several of his pieces, like “The Abbey Walk,” he refers to places of the neighbourhood. It is in the prologue to his “Moral Fables” that he describes the wood here as it was in his time, before the town had grown round and darkened it.

In middis of June, that joly sweit seasoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus with his bemis bricht
Had dryit up the dew fra daill and down,
And all the land maid with his lemis¹ licht,
In ane mornyng, betuix mid-day and nicht,

¹ flames.

I rais and put all sleuth and sleip asyde,
And to ane wod I went alone, but gyde.¹

Sweit wes the smell of flouris quhyte and reid,
The noyis of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis² braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gersis³ gracious.
Of all pleasance that place was plenteous
With sweet odouris and birdis harmonie ;
The mornyng myld, my mirth wes mair forthy.⁴

The roisis reid arrayit on rone and ryce,⁵
The prymerois and the purpour viola ;
To heir it wes ane poynt of paradyce,
Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma,⁶
The blossomis blyith brak up on bank and bra,
The smell of herbis and of foullis cry,
Contending quha suld haif the victorie.

If the good schoolmaster could come back to his ancient walk to-day he would see much to make him open his eyes. Palace and abbey have both fallen since his time, and he must needs go somewhat farther afield to see "the prymerois and the purpour viola."

It was a frequent habit of the Scottish kings, especially the later Stewarts, tiring of the high ceremonial of the court here in Dunfermline, to take horse of an afternoon with a few chosen spirits, and canter away north-eastward to their quiet old hunting-palace at the back of the Lomond Hills. There was ringing then of hawks' jesses at Falkland, and the yelp of hounds in leash, as James IV. or James V., with a troop of merry companions, took the field for a day or

¹ without guide. ² boughs. ³ grasses. ⁴ therefore.

⁵ branch and twig. ⁶ did make.

two, in the midst of keepers and beaters, falconers and foresters, in the royal livery.

Gay and gallant was the life in this little forest-palace at the foot of the hills, as may be gathered from a hundred allusions. So Sir David Lyndsay sings—

Fareweill, Falkland, the forteress of Fyfe,
 Thy polite park under the Lowmound law!
 Sum tyme in thè I led a lustie lyfe,
 The fallow deir, to sè thaim raik on raw.
 Court men to cum to thè they stand grait aw,
 Sayand thy burgh bene of all burrowis bail,
 Because in thè they never gat gude aill.

Here, without doubt, James V. joined, incognito as was his custom, in the revels of the village folk, which he has described with such riotous spirit in his poetry.

Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
 Sic dansing nor deray,
 Nowthir at Falkland on the grene,
 Nor Peblis at the play,
 As wes of wowaris, as I wene
 At Chryst Kirk on ane day.

Chryst Kirk was perhaps the neighbouring Kirktown of Leslie; and there, it is probable, James made closer acquaintance than was good for either party with some of the “Kitteis weschen elene” whom he describes. The village at Falkland itself, once so full of revel, is now a sleepy place, sequestered and picturesque, where, instead of the bay of hounds and the hunter’s cry, the weaver’s shuttle click-clacks all day long.

Nothing is left of the ancient forest of Falkland except some natural wooding at Drumdreel, near Strathmiglo, the oaks having been ruthlessly cut down

by Cromwell to build fortifications at Perth. The Rose Loch, too, which came up almost to the walls, has been drained away. But the palace front remains as it was in the gallant James's time, a French *château* with short round towers, abutting on the village street. That was the palace built by James IV. and James V. in the sixteenth century, and many are the memories of its time-darkened walls. In the carved courtyard one morning James VI. was in the act of mounting his horse when Alexander Ruthven, brother of the Earl of Gowrie, whispered the message which led to that strange scene in Gowrie Castle, which has never been fully explained. And in the blazoned chapel of the palace, still preserved, Queen Mary, who came here frequently to hunt, and to read Greek and Latin with George Buchanan, has more than once heard mass.

But the older castle lay behind, and its foundations have lately been laid bare in the course of the restoration begun by the late Marquis of Bute. That was the stronghold granted by Malcolm IV. in 1160 to the Earl of Fife, fifth in descent from the famous Macduff. Isobel, last of Macduff's heroic race, married Robert Stewart, Earl of Menteith, second son of Robert II., who thus became also Earl of Fife. He is best known under his later title of Duke of Albany; and it is to his dark and unscrupulous ambition that Falkland owes its most tragic association. The story is familiar to everyone how Albany, under pretext of wise restraint, obtained possession of his nephew David, Duke of Rothesay, the gay and dissolute, but warm-hearted, heir to the throne, and threw him into the dungeon of this tower to starve to death. The

account of the tragedy furnished in Bellenden's translation of Boece may not be without interest. "At last King Robert, informit of his young and insolent maneris, send letteris to his brothir, the Duk of Albany, to entertene his said son, the Duk of Rothesay, and to leir him honest and civill maneris. The Duk of Albany, glaid at thir writtingis, tuk the Duk of Rothesay betwixt Dundee and Sanct Androis, and brocht him to Falkland, and inclusit him in the tour thair of, but (without) ony meit or drink. It is said ane woman, havand commisiratioun on this Duk, leit meill fall doun throw the loftis of the toure, be quhilkis his life wes certane dayis savit. This woman, fra it wes knawin, wes put to deith. On the same maner ane othir woman gaif him milk of hir paup, throw ane lang reid, and wes slane with gret cruelte, fra it wes knawin. Than wes the Duk destitute of all mortall supplie, and brocht finalie to sa miserable and hungry appetite that he eit, nocht allanerlie the filth of the toure quhare he wes, bot his awin fingaris: to his gret marterdome. His body wes beryit in Lundoris." The walls are levelled now which shut the prince in his living tomb, and the vault is open to the sky; but the spot must for ever retain the memory of the royal prisoner in the dungeon, dying of hunger, rage, and despair.

The scene of James V.'s death in the palace is also well known. No more than thirty years of age, he lay dying here of a broken heart for the betrayal of his troops at Solway Moss, when the news was brought that away in Linlithgow his queen had become a mother. "Is it a lad or a lass?" he asked eagerly of

the messenger ; and when he was told the infant was a girl, he sank back on the pillow. "Is it even so ?" he said. "Then fareweel ! May God have mercy on me ! The crown cam' wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass." And, turning his back to his nobles and his face to the wall, he spoke no more, and presently passed away.

It was a sad ending to the reign begun from the same spot in such spirited fashion fourteen years earlier. James was only sixteen when he determined to break the Douglas yoke and make a dash for freedom and the throne. For long he had been practically a prisoner in the hands of Angus and the Douglasses, who used their possession of him as a pretext for exercising the royal power. Douglasses filled all the royal offices ; the king's guard was a hundred men chosen by Angus. Efforts to free James by force had twice failed, and now he had recourse to craft. By apparent friendliness he lulled asleep the suspicions of his guards, and presently his chance came. The Earl of Angus had gone to Lothian on urgent business, Douglas of Kilspindie was with his mistress in Dundee, and George Douglas had gone to harass Archbishop Beaton at St. Andrews. Only Douglas of Parkhead, the captain of the guard, was left to watch the king. James, after arranging a hunt for next day, had retired early to bed, and the lights were being put out in the palace, when two grooms were seen making for the stables. No notice was taken of them, as the horses' harness must be got ready for the morning. One of the grooms, however, was the king himself, and the other was his page, John Hart. Three swift horses

and a faithful servant were waiting behind the stables, and in five minutes James was free.

Next morning there was hue and cry at Falkland. The bailie of Abernethy had come to the gate asking for the king. "He is in his chamber," said Sir George Douglas, who had returned from Dundee. "Not so," answered the bailie; "he crossed Stirling Brig at daybreak."

The news was true. James was safe among his friends in Stirling Castle, with the gates closed and the drawbridge up; and when the Douglasses started in pursuit, they were met by a royal proclamation declaring all of their name traitors who came within twelve miles of the king's person.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING'S RIDE.

THE incident of James V.'s escape was not the first, as it certainly was not the last, of the series of romantic adventures which went to make up the life of the gay "Gudeman of Ballengeich." But all who are familiar with that opening escapade of the bold king's public life are not aware of the richly varied interests and scenery of the narrow country through which he made the wild hand-gallop of that momentous July night.

When James, with his two groom followers, galloped away round the slope of the Lomond hills, and westward through the glens of the Ochils, he must have followed very closely the line of the modern road by Kinross and the Crook of Devon and Dollar. Turning his back on the Howe, or hollow, of Fife, as the fair carse there is called, he set his face along a valley where deep woods are growing now to replace the forest of bygone days. It must have been with a beating heart and a sigh of relief that he left Falkland itself behind him in the midst of that forest, asleep; for amid the scenes of royal chase and merriment with which the little

hunting palace and these forest glades were familiar, there must have come to him the memory of more than one dark incident which palace and forest had seen, and he cannot have failed to consider the possibility of such another fate befalling him there at the hands of his Douglas tutors as had, in similar circumstances to his own, befallen the hapless Duke of Rothesay in that same spot some century and a quarter before. The old tower of Falkland, in which Rothesay met his fate, was long ago, as already said, levelled with the ground, and the great oaks of the royal chase that spread about it for miles were cut by Cromwell for the building of his great citadel on the Inch of Perth. But the modern woods have a beauty of their own, and here on a summer day of the present time the wanderer passes through a pleasant country. Cottages under the edge of the woods, where foresters and roadmen have their homes, are almost covered with creepers, a blaze of yellow and crimson flower; and the air is haunted with mossy forest scents and the fragrance of old-fashioned garden blossom. Sometimes down the shady woodland roads, deep with feathery flowering grasses, and sweet with creamy orchis blooms, comes with slow, creaking wheels a cart of timber for the distant sawmill; and further on, in the open country, brown-skinned women are to be seen loading and leading in from the fields great waggons of scented hay. Out to the north, in the little valley, appear the spires and red roofs of a typical Fife town, famous as the scene of that early female lesson to presumptuous man chronicled

in Sir John Moffat's poem, "The Wife of Auchtermuchty." And further westward, at the Lomond foot, lies among trees the quaint village of Kinaskit, where in the latter half of last century Michael Bruce, writer of the famous "Ode to the Cuckoo," and sweet singer of the beauties of the countryside, was born and died. Kinnesswood, as it is more properly spelt, is the only place in Scotland where vellum is now made.

Some eight miles from Falkland, "between the Lomond and Bennartie," lies the wide level of Loch Leven. When James V. passed it in the twilight of the July night the loch had already a double place in history. The monastery of St. Serf, on the larger and more distant of the two chief islands, could boast of its prior, Andro of Wyntoun, who in the earlier years of the fifteenth century wrote his "Cronykil of Scotland" there; and the grey castle on the nearer islet owned a stirring memory of a still earlier day. In the year 1335 it had been one of the four Scottish strongholds which were all of the country that remained loyal to David II. when Edward III. overran the kingdom. A mound at the exit of the loch still bears witness to the means by which the English besiegers at that time sought to drown out the garrison. Their stratagem appears to have had every prospect of success, for, the river having been dammed up, the water rose rapidly, and it seemed only a question of time when the defenders must abandon their post. At dead of night, however, Alan Vipont, governor of the castle, sent out a boat with four men. These cut the

bank, and the pent-up waters of the loch, rushing forth, swept away, in one wild devastation, tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers.

But the yellow-haired boy king, as he galloped past, and perhaps saw the castle lights shining over the water, could hardly dream that the chief fame of the spot in after years should arise from the imprisonment and escape here of his own daughter. Within the walls of Lochleven Castle took place the scene, so finely described by Scott in *The Abbot*, in which Queen Mary was compelled by her ruthless lords to resign the Scottish crown. But the most memorable incident occurred eight months afterwards. It was about eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday the 2nd of May, in the year 1568, that Queen Mary's famous escape and flight took place. Upon the low loch shore and in the village and among the hills behind, that night, there was much unseen excitement. Fifty horsemen under Lord Seton lay ambushed in a valley not a mile away, with forty more further inland. Twelve swift horses saddled and bridled stood concealed in Kinross, close by the loch, and in the afternoon ten men dressed as wayfarers had wandered separately into the village. As evening drew on, one of these, probably the enamoured George Douglas himself, made his way to the loch shore, where, lying at full length among the dry scrub, he watched eagerly for signs of movement about the castle. A little before eight the crucial moment came. It was at half-past seven that the guards in the castle usually went to supper, and a few moments must decide the success or

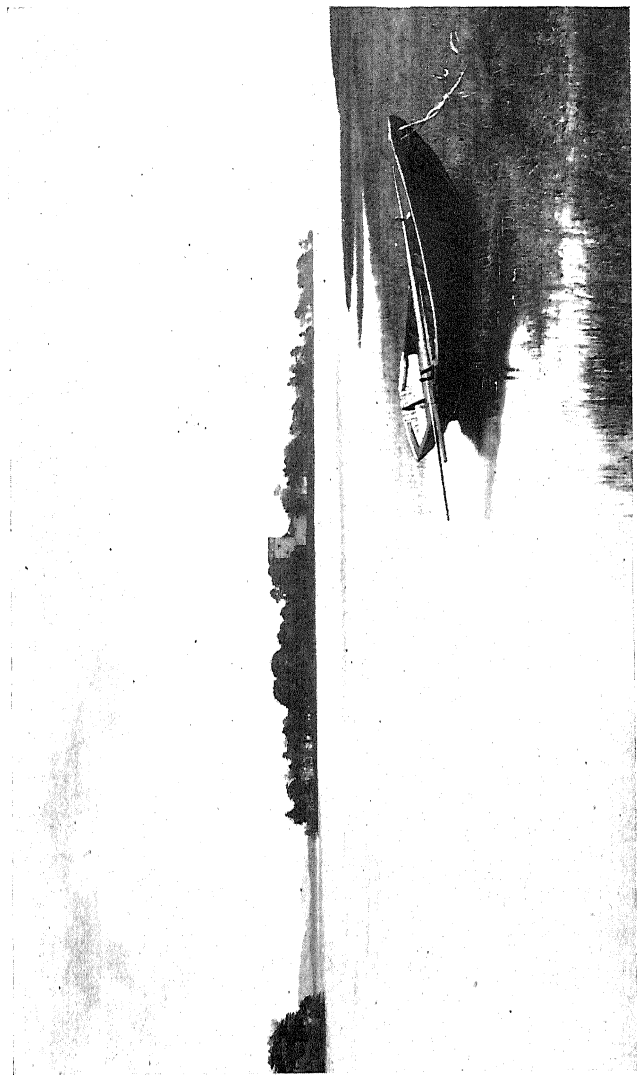
failure of the enterprise. Just then a skiff shot out from the island, and flashed swiftly and silently over the water. One of the rowers appeared to be a woman. It was Mary herself, her heart full and her veins on fire at the prospect of freedom, who had seized one of the oars, and was doing her utmost to help the stripling rower. As they parted from the island there was a flash in the water. Jane Kennedy, one of the queen's maids, too late for the gate, had thrown herself from a window, and swam till she reached the boat. Mary Seton, the queen's other attendant, remained in the castle, dressed in her mistress's clothes, to effect any delay that might be possible.

As the skiff came nearer, Queen Mary stood up and waved her veil, "which was white, with red and gold border, and red tassels"—the signal that she was in the boat; and Willie Douglas threw the great keys of the castle into the loch. At the queen's signal a sudden series of movements took place on shore. The watcher on the point sprang to his feet, and waved a signal to his friends in the village, who instantly repeated it to those among the hills behind, and they, says the contemporary writer who chronicles the incident, "forthwith galloped down to the shore of the lake, where the queen and the young page were rowing their boat, and at length, by the grace of God, got safe to land." As Mary stepped on shore a flash and a cloud of smoke sprang from the castle, and the air shook with the thunder of a gun: her escape had been discovered. But the alarm came too late; the

queen was already on horseback among her friends, and, free as a bird, was galloping away for Lord Seton's castle of Niddrie, where she was to see her loyal nobles gather round her once more.

Over these quiet waters and round these island shores the angler now for half the year perpetually plies his craft; but the charm of the famous fishing here would surely be infinitely less without the memory of that summer night's adventure of three hundred years ago. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, during a long-continued drought which exposed the bed of the loch, the keys of Loch Leven Castle were found where they were thrown from the page's hand, and they are now to be seen among the antiquities at Abbotsford.

Kinross is at the present day a bright little place, and its anglers' hostelries, the famous "Green Inn" and "Kirkland's," have, all summer through, a stir of sport and interest about their doors in the sunny road; but so long ago as 1524 the place must have been but a mean thatched clachan of clay biggins and kailyards, with no roads from it but bridleways. Nevertheless, it is worth remembering, when James V. rode past it, Kinross was the residence of that famous Squire Meldrum, laird of Cleish and Binns, the story of whose gallant jousting and somewhat lawless love-making forms the theme of one of Sir David Lyndsay's famous poems. Meldrum, according to Lyndsay, carried a hundred spearmen to help the French king against Henry VIII.; and between the hostile armies in Picardy he fought a great duel with an English champion knight named Talbot.



YACHT EIGHT CASTLE

Photo W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

The lady of his love-story was Marion Lawson, the young widow of Gleneagles, whose husband had fallen at Flodden. By her the doughty Squire became the father of two children. Pitscottie narrates how, in August, 1517, while defending, almost single-handed, his possession of this lady, Meldrum was crippled and left for dead. He was attacked, under the walls of Holyrood, by his rival, Luke Stirling of Keir, and a band of fifty men, and, notwithstanding a stout defence, was overcome, his legs houghed and the knobs of his elbows hacked off. The Squire, however, recovered, and spent his last days in Kinross, where, as deputy-sheriff, he is said to have administered both law and physic to his neighbours.

Westward, beyond the level country known as the Laigh of Kinross, the road rises along the lower slopes of the Ochils; and the wayfarer might spend days there, wandering among remote mountain hamlets, and exploring the upland passes of the hills. There, in a lonely country, among rich, quiet woods, stands a great old hostelrie, the House of the Crook of Devon, a place that looks as if it had some strange story of the past to tell, with wallflower seedling in its sunny gravel corners and geraniums flaming in its huge door-urns, while the great silent avenues lead away from it in all directions. It is haunted only, for most part of the time, by a stray pair of lovers perhaps, once and again, in the first shy sweet intimacy of their honeymoon. For ever, in the narrow gorge below, is to be heard the roar and rumble of the Devil's Mill, where the Devon pours its waters endlessly through unknown caverns and

channels of the rock ; and far down there, on the narrow paths and ledges, with ferns and mosses carpeting the chasm, and the motionless trees shutting out the sky two hundred feet overhead, one may wander for hours in an elfin world.

In the chasm there, where the waters, flowing from a dark pool, ripple for a space over a pebble bed, was discovered, a few years ago, a great cave which figures in a sufficiently romantic story of the last rebellion. The hero of the adventure was a nephew of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. This young Jacobite, Hector MacEachan by name, had been arrested on his way to join Prince Charles's army, and was imprisoned at Castle Campbell, not far from this place. While he lay there his condition and possible fate excited the compassion of the daughter of a neighbouring laird, a young lady named Hannah Haig, who had frequent access to the castle. She contrived a means of escape for the prisoner, had him conveyed to this cave, known only to herself and a faithful shepherd, and when the first hue-and-cry over his flight had passed away, provided him with money to reach his friends. MacEachan bore a part in the later enterprises of the Prince's army, and after many adventures was again taken prisoner. He was among the Jacobites who stood their trial at Carlisle, and he would have shared the fate of his companions, most of whom were condemned to death, had there not been some bungling in the evidence. When the judge pronounced his sentence of acquittal, one of the audience in court, a young lady, was seized with

hysterics, and fell unconscious on the floor. It was Hannah Haig, MacEachan's good angel of Castle Campbell, who had travelled to Carlisle, expecting to hear the death sentence of the man she loved, and to see his end, and the sudden revulsion of feeling had betrayed her secret. When the released prisoner came out of court, a friend brought him a horse, and counselled him to flee for his life; but the scene in court had not been lost upon him, and, like a sensible man who knew the value of a good thing when he came upon it, he did not flee alone. It is pleasant to know that, when the troubles of that unhappy time were over, MacEachan and the maid who had ventured so much for him settled down to a prosperous married life. The incident is recorded in Fillan's *Traditional Stories of the Rebellion of 1745*.

MacEachan's cave enters from an almost inaccessible part of the gorge close by the Devil's Mill, and it is the excursion of an afternoon to make one's way to the spot, visiting the famous Rumbling Bridge which spans the chasm at an immense height, and the seething Caldron Linn a mile below. The scene has been rendered classic by Burns in his song, "The Banks of the Devon." The poet on his second Highland tour stayed for a time in the neighbourhood, and visited the glen in company with Charlotte Hamilton, the lady to whom he wrote the song.

But a few miles further to the west another gorge, of still more imposing scenery and romantic memories, opens up into the hills. On the way thither, at Cowden, it is curious to remember, stood the house in

which Archbishop Sharpe slept on the night before his assassination on Magus Moor. It is at Dollar, however, that the pedestrian is most tempted to pause. The town to-day is a thriving little place, a kind of Scottish Eton, kept populous by its famous school; but its name, and the names and scenery of its neighbourhood, suggest a past of a different character. Doulour, the place itself, possesses the very name of sadness; through its midst flows the Water of Grief, or Gryfe, as it is now termed; that stream in the dark gorge above receives the waters of the Burn of Sorrow and the Burn of Care; and high on the beetling crag between these, in the heart of the mountain, stands the ruined Castle Gloom. In the sixteenth century the Earl of Argyll obtained an Act of Parliament to change the stronghold's name to Castle Campbell; but whatever may now be the legal designation of that grim palace-castle, its ancient title certainly describes its aspect. As one climbs the steep and narrow gorge on a path hewn perilously out of the rock, the very sound of the stream in its bed seems like the rush of soft but irresistible tears; and if it be early morning, before the mists have risen among the glens of the Ochils, the castle overhead, in its dark cleft between the great stone ribs of the hills, appears in its true character of foreboding. At some places, as one climbs the bed of the Burn of Sorrow, he has to support his steps with a hand on either wall of the chasm; and, with the cliffs beetling together high above, and the water rushing through its narrow fissures below, the explorer feels as if he were making his way into the entrails of the world.

Before the days of artillery the castle itself must



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

DOLLAR

have been quite impregnable, and even now it might well be held against such light mountain guns as could be dragged to command it. A royal castle in early times, the stronghold came into possession of the Argyll family in the reign of James I., about the year 1434; and when its new owners had added the noble range of the palace front, now in ruins, Castle Gloom must have formed a magnificent retreat indeed. Here, more than once, John Knox was entertained. He preached frequently on the grassy slope below the fortress; and on a knoll at hand he dispensed the Communion according to the new method for perhaps the first time in Scotland. Part of the massive donjon is still inhabited, though all but inaccessible when the paths of the gorge are icy in winter; and when the old keeper, who with his wife lives in these vaulted chambers, leads the way to the dizzy battlements, the scene disclosed is something not to be forgotten. From that eagle's eyrie all the Lothians can be seen, and a great part of Scotland away almost to the Border; while behind, knoll above knoll in giddy ascent, rise the hill summits against the sky. It was over these hills from St. Fillans, the keeper points out, that one division of Montrose's army came in 1645, while another marched from Muckart on the eastward, when the castle was doomed and burned. That burning was the Royalist's revenge for the burning of "the bonnie house of Airlie." With all the tragedy and terror of its black dungeons, however, Castle Campbell must have been the dwelling sometimes of young and happy hearts, and behind its walls, in the mountainside, are sunny, birch-hung dells where many a sweet maid

doubtless has wandered, dreaming dreams that were fair enough. Among famous visitors who have come to gather thought among these broken walls one of the chief was Robert Burns. On his Highland tour, during his stay at Harvieston House, close by, the poet was brought hither by his fair hostesses, but whether the occasion was unpropitious, or the associations uncongenial, his admiration of the scenery seems hardly to have come up to the expectations of those who entertained him.

While Burns on his Highland tour stayed in the neighbourhood of Castle Gloom there occurred the memorable incident of his visit to Mrs. Bruce at Clackmannan Tower. That venerable and stately dame, then ninety-one years of age, was the widow of Henry Bruce of Clackmannan, the acknowledged chief of the name. In her possession she held the sword and helmet of the great King Robert, and her character apparently possessed no small share of the spirit of the great king's time. With the sword she knighted the poet, remarking that she had "a better right to confer the dignity than *some people*." Dr. Adair, Burns's companion, thereupon observed that he believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce. "No, sir," she replied, "King Robert sprang from my family." As a matter of fact, according to Douglas's "Baronage," the Bruces of Clackmannan claimed descent from a younger brother of the king's father. Upon the death of Mrs. Bruce the sword and helmet passed by her will to the Earl of Elgin, who at her husband's death had become the representative of the house. They are still in the hands of the Earl's descendant.

Not far from Harvieston, the mansion of Tillicoultry remains the subject of a legend which was perhaps better fitted to stir the romantic imagination of Scott than the more lyric genius of the earlier poet. The owner of the place in the seventh century, it appears, wickedly murdered the favourite ram of St. Serf, and so far was the holy man moved to wrath by the deed that he forthwith prophesied that no heir born to the estate should ever come into possession. Strangely enough it is said that, whether in fulfilment of this prophecy or not, within two hundred years the property has passed through the hands of fourteen different families. It is by the apparent fulfilment of prophecies like this that superstition owes its long-lingering hold on the popular mind of Scotland. A similar doom is attached to the possession of Darnaway Castle, the seat of the Earls of Moray in the north. All the world, it used to be said, might visit Darnaway with impunity but the noble owner himself, for the tradition ran that when the Earl came to his great red castle by the Findhorn he died, and the truth of the tradition was set beyond doubt in the popular mind by apparently well-attested facts; so the mansion stood among its far-spreading forest lands tenantless through the years. Happily that weird seems nowadays to have entirely lost its force, and recent Earls of Moray have lived at Darnaway without paying for their temerity with their lives. Again, on Loch Lomond shore stands a house popularly said to be the subject of a curse whose well-attested fulfilment appears now happily to be a thing accomplished and past. And on the other hand, Bemersyde, near Melrose on

the Border, is sufficiently well-known for its unfailing support, throughout six centuries, of the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer—

Tide may tide whate'er betide.
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

But at every step of the way, along the foot of the Ochils, the pedestrian comes upon some spot of storied interest. Beyond the little weaving town of Alva lies Myreton, the farmhouse where Mungo Park, the African explorer, bade farewell to his family and his recently married wife, before setting forth on his last fatal journey. Menstrie House opposite, on the lower side of the road, was the ancient seat of the Alexanders. The name Menstrie, appropriately enough, refers to minstrelsy. The head of the house in the time of James VI. was Sir William Alexander, author of the famous "Monarchic Tragedies," and projector of the gigantic Nova Scotia colonising scheme. He was in fact the Sir Walter Raleigh of Scotland, and enjoyed good and ill fortune equally with his English contemporary, for after holding the highest offices of state, and attaining to the earldom of Stirling, he died insolvent, heart-broken by the troubles of his time. One of the prettiest incidents in the life of Drummond of Hawthornden was his invitation and entertainment, as a young man in the first flush of his poetic fame, by the elder poet, courtier, and politician here at Menstrie House. Hither Alexander was accustomed to retire from his cares of statecraft, here he must have evolved some of his most ambitious schemes, and here he must have written much of his poetry—work

which, for all the neglect to which it has been subjected, contains more than one passage, like the dialogue of Brutus and Portia, and the speech of Olympias before execution, which Marlowe might have penned. These passages, however, have long been buried in the huge bulk of Alexander's work. It is pleasant to fancy the Jacobean poet wandering in these grounds, in trunk hose and doublet, of a summer afternoon, entertaining his guests, or solitary, it might be, gathering inspiration from the steep hill-slopes above, wavering blue in the windless heat. Sir Walter Scott, in his copy of the Earl of Stirling's works, wrote a genealogical account of his own descent, through the Alexanders of Menstrie, from the great Somerled, Lord of the Isles.

Of the mountain outpost of the Ochils, above Menstrie, known as Demyat, a curious story is told. Lord Abercrombie, whose seat, Airthrey Castle, lies at the foot of the hill, was one evening, at a Swiss table d'hôte, extolling the magnificence of the view which he had that day enjoyed from one of the Alpine peaks. The Italian to whom he spoke, an entire stranger, expressed agreement with him, adding that he knew only one mountain in Europe from which a finer prospect was to be had. "And where is that?" asked Abercrombie with some curiosity. "It is a mountain in Scotland," answered the stranger, "that they call Demyat." The inquirer, needless to add, said no more; Demyat was part of his own estate. The view from its summit is said to be perhaps the fairest in the world.

Demyat is almost cut in two by the Warlock Glen,

and at its foot nestles the quaint, old-world clachan of Blairlogie, with its castle, now a farmhouse, built by the Spittals in 1513. Invalids, in the early years of the 19th century, used to resort thither for the benefit of drinking goat's milk; but as the goats ruined the plantations they were driven off some seventy years ago. Logie kirk was, just three hundred years ago, the charge of Alexander Hume, that unsatisfied spirit of the house of Polwarth, who, bred for the bar, gave up law in order to become a courtier, and a little later, sick of the vanities of court life, forsook Holyrood for the Kirk. In doctrine and thought a somewhat stern Calvinist, he has yet left one fine poem, probably written here at Logie manse. "The Day Aestival," as he called it, describes the course of a summer's day in a vein and with similes which strangely anticipate the similes and vein of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Two verses may be quoted from Hume's description of the hours of unclouded noon, in which the curious resemblance to the work of the younger poet may be easily identified:

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steer.

South of Logie kirk rise the wooded slopes of the Abbey Craig, from whose summit the theatre of the greatest events of Scotland's history breaks at once

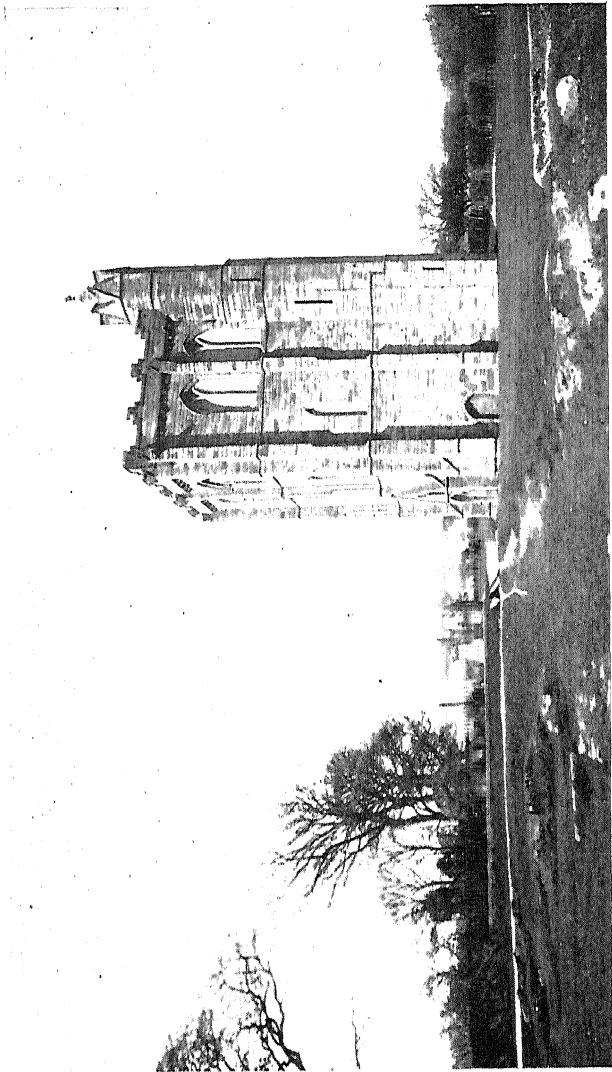
into view. Immediately below lies Cambuskenneth, the fertile "link" of the Forth, on which, in the year of grace 839, Kenneth II., King of the Scots, settled the great question of race supremacy of his time by annihilating the last army of the Picts. The slopes of the Abbey Craig itself, again, formed the vantage ground of Sir William Wallace and the devoted Scottish army on the memorable morning of the Battle of Stirling Bridge. Here through that September noon of the year 1297 they stood watching the English invaders under Surrey and Cressingham defile across the Forth on the high narrow wooden bridge, and from this spot, when half the enemy had passed the river, the Scottish warriors rushed down like an iron spate, and swept horse and man into the flood.¹ Immediately opposite the Craig, the grey, castle-crowned rock of Stirling, the "town of strife," keeps memory of the raging round its base of nearly all the great wars of Scotland. And a mile or two beyond, southward from the fortress walls, lies Bannockburn, the Marathon of the North.

Of the memorial on the Abbey Craig—the huge white Wallace Tower which all the world has wondered at in recent years—perhaps the less said the better. Monuments of all kinds to the valorous Knight of Ellerslie almost invariably seek to render the heroic nature of their subject by mere bigness. It seems to be forgotten that the real greatness of Wallace, as of all similar heroes, lay not in his physical size, though

¹ During the drought of the summer of 1905 the foundations of the bridge of Wallace's time were laid bare, some 65 yards above the present Old Bridge, thus doing away with the tradition that the bridge was at Kildean, a mile higher up the river.

that may have been considerable enough, but in his character; and so the lesson of ancient art is forgotten, and nobility is estimated by the foot-rule. The gaunt and meaningless halls of the tower are now being turned to some slight purpose as a sort of museum and sculpture gallery; and the sword of the patriot, brought from its much more appropriate surroundings in Dunbarton Castle, now decorates one of these dismal chambers.

An infinitely more interesting place to linger in is the grey ruin at the foot of the hill. The Abbey of Stirling, or Cambuskenneth Abbey as it is oftener called, stands, all that is left of it, on the early battlefield of Pict and Scot—one of these “links” of the Forth, each of which, a Scottish king declared, was for its richness worth an earldom of the north. In proof of this saying the gardens of the little tile-roofed cottages that have grown about the nooks of the ancient broken walls show to the present day the deep tilth of the rich black soil which was once the possession of the monks. At the Reformation the abbey was granted to the Earl of Mar, who used it as a convenient quarry for the building of his famous palace, “Mar’s Work,” still to be seen on the castle hill of Stirling. The spot in consequence was for centuries covered with the fallen rubbish of the walls. There existed, however, a tradition that in 1488, after the strange scene in Beaton’s Mill at Sauchieburn, when James III. was stabbed, the king had been buried somewhere at Cambuskenneth. And, true enough, some forty years ago, when the rubbish was cleared away, the grave of the timid and luckless monarch and his queen were found.



After nearly four hundred years the oak coffin of the king remained still uninjured. The oak lining of the vault appeared also still intact, though black with age; and a cooper of Stirling, having secured a plank of it, for long made some addition to his earnings by the manufacture of antique quaichs, or drinking-cups, from the wood. A granite tomb, built at the expense of Queen Victoria, now covers the long-neglected resting-place of the luckless James. Most memorable of the state scenes which have taken place in the abbey was one which occurred in 1326. In that year Robert the Bruce summoned all the notables of his kingdom to Cambuskenneth, and there gained their assent to the settlement of the crown of Scotland, first upon his infant son David, and afterwards, failing him or his issue, upon the children of his daughter Marjorie Bruce and her husband Walter Stewart. At the same time the king's sister, Christian Bruce, was married with becoming pomp to Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell.

Little is left now but the square bell-tower and James III.'s tomb of the monastery which once enclosed a scene of such historic significance, and within the precincts of which some of the most scholarly and courtly spirits of Scotland in time past had their home. While Melrose and Holyrood appear tragic in their ruin, something of pathos seems to belong to the forsaken desolation of Cambuskenneth.

From the abbey village a primitive ferry swings across the swift, deep current of the curving Forth to Stirling, and affords the nearest access to the town. But a mile or so round by the winding links lie the

river bridges—the level modern structure over which the tramway runs from Bridge of Allan, and, higher up, the old narrow bridge of the 14th century, about which so much of the history of Scotland has been made. An oil painting in the Council Chambers of Stirling represents the ancient appearance of this bridge. The Key of the Highlands, as it was called, used to be furnished with iron gates and towers for purposes of defence, and again and again both gates and towers were called into active use. Mistrusting these, however, in 1745 General Blakeney, governor of Stirling Castle, to bar the threatened descent of the Jacobite army, had the southern arch blown up, and in the following year logs of wood had to be laid across to afford passage for the Duke of Cumberland's army on its way to Culloden. In 1571 the bridge was the scene of a tragic and terrible incident. It was after the assassination of the Regent Moray at Linlithgow by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. That deed was believed to have had a political and religious, no less than a personal, motive. The Catholic house of Hamilton, of which Bothwellhaugh was a member, had stood staunchly by Queen Mary, and remained at the head of the opposition to the government of the Protestant regent. The fatal shot, moreover, which laid Moray low, was fired from the dwelling of a lordly holder of the name, the last Roman bishop of Scotland, and something more than suspicion seemed to point to his connivance in the act. Accordingly here, over the central arch of the bridge, with every attribute of shame, Archbishop Hamilton was hanged. But as dramatic as any of the memories of the ancient struc-

ture, remains that of the July morning of the year 1528, when over the high narrow roadway of the bridge the young James V. galloped into freedom and royal power. The clang of the gates behind him, as he galloped through, sounded the downfall of the last great house which could overawe the throne in Scotland, and heralded the opening of a freer if stormier time.

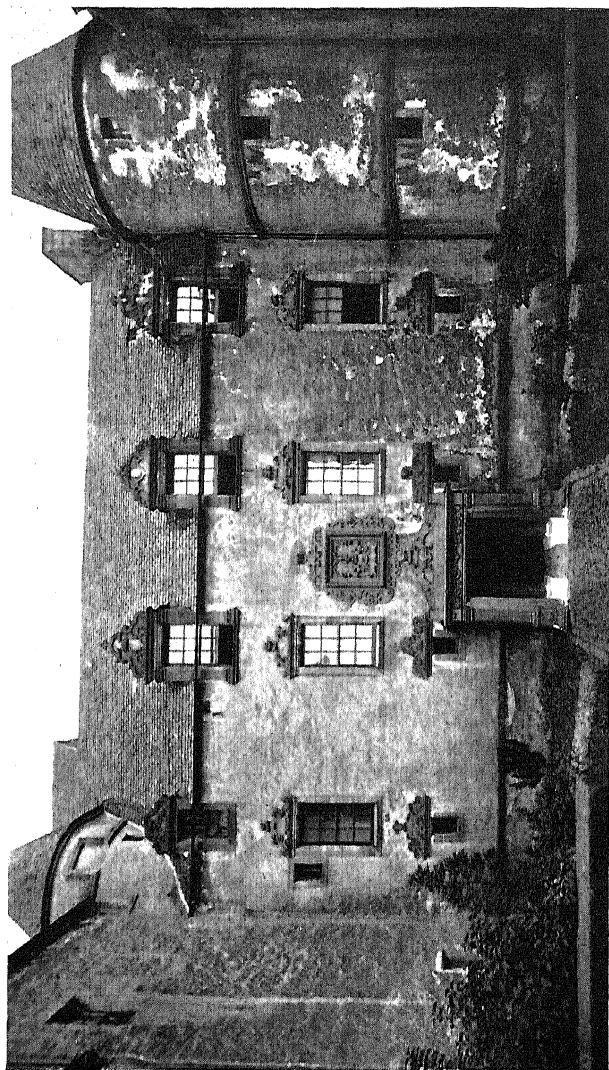
CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWN OF STRIFE.

LIKE a couching lion, facing the west, with its crown of battlements and palaces flaming in the setting sun, Stirling seems to keep eternal watch and ward by the gates of the north. Not even the castle of Edinburgh itself contains more pregnant and stirring memories for the Scotsman than the walls of this grey fortress. Stirling—or, as it was written by the old chroniclers, Striveling—was from first to last the peculiar stronghold of the Stewart kings, and within and around its walls every spot is reminiscent of some striking incident of their career.

The town behind, covering the loins of the couching rock, has ancient and honourable memories of its own.

A burgh of the days of Malcolm II., Stirling was one of the four original royal burghs of Scotland. It still keeps the heavy ring of pure gold given it by Bruce's son, David II., bearing the quaint inscription, "This for the Deine of the Geild of Stirling"; as well as the ancient standard pint measure of Scotland, a brass or yeltine vessel of the time of David I., bearing the old Royal Scottish Arms, and familiarly known as



the Stirling Jug.¹ The walls of its ancient High Church, built by James V., have echoed the eloquence of John Knox, as well as that of James Guthrie, martyred during the reign of Charles II. There the Regent Arran renounced the Protestant faith in 1543, and, at the age of thirteen months, James VI. was crowned. Stirling can also point in Bow Street to the site of its ancient mint, where native copper from the Airthrey hills was coined.

Among its buildings the town can boast of what is probably the most beautiful example of ancient Scottish baronial architecture in the country. This is the house in the Castle Wynd known as Argyll's Lodging, and now used as the hospital for the garrison. It was built in 1630 by Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie, the first Earl of Stirling, to support his dignity as Secretary of Scotland; and over its doorway may still be seen that nobleman's arms, with his motto, *Per mare, per terras*, which the populace cruelly parodied as "Per metre, per turners," in allusion to the earl's monopolies of printing the Psalms and of issuing the debased coins nicknamed turners. Upon Alexander's death in 1640 the house passed to the Argyll family. Charles II. and James VII. have been

¹ The "Jug" was lost in 1745, but was afterwards discovered in a tinsmith's garret in Stirling by the Rev. Alexander Bryce, of Kirknewton, and returned to the town. It is now in the Smith Institute. The curiously-carved muniment-chest of the Guildry, now in Cowan's Hall, near the castle, has had a still more adventurous history. It was purchased at a sale of old carved furniture in Glasgow in 1882. Enquiry afterwards ascertained that it had been discovered in a stable at Doune, and secured by an English tourist in the early years of the century, when "The Lady of the Lake" first brought the district into notice. Since then, known as the Stirling Chest, it had been preserved in its purchaser's house in England.

guests within its walls ; here, during the Rebellion of 1715, John, Duke of Argyll, held his council of war before the battle of Sheriffmuir ; and here, on his way to Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland slept a night in 1746.

There is Mar's work too, close by, at the head of Broad Street. The house, now a ruin, occupies the site of the Greyfriars monastery founded by James IV. in 1494, in which that king frequently did penance for his share in his father's death. It was built about 1570 by John, fifth Lord Erskine and sixth Earl of Mar, afterwards Regent of Scotland. While the building was going on, in 1571, it played a pregnant part in history. The Queen's party, by a sudden midnight raid on the town, had captured most of the leaders of the King's faction, and in a few minutes more the adventure, which might have restored Mary to the throne of Scotland, would have been complete, when Mar, with a party of musketeers from the castle, opened fire upon the invaders from the half-built walls of his house, and in a few minutes entirely turned the fortunes of the day. Here, in later days, it is said, the earl lived in very noble fashion, and entertained James VI. and his queen till the castle was made ready for them. And here, while the Jacobite rising of 1715 was being planned, lived John, eleventh Earl of Mar, who was to be the leader of the rebellion. It is somewhat curious to consider that his undertaking was to be defeated finally by the counsels agreed on in the rival mansion of Argyll a few yards away.

Some less stately memories belong also to the town. In front of the Town House in Broad Street the

Radicals, Baird and Hardy, were executed for high treason in 1820, after the armed rising at Bonnymuir. The market cross, which stood near that spot, was the scene in 1637 of the royal proclamation of the use of the liturgy, the first definite act in Scotland of the mistaken enthusiasm which presently cost Charles I. his head. Ominously enough, not seventy years earlier, in 1569, four priests of Dunblane had, by order of the Regent Moray, been chained to that same cross, with their vestments and appurtenances, for the crime of saying mass.

But it is in the castle and its Stewart memories that the chief interest of Stirling lies. During the time of the Celtic monarchs, while Pict and Briton, Saxon and Gael, still remained distinct and unfused elements of the kingdom, Dunfermline, secure in the Celtic region beyond the Scottish Sea, had been the capital of the realm.¹ But the battle of Bannockburn, fought under these walls, not only welded the various races into one nation, but introduced a new dynasty, and from that hour Stirling and Edinburgh, south of the Forth, became the chief strongholds of the throne.

There is something pathetic in the repeated efforts made by the last of the lineal Stewart race, Prince Charles Edward, during his attempt of the '45, to retake this ancient stronghold of his house. Some-

¹The continuance of these race distinctions down to the end of the thirteenth century is proved, among other evidence, by the inscription on the cross which formerly stood on Stirling Old Bridge:

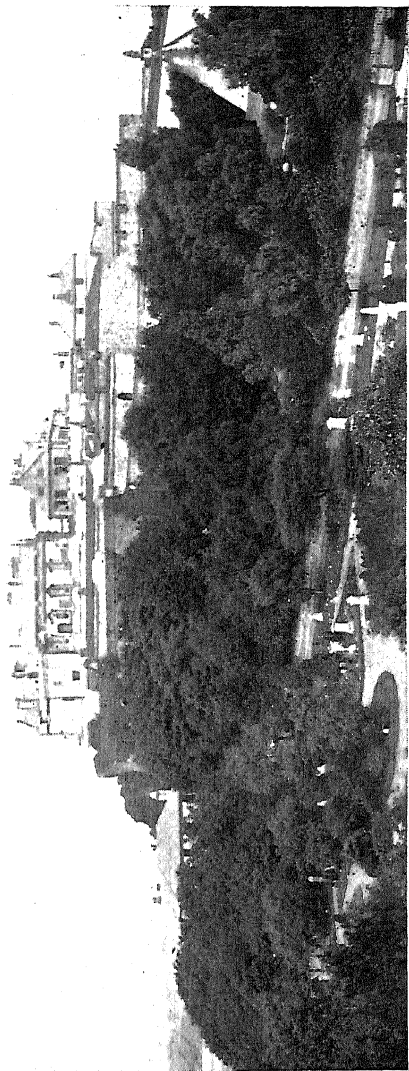
I am free marche, as passengers may ken,
To Scottis, to Britonis, and to Inglismen.

thing of sentiment surely was in the effort, for twice during this short campaign, with scanty means, and with little to gain by the capture, the siege was laid by the Jacobite army. The remains of the battery which, on the first occasion, the French gunners attempted to establish against the castle are to be seen yet under the battlements on the Gowlan Hill. After their victory of Falkirk, the Highlanders made another attack, from batteries on the Ladies' Rock and in the tower of the High Church.

Ninety-four years earlier, breathing exactly the opposite sentiment, General Monk, representing Cromwell, made the same attempt from the church tower, with earthworks among the graves below; and in his case the effort was crowned with success. The bullet marks of the besieged on that occasion are still to be seen on the tower.

Still farther back, in 1594, occurred the greatest pageant of which the ancient castle has been the scene, the baptism of Prince Henry, James VI.'s eldest son. The great ceremonies of that occasion formed the subject of a small volume reprinted in 1764, and some idea of their magnificence may be gathered from the fact that the Chapel Royal, which had been founded by Alexander I., and rebuilt by James III., was again specially rebuilt for the occasion.

Within the castle walls James VI. himself had been baptised, when a few months old; and the room is still to be seen, at the head of an outside stair, in which he was birched and taught his classics by the same grim scholar, George Buchanan, who



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STIRLING CASTLE

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

had been his mother's preceptor in Greek and Latin, the greatest Latinist of his age.¹

Here Mary herself, when an infant of nine months' old, had been crowned by Cardinal Beaton; and here, twenty-two years later, before a Convention of the Scottish nobles, the young queen, already a widow, announced her intention to marry Lord Darnley.

It is with Mary's father and grandfather, James V. and James IV., that the most brilliant memories of the castle and its surroundings are associated. Both of these monarchs are believed to have been born here. James V. certainly had been, and here, when only some two years old, he was crowned. Here occurred those scenes with his page and faithful servant through life, Sir David Lyndsay, which were afterwards described by that poet in the preface to his "Dreme."

I tak the Quenis Grace, thy mother,
My Lord Chancelare, and mony uther,
Thy Nowreis, and thy auld Maistres,
I tak thame all to beir wytnes ;
Auld Willie Dillie, were he on lyve,
My lyfe full weill he could discryve :
Quhow, as ane chapman beris his pak,

¹ Queen Elizabeth's gift at the baptism of James was a gold font, weighing 333 ounces, and valued at £1,403 19s. sterling, and her Majesty's commissioner, the Earl of Bedford, was instructed that, if the infant should have outgrown the font, he might "observe that our good sister has only to keep it for the next, or some such merry talk." Of Buchanan's entirely impartial treatment of his royal pupil many stories are told. The most significant, perhaps, is of one occasion on which the preceptor found James seizing and killing a tame sparrow belonging to his companion, the young Master of Mar. Buchanan, disturbed by the struggle, entered the room, and promptly boxed his royal pupil's ears, calling him at the same time, it is said, a "true bird of a bloody nest."

I bure thy Grace upon my bak,
And sumtymes strydlings on my nek,
Dansand with mony bend and bek.
The first sillabis that thou did mute
Was "Pa, Da Lyn," upon the lute.
Than playit I twenty spryngis, perqueir,
Quhilk wes gret piete for to heir.
Fra play thou leit me never rest,
Bot Gynkartoun² thow luft ay best ;
And aye, quhen thow come frome the scule,
Than I behuffit to play the fule.

It was James V. who built the palace, the chief ornament of the castle, where in the inner court the den is still to be seen in which the royal lions were kept. And it was from Stirling that he sallied out in disguise, under the pseudonym of the "Gudeman o' Ballengiech," by the Ballengiech by-path under the castle walls, upon not a few of those adventures, romantic and justiciary, which live in many a tradition, and which got him his popular designations of "the King of the Commons" and "the Red Tod." In these halls, during his time, has occurred many a courtly scene, such as that described by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake" when James reveals himself to the dismayed Ellen.

Of yore
Stirling the name of Snowdown claims,
And Normans call me James Fitzjames.

The episode, too, in that poem, of the banished Douglas striving in the games to regain his master's favour is no more than a paraphrase of the historic

¹ "Play, Davie Lyndsay." ² An old Scots tune.

effort of Douglas of Kilspindie—"Graysteil"—which happened outside the castle walls.

Under the castle rock, on the south side, lay the Haining, or royal gardens, with a canal in which pleasure barges were rowed; and close by may still be seen the curiously-shaped mound known as the King's Knot, or Round Table, reconstructed by James I., but existing at the time of Bannockburn,¹ and possibly, with that other Round Table near Penrith, dating from the age of Arthur himself. This was the scene of a favourite royal pastime, of which no particulars are recorded; and the same place was the tourney-ground, where, under the eyes of the fair onlookers from the Ladies' Rock, many a course of chivalry flashed through the lists. The gallant scenes of that age are described by contemporary historians like Bishop Leslie and Pitscottie; and something of the pleasure of them is to be gathered from the poets. So Sir David Lyndsay sings, in the person of his "Papyngo":

Adew, fair Snawdoun, with thy towris hie,
Thy Chapell Royall, park, and tabyll rounde!
May, June, and July walde I dwell in thee,
War I ane man, to heir the birdis sounde
Quhilk doith agane thy royall roche redounde.

In the days of James IV. the castle was the scene of a curious incident, characteristic of the age. One

¹ After the battle Edward II. sought safety in the castle, but was refused by Mowbray, the governor, who reminded him that it must be yielded next day. Barbour, who chronicles the circumstance, adds:

And his consaill thai haif doyne,
And benewth the castell went thai sone,
Rycht by the Round Table away.

John Damian, it appears—an Italian from Lombardy—had so wrought upon the imagination of the king with an account of his ability to turn the baser metals into gold, that he was established at Court as physician and alchemist. So high did he rise in royal favour that, to the chagrin of other more deserving courtiers, he was in 1504 made Abbot of Tunland, in Galloway. Damian was not very successful, however, in his main undertaking, to convert iron and lead into gold, and by and by, finding some feat necessary to maintain his reputation, he gave out that he would on a certain day fly from the walls of Stirling Castle to France. On that day accordingly, in the presence of the expectant Court, with a great pair of wings tied upon his shoulders, he launched boldly from the rampart; but, instead of sailing away through the air, as some had expected, he merely fell to the ground below, and broke his thigh-bone. The story is told in Lesley's History, and forms the subject of a satire by William Dunbar, one of the courtiers and churchmen who had felt aggrieved by the charlatan's promotion. The end of the incident is ludicrously described by the poet :

He schewre¹ his feddreme² that was schene,³

And slippit owt of it full clene,

And in a myre vp to the ene,

Among the glar⁴ did glyd.

The fowlis all at the fedrem dang,⁵

As at a monster thame amang,

Quhill all the pennis of it outsprang

Intill the air full wyde.

¹ sheared, out. ² feathering. ³ beautiful. ⁴ mud. ⁵ drove, struck.

James III., the unwarlike king, who, like many of his temperament, was devoted to the arts, built the older palace and parliament hall in the castle. To such an extent did he carry his enthusiasm for architecture and music that his nobles complained of his exclusive companionship with "masons and fiddlers." This taste it was which finally wrought his ruin. After spending treasures, which should have been otherwise employed, in building the palace and chapel royal, he established in the latter a great choir of musicians and singing men, and for their upkeep sought to annex the revenues of Coldingham Priory. That rich priory was practically a family pertinent of the powerful houses of Home and Hepburn, and the king's attempt to take it out of their hands brought about the rebellion which culminated in the battle of Sauchieburn and the death of James.

A darker story associates James II. with Stirling Castle. In his reign the power of the great feudal nobles of the country reached its culminating point, and it came to be a question whether the crown or some one of these great nobles should be supreme. The house of Douglas in particular, with its immense domain and lofty honours, seemed to aim at independence, and threaten the majesty of the throne.¹ In addition to its own power it had come by marriage to represent the ancient houses of Comyn and Baliol,

¹Godscroft, the family historian, recites the house's honours—Archibald, the fourteenth Lord and fifth Earl of Douglas, was also Earl of Wigton, Lord of Bothwell, Galloway, and Annandale, Duke of Touraine, Lord of Longueville, and Marshal of France. His brothers held the earldoms of Ormond, Angus, and Moray, and the family among them owned nearly all the Border and a great part of the Lothians.

with their claims to the crown. Such a state of things could not last long, and while the king was yet a boy the blood-feud had been opened. The scene of the black bull's head had taken place in Edinburgh Castle—the young earl and his brother had been dragged from the royal table, and, while the king wept and prayed for their lives, had been ordered to instant execution. A verse of the ballad composed on that incident is still extant:

Edinburgh castle, toun and tour,
God grant thou sinke for sinne,
And that even for the black dinnour
Earl Douglas gat therein.

It was another Douglas, however, of a later day, who openly rebelled against the king. Earl William not only disobeyed the express orders of James, he also connived at the slaughter of the king's intimate friends, and finally he formed a treasonous league with the Earl of Ross and the Tiger-Earl of Crawford. Driven to extremity, James invited Douglas to court, and under a royal safe-conduct the earl came. It was a night in the end of February, 1452, when he dined in the king's chamber in the castle. The scene can be imagined. Outside in the town were the earl's four brothers, and the thousand men-at-arms who had come with them to Stirling; but within the castle walls Douglas was alone. After supper, about eight o'clock, James led the way into an inner closet, which may still be seen. Here the king spoke of the treasonous bond, and if the earl had looked round him he might have paused before his reply—each man present had a blood-debt against

the Douglas. He answered haughtily, however. There were high words—"Traitor!" "Tyrant!" Then the wrath of James burst out. "My lord," he cried, "if you will not break the league this shall," and with a flash he struck his dagger into Douglas's throat. Upon that the others closed in, and with battle-axes and knives completed the deed. The earl, it is said, sank without a word; his body was thrust out of the little window, and in the darkness of the night was hastily buried below. In that spot, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the skeleton was found, and the little pleasance space within the ramparts is still known, from the dark transaction which it concealed, as the Douglas Garden.

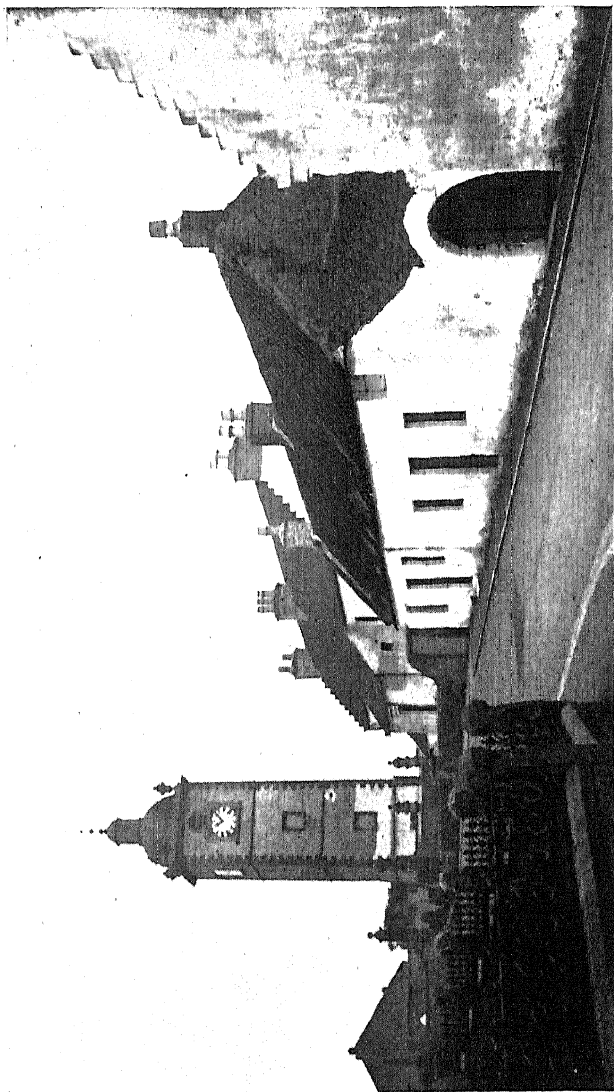
Strangely enough, in Stirling Castle, twenty-seven years earlier still, the father of James II. had struck another sudden and decisive blow for the authority of the crown. In the time of James I., however, the victims, justly overwhelmed, were of the blood-royal itself. Everyone knows how, after the death of his elder brother, the Duke of Rothesay, at Falkland, the young heir to the throne, on his way for safety to France, had been taken by the English, and, with the connivance of his uncle, Robert, Duke of Albany, had lain a prisoner in England for nineteen years. During all that time, as a kind of *quid pro quo* to James's captor, Henry IV., the poor discrowned Richard II.,¹ escaped from Ponte-

¹The story of this luckless personage, as told by the chronicler Wyntoun, is a curious one. After his overthrow by Henry IV. he had been confined in Pontefract Castle, and it was given out that he had died there. But by-and-by the rumour got abroad that he had been seen in one of the Scottish Hebrides. The daughter of an

fract, had been held a prisoner in Stirling Castle by the Scottish regent. Richard was now dead, however, and so was Albany; and Murdach, the weak son of the latter, after striving for a time to keep hold of the government, was compelled to bring home the young king. When James set his foot again upon Scottish ground there was a heavy task before him. The resources of the crown had everywhere been squandered, and with little to support him but the royal name, he had to cope with the power of lawless and haughty barons, who for nineteen years had known no curb to their inclinations. The king is said, nevertheless, to have sworn that, though he himself should lead the life of a dog, he would make the key keep the castle and the bush the cow throughout Scotland. Ten months he spent in quietly waiting, judging his strength. Then he summoned a parliament at Stirling. It met within these walls on a March day in 1425, and at one blow the king struck disorder down. He ordered the arrest of the Duke of Albany, his sons, and his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. Two months later these were tried by their peers, condemned, and forthwith led out to the Heading Hill, beyond the walls, and executed.

The sentence was without doubt just, and the good that it did by its promptitude and firmness incalculable; but the house of Albany was popular for its

Irish baron, who had married a brother of the Lord of the Isles, one day, it appears, on going into her castle kitchen, had recognised the monarch, whom she had known in Ireland, in the person of a poor wanderer seated by the fire. He was unable to give any account of himself, but there was no doubt in Scotland at the time that he was really the deposed King of England.



very prodigality, and the common people were not slow to assign a personal reason for the condemnation of at least one of those who suffered. The fate of Lord Walter, Albany's second son, was made the subject of a pathetic ballad. "Young Waters," as the ballad is named, assigns the personal jealousy of the king as the motive for the young man's execution.

There is, however, no historic evidence whatever to suggest that James's queen was guilty of any such indiscretion as that attributed to her in this popular account. On the other hand, it is certain that, twelve years later, after the murder of the king, she pursued with a vengeance fierce and fell the perpetrators of that crime. Within forty days, far afield as some of them had fled, she had captured them all, and on this same heading-hill—the mote-hill, or judgment-place, of earlier times—where the doom-stone is still to be seen, she had them put to death with fearful tortures.

Greatest of all the events of Stirling's history, however, was the battle of Bannockburn. The narrative of that pregnant fight naturally forms the climax of Barbour's famous poem, "The Bruce," and his account remains at once the fullest and most picturesque.

No day of the year passes without someone taking the road from Stirling towards the south, through the quaint village of St. Ninians, to the spot on the brow of the hill where the Scottish standard stood. Newhouse, on the way, was the spot where, after the turning of the tables by the Earl of Mar in the Raid of Stirling in 1571, already referred to, the unfortunate Regent Lennox was murdered by his fleeing

captors. And beyond St. Ninians, in the hollow by the Edinburgh road, may still be seen the cottage at Beaton's Mill, within which James III. was stabbed by the mysterious stranger, after Sauchieburn, in 1488. The deep narrow bridle-path may still be traced by which the king came galloping from the battlefield; and the well still flows in the pathside at which the woman shrieked, and, dropping her pitcher, made the royal steed throw his rider. But the most thrilling interest lies in the field of Bannockburn itself. The stone socket, known as the Borestone, in which the Scottish standard was planted, is still there to be seen, and from its site on the hillside the lie of the battlefield can best be made out.

The immediate reason for the fight is well known. After the death of Edward I. the party of Bruce had rapidly obtained mastery in Scotland, and most of the great castles had fallen into Scottish hands. Stirling was hard pressed by Edward Bruce, and its governor, Sir Philip Mowbray, finding provision running short, made a treaty to deliver up the fortress if not relieved by a certain day. To prevent this disaster, Edward II. at Berwick raised an army of a hundred thousand men. To meet him, Bruce, at the Scottish mustering-place in the Torwood, could raise no more than thirty thousand. With these, however, he determined to abide the issue. He chose his ground with singular skill, here, barring the road to Stirling. On either hand in front lay a morass and a ravine, and on his right, to prevent the enemy outflanking him, he honeycombed the ground with pits. The open space in front by which he could be attacked was little more than a quarter of a mile

in extent, so that, as far as generalship could counter-balance numbers, the armies were equalised.

On Saturday it was known that the English were at Edinburgh. On Sunday at daybreak the Scots heard mass, and that day they kept fast for the Vigil of St. John. In the afternoon the king addressed his army, giving liberty to all who might be faint-hearted to go home. They answered with a shout that they would stand to their arms. Accordingly he made the final disposition of his troops. The army was arranged in two lines. Behind the Borestone here lay the reserve, commanded by Bruce himself; and down in front, on the slope of the hill, in three divisions, stood the fighting-line. Edward Bruce, the king's brother, commanded on the right; Randolph Moray, the king's nephew, commanded the centre; and Walter Stewart, the king's future son-in-law, with Lord James of Douglas, the king's tried and trusty friend, commanded on the left. Bruce, it will be observed, was shrewd to the minutest details.

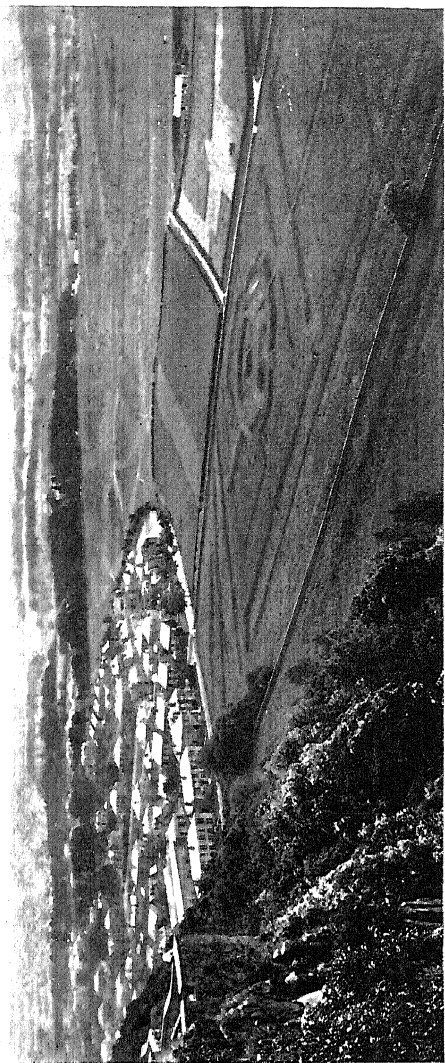
That night the English lay at Falkirk, and next morning, Monday, they came in sight. It was a magnificent spectacle—the chivalry of England covering hill and plain with waving banners and shining mail.

As they wheeled to their left to bring themselves face to face with the Scottish army, they detached a body of horse eight hundred strong, under Clifford, to make a circuit along hollow ground on the east, and relieve Stirling. This detachment had nearly out-flanked the Scottish army when it was noticed by Bruce, and he pointed it out to his nephew Moray.

"See yonder, Randolph," he said; "a rose of thy chaplet has fallen." Stung and mortified by these words, the latter, whose duty had been appointed to keep succours out of the town, dashed, at the head of five hundred foot-soldiers, to intercept Clifford. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict took place, in which more than once it was thought that Randolph had fallen. At the sight, Douglas, it is said, begged to be allowed to go to Moray's help, and was refused, the king being unwilling to break his order of battle. At last, however, without permission, exclaiming, "I cannot see Randolph perish!" he galloped off at the head of his knights. But as they came near, the English were seen beginning to give way, and Douglas, raising his spear, called a halt. "Since we are too late to help our friends," he said, "let us not diminish their triumph." And presently the Scottish infantry were seen to emerge, while Clifford's horse broke and fled.

On that same Monday, the day before the great battle, happened the episode of De Bohun, which is worth reading in the words of the Scottish chronicler.

And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war
With thair bataill approchand ner,
Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
With helm on heid and sper in hand,
Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi,
That wes a wycht knyght, and a hardy,
And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne,
Armyt in armys gud and fyne,
Come on a sted a bow-schote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer;
And knew the King, for that he saw



Him swa rang his men on raw,¹
 And by the croune that wes set
 Alsua apon his bassynet.
 And towart him he went in hy.²
 And quhen the King sua apertly³
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris,⁴
 In hy till him the hors he steris.⁵
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King
 Cum on forowtyn abaysing,⁶
 Till him he raid in full gret hy.
 He thocht that he suld weill lychtly⁷
 Wyn him and haf him at his will,
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
 Sprent thai samyn intill a ling.⁸
 Schyr Henry myssit the noble King ;
 And he, that in his sterapis stud,
 With the ax that was hard and gud
 With sa gret mayne raucht him a dynt⁹
 That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt¹⁰
 The heüy dusche¹¹ that he him gave,
 That ner the heid till the harnys¹² clave.
 The hand-ax schaft fruschit¹³ in twa,
 And he doun to the erd gan ga
 All flatlynys, for him faillyt mycht.
 This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht.

Both hosts lay that night on their arms, and next morning—Tuesday, the 24th of June—the venerable Abbot of Inchaffray passed along the Scottish lines, blessing the fighters in so good a cause. Scarcely had he done so when the English trumpets were heard to sound, their squadrons of mailed horsemen were seen to be in motion, and a flight of the terrible clothyard

¹so range in a row. ²haste. ³boldly. ⁴before his comrades.

⁵moves.

⁶without abashment.

⁷very lightly.

⁸spurred together in a line.

⁹reached him a blow.

¹⁰stop.

¹¹heavy crash.

¹²brains.

¹³broke, shivered.

arrows rose into the air. These clothyard shafts it was which, a few years earlier, had by their havoc decided the battle of Falkirk against the Scots, and they would shortly have made havoc at Bannockburn. But no sooner had they begun to fly than Bruce despatched Sir Robert Keith, marischal of the army that day, and ancestor of the Earls-Marischal, with five hundred horse, who at close quarters cut the archery to pieces and drove them from the field.

Meanwhile the English cavalry, like a wall of steel, had charged, but hundreds, unaware of the nature of the ground, had stumbled and sunk in the morass, men and horses rolling helplessly among the feet of the squadrons that plunged and crashed on top of them. Those that happened on the open ground were met, as at Falkirk, by a hedge of twelve-foot spears; and while they strove to break these down, the Scottish archers poured in a deadly shower against which no mail was proof.

The spectacle from the Borestone, where King Robert stood, must then have been one of fearful interest. Close below him on the slope stood his own brown array, like a reef against which the waves of steel constantly heaved and broke. Here and there in the *mêlée* could be made out the figure of some well-known leader—Douglas, or Randolph, or the fiery Edward Bruce—driving a spattered battle-axe at every blow through iron and bone and brain. Above the thunderous uproar of steel on steel, the shrieks of agony and torture, and the yells of vengeance, there rose, ever and again where some party of the enemy, with a bolder pennon at its head, seemed to be breaking in,

the battle-cries of the great Scottish houses; vassals and clansmen rallied for an effort, and the pennon would go down and its knightly bearer be no more. On the farther side of the Bannock, beyond the moving columns of the enemy, Bruce could see the crowd of mailed nobles round Edward II. and the English standard. Thence ever and again he could see one break away, closing his visor, and, galloping along the English lines, rally the men-at-arms for a fresh attack. Column after column of these came on, first steadily, then with a rush, to crash, break, and disappear beneath the long Scottish lances and sweeping Lochaber bills. Horses, bleeding and riderless, dashed away through the English ranks, and wounded and dying men, seeking to crawl out of the press, were trampled into the earth by the heels of the rushing squadrons. As Barbour puts it:

Quha hapynt into that fycht to fall,
I trow agane he suld nocht ryss.

Presently, continues the chronicler, the English men-at-arms, seeing the wall of dead rise ever higher before them, began to hesitate. The pause was fatal. In a moment the cry went up from the Scottish ranks: “On them! on them! they fail!” Just then there appeared over the brow of the Gillies Hill, behind the Scottish army, what seemed to the wearied English to be a fresh Scottish array with waving banners. It was only the host of Scottish camp-followers, fifteen thousand strong, who had been ordered to the rear by Bruce, but who, determined at least to see the battle, if they might not take part in it, had mounted their

blankets on tent-poles and marched in a body over the hill. The sight, however, struck dismay into the ranks of the already disheartened English, and they began to draw back from the struggle. King Robert then, perceiving the favourable moment, led down his reserves, and in person headed a general attack. Thus assailed, the enemy, broken and in confusion, began to give way hopelessly. First, companies broke off, then entire regiments, and presently the whole army was in headlong rout.

Then Sir Aylmer de Valence laid his hand on King Edward's bridle, and led him from the field. The day was lost.

The last magnificent episode of the fight is finely told by Barbour:

And quhen Schyr Gyles the Argenté
 Saw the King thus and his menye¹
 Schap thaim to fle sa spedyly,
 He come rycht to the King in hy²
 And said, "Schyr, sen it is sua
 That ye thusgat your gat will ga,³
 Hawys gud day! for agane will I.
 Yet fled I neur sekyrly,⁴
 And I cheyss her to bide and dey
 Than for to lyve schamly, and fley."
 Hys bridill, but mar abade⁵
 He turnyt, and agayne he rade;
 And on Eduuard the Bruyss rout,
 That wes sa sturdy and sa stout,
 As drede of nakyn⁶ thing had he,
 He prikyt, cryand, "The Argenté!"
 And thai with spuris swa him met,

¹ following.

² haste.

³ thus your way will go.

⁴ assuredly.

⁵ without more delay.

⁶ no kind of.

And swa fele speris¹ on him set,
That he and hors wer chargyt swa
That bathe till the erd² gan ga,
And in that place thar slane wes he.
Off hys deid³ wes rycht gret pité;
He wes the thrid best knyght, perfay,⁴
That men wyst lywand⁵ in his day.

When night fell on the wearied army, Scotland was once more a nation, and was free. Edward, with five hundred horse—all that was left of his great army of the morning—was fleeing, chased by Douglas, to Dunbar; and thirty thousand English dead and all the English baggage lay on the field.

so many spears.

⁴ in sooth.

² both to the earth.

that men knew living.

³ death.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH THE FIERY CROSS.

NORTHWARD out of Stirling the iron road for Callander and Killin runs through a country made classic by the incidents of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

The fair strath which stretches as far as Callander formed the ancient district of Menteith, an earldom of unknown antiquity, and the mountains north of that, from Ben Voirlich on the east to Ben Cruachan on the west, were the home of the wild Macgregor. No pass, however, is needed from Roderick Dhu to-day, and the Saxon may cross at Coilantogle if he please, and the pedestrian may wander safely through the loneliest corries of the hills with no more warlike weapon to his hand than his grey-barked hazel staff.

Menteith takes its name from the river that flows through it, from Loch Vennachar to the Forth. But a more romantic stream is the Allan Water. Rising at the back of the Ochils, it comes brawling under their western end, and falls into the Forth nearer Stirling. Days might be spent by the wanderer on its banks, among its bosky dells below the Ochils, and higher up where it roars and sings along the moors; and if he be an angler, in the earlier part of



the year the March Brown or the May Fly may help him to fill a goodly basket.

About the river banks, close under the woody Ochils, where the east wind is unknown, lies Bridge of Allan with its muriate wells, one of the oldest of the Scottish spas. The visitor of to-day reads with a smile and a sigh Dr. Chambers's account of the spot in his *Picture of Scotland* of 1827. "The Bridge of Allan," he wrote, "is everything a village ought to be—soft, sunny, warm; a confusion of straw-roofed cottages and rich, massy trees, possessed of a bridge and a mill, together with kail-yards, bee-skeps, colliers, callants, old inns with entertainment for man and beast; carts with their poles pointing up to the sky; venerable dames in drugget, knitting their stockings in the sun; and young ones, in gingham and dimity, tripping along with milkpails on their heads." Alas for the straw roofs and the dimity milk-maids! The village is now a fashionable retreat. Its natural loveliness, however, no sophistication can spoil; and the inns are still of the comfortable sort.

Two miles higher up, the little cathedral city of Dunblane hangs on the banks of the stream. A few years ago the beautiful old church of Dunblane was restored; but nothing has been done to modernise the place, and it remains an old-world nook, where the past seems to linger and dream. Here, where his cell once stood, lies buried the Culdee St. Blane. One of the bishops of the place, too, of the fourteenth century, it is interesting to remember, was that Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, who figured in such dramatic fashion on the field of Bannockburn. In later times, during the

Protestant episcopacy of Charles II., the saintly Leighton was ruler here. His library, full of musty tomes of old divinity, still stands as he left it, in its own little building outside the cathedral gates. The cathedral as it remains is practically that of Bishop Clement, who restored the building about the year 1240. Its great western window, with lofty mullions, earned the highest admiration of Mr. Ruskin, and for the appropriateness of its sublime effect is probably one of the finest in the world. The prebends' and choristers' stalls, too, richly carved in black oak, are the only ecclesiastical furniture of pre-Reformation times in use in a Protestant church in Scotland, except those of King's College Chapel at Aberdeen.

The tomb of Finlay Dermock, who built the old bridge of Dunblane, and the tomb of Michael Ochiltree, both bishops of the fifteenth century, remain within the walls; and there is also a monument to Malise, eighth Earl of Stratherne, and his countess. In the nave, too, lies the vault of the Stirlings of Keir, whose bones, if they could speak, might tell some dark and strange tales of the days of James III. and James IV.¹ But the most interesting spot in Dunblane Cathedral lies in the centre of the chancel. There three ancient blue marble flags cover the graves of Margaret Drummond and her two sisters, Euphemia and Sybilla, daughters of the first Lord Drummond, whose story is one of the dark secrets of Scottish history.

¹ Stirling of Keir was suspected, with one or two others, of being the mysterious unknown who stabbed James III. in Beaton's Mill; and it was a Stirling of Keir who, with fifty followers, waylaid poor Meldrum of Cleish under the walls of Holyrood, and left him for dead with his legs loughed and the knobs of his elbows struck off.

It is well known that in the early years of his reign the gay and generous James IV. formed attachments more or less serious with several of the daughters of his subjects. Chief and most lasting of these *liaisons* was his connection with the beautiful Margaret Drummond. The treasurer's accounts are full of records of the king's extravagant gifts to his fair companion, her family, and friends; and popular tradition, as at Linlithgow, preserves pictures of their joyous revels and journeyings together. A time arrived, however, when it became politic that James should espouse the daughter of Henry VII. The treaty, which promised a lasting peace between the countries, had been carried through by the Scottish nobles, but, using the youth of the Tudor princess as an excuse, James kept putting off the evil day, and withheld the confirmation of the treaty by his oath. Then it was whispered that the king had been privately married to Lady Margaret Drummond, and the birth of a daughter seemed to deepen and confirm his attachment. The thoughts of the Drummonds on the subject remain unrecorded. Already their house had given a queen to Scotland in the person of the mother of James I., and their ambition may have looked for a similar step in the days of James IV. The nobles, however, saw with alarm the double prospect of a rupture with England and the dangerous elevation of a private family. All that is known of the sequel is that one day, after a repast at their father's house of Drummond Castle, Lady Margaret and her two sisters were suddenly seized with violent sickness, to which they succumbed in a few hours. Their bodies were that same day carried to Dunblane,

where they were interred with strange haste. Considering the circumstances, there seems only too good reason for the suspicion that all three had met their death by poison. It has been suggested that a slight misunderstanding which occurred just then between King James and Henry VII. may have suddenly increased the alarm of the nobles, or that the jealousy of a rival house may have been the immediate instrument of the tragedy.¹ Whatever the secret, no enquiry was ever made, and the bodies of the king's fair young mistress and her two sisters lie undisturbed where they were laid by more or less guilty hands four hundred years ago.

Above Dunblane rises the Sheriffmuir, where the sheriff's weaponschawings were held in old times. There, on a November day of the year 1715, occurred the ill-managed battle which put an end to the first Jacobite rebellion.

The circumstances of the fight are well known. The Earl of Mar, after long delay, was marching from Perth to surprise Argyll, the royalist general, who lay in Stirling. Argyll, however, had been informed of the movement, and, crossing the Forth, marched to meet the enemy. His left wing, commanded by General Whetham, rested on Dunblane, and the right, under his own command, stretched up towards the moor. His force numbered only 3,500, while that of Mar was 9,000 strong. On the night of the 13th the Highland army came in sight round the shoulder of the Ochils; and the ancient Gathering-stone on the moor is pointed out as the place where they sharpened their

¹Janet, daughter of John, Lord Kennedy, had borne a son whom James created Earl of Moray.



swords and dirks. Next morning the right wings of both armies began the battle, and both were victorious. Mar, who commanded the Jacobite right, drove the royalist left like chaff before his onset, and pursued Whetham to the gates of Stirling; while Argyll routed the Jacobite left, and chased the Highlanders down the Wharry Glen. Then Mar returned, and Argyll, finding himself between two enemies, prepared with some misgiving for defence. But no further fighting was done, and the armies gradually drew away from each other, Mar's forces falling back to Ardoch, and Argyll's to Dunblane. Between them they left a thousand dead on the field. Argyll's purpose was accomplished, for the Jacobite march was checked; but the battle cannot fairly be said to have been lost by either side, and the well-known rhyme, written, according to Burns, by the Rev. Murdoch McLennan, minister of Crathie on Deeside, contains a true enough account of it:

Some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But o' ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran and they ran awa', man.

During the battle, it is said, Rob Roy, with five hundred of the Macgregors, stood aloof and watched the proceedings. When appealed to by Mar to take part in the action Rob refused, saying, "No, no; if it can-

not be done without me, it cannot be done with me"; and he drew off in the end without striking a blow.

Ardoch, now better known as Braco, whither Mar retired, lies a few miles farther up Strathallan; and perhaps no spot in Scotland to-day is more haunted by antiquarians of a classic taste. Close by the village lies the largest and best preserved Roman camp in Britain, chief Roman relic in Scotland after the great Wall. There are, indeed, four camps to be seen, covering altogether about 130 acres, but the three more northerly enclosures were probably the residence of the cavalry and native auxiliaries. The most southerly of the four was the main camp, and there, almost entire to the present day, appear the ditch and rampart fortifications, row behind row, with the raised platform of the general's quarters, and other details, square and precise as they were left by the Roman shovels eighteen hundred years ago; only, at one corner, the great northern military road of General Wade, who apparently was no antiquarian, cuts through fosse and mound.

But the Allan Water must be left behind at Dunblane by the traveller making for Loch Tay.

Three miles west of Dunblane, on the raised tongue of land between the Ardoch and the Teith, stands Doune Castle, "the Doune of Menteith," as it is called in ancient documents. Grim and massive, its great square of battlements forty feet high and ten feet thick, with a huge donjon tower at one corner, the fortress-ruin stands a significant relic of the earldoms of the middle centuries. Here, probably from the earliest times, stood the dun, or strength, of the thanes

of Menteith, and here they administered rude justice. The present castle, very much as it exists, was built in the fourteenth century by the stronger brother of Robert III., Robert, Duke of Albany, who was also Earl of Menteith; and it was the favourite residence of his son Murdach, who died on the Heading Hill.

Those were the days when no man trusted his friends, and the stone walls here give token of the fact. Check-chain and iron gate in the entrance were not enough, but as he sat at judgment by the window, in his great hall above, the castle-lord could with his own hand drop at a touch the heavy portcullis under his feet. Under that hall, on each side of the gateway below, are the dungeons, from which prisoners were drawn up with ropes to be judged, and into which they were lowered when condemned; while before the castle stood the doom-tree—blown down some forty years ago—on which they were presently hanged.

A pathetic reference to the place appears in one of the old Scots ballads. Doune Castle seems to have been a favourite residence of the “Bonnie Earl of Moray” and his countess, of James VI.’s time, and the ballad which relates his death at Dunibrissel ends with an allusion to this stronghold:

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray,
O, he was the Queen’s love.

O lang will his lady
Look o’er the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o’ Moray
Come sounding through the toun.

Doune was only once besieged—in the time of the Regent Lennox, when it was supposed to be a resort of Queen Mary's adherents; but in 1745 it was used as a prison by the Jacobite army, and was the scene of a daring escape. John Home, afterwards famous as the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," having been taken prisoner, with some other student volunteers, at the battle of Falkirk, was confined in a room near the top of the tower. The eight young men during the night tied their blankets together, and, sliding from the window of the chamber, escaped to Tullialan on the Forth, and thence to Queensferry.

A strange tale of the peerage might be told in connection with Doune Castle. It must be enough here, however, to say that the present Earls of Moray, owners of the ruin, are the direct descendants of Lord James, the surviving son of Murdach, Duke of Albany. Their ancestor, the Bonnie Earl of Moray, obtained that title, along with immense estates, by marriage with the heiress of the famous Regent Moray. Duke Murdach's mother was the direct lineal heiress of Walter, younger brother of the fourth High Steward of Scotland; and that Walter, previous to the year 1285, acquired the earldom of Menteith by marriage with the heiress of Maurice, last of a still earlier race of earls.

As the road ascends the left bank of the Teith, the mountains close in upon the narrowing strath, till the central gate of the Highlands is reached at Callander.¹ High on the right ascends the brow of Uam Var, with Glenartney behind it, where on at least one romantic

¹ The eastern pass was at Killiecrankie, and the western at Balmaha.

occasion "the stag at eve had drunk its fill." High on the left hangs Ben Ledi, the Hill of God, on whose summit of old the Druids lit their Beltane altar. Between the mountains the road winds up through the bosky Pass of Leny.

Another road striking away to the left before one enters the defile takes the route followed by Fitzjames at the opening of "The Lady of the Lake." Close by it at the foot of the mountain lies "Bochastle's heath"; farther on is Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the combat later in the poem; and thence the road trends westward by Loch Vennachar, Lanrick Mead, and the clachan of the Brig o' Turk, to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, nine miles away.

But it was up the Pass of Leny that, as described in a subsequent canto of the poem, the fiery cross was carried. Hither, bearing the signal of war from Duncraggan at the far end of Loch Vennachar, came "Angus, the heir of Duncan's line," wet-eyed from his father's funeral. In his hands

Ben Ledi saw the Cross of Fire;
It glanced like lightning up Strathrye.

At the head of the pass, where Loch Lubnaig pours its waters into the Leny, stands the little ruined chapel of St. Bride, where Angus thrust the cross into the bridegroom's hand.

The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!

Beyond, up the lochside, the road winds through aisles of birch and larch, with the blue waters gleaming on the left below, and beyond them the great Hill of God

rising against the western sky. Half-way up the loch, at the foot of its own wild corrie, nestles the lonely farm of Ardechullarie More, where Bruce the explorer wrote his Abyssinian travels. And on the western shore Laggan farm was the spot where Helen Macgregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. Then the way runs through "bonnie Strathyre"; and presently the green sunny glen of the Balvaig, the "silent river," as its name testifies, opens away to the west. Up there, two miles off, among the famous Braes of Balquhiddy, can be caught a glimpse of the ruined kirk where the bones of Rob Roy sleep. After a dip to the end of Loch Earn, whose broad lane of water ripples away among the hills to the right, there is a long climb up the desolate Pass of Glen Ogle. Ancient lines of military road, heath-grown now and forgotten, can be traced by the eye here at different levels, while, strange substitute, the railway, high on the mountainside, threads its perilous path among the hanging crags.

But at last the summit is reached. In front, brown moorland and lonely glen, lies the wild Breadalbane country, with the Dochart among its boulders, foaming and roaring down to Killin.

CHAPTER IX.

DOWN STRATHTAY.

ABOVE Killin, before the Dochart finally tumbles into Loch Tay, it divides, and flows round a dark rocky islet. Inis Bhuidhe, the Yellow Island, was the burying-place in ancient times of the Clan Macnab, who owned the country round this end of the loch. From the Dochart bridge, which crosses at the upper end, a grassy path leads through the trees along the middle of the island to the walled enclosure. Ruined griffins on the pillars guard the broken gate; and the whole aspect of the place, amid the gloom of the ancestral pines, with the river roaring mournfully on either hand, suits well with the condition of the fallen clan. Strangely significant is a natural curiosity of the spot. A branch, torn from a silver fir of the island in the storm of some winter long past, has caught and grafted itself on a larch by the graveyard, and grows now, green and luxuriant, on the alien stem. The island, solemn and dark even on a sunny day, seems indeed a fit place for omens.

Within the walled space lie the Macnab chiefs and their near kinsmen; the green mounds outside cover the lesser holders of the name. Some idea

of the physique of these former sons of the moorland may be gathered from a token here. Among the memorials of the dead is pointed out a huge slab rudely carved with the figure of a man. Tradition runs that this was borne from the summit of Ben Lawers six hundred years ago on the shoulders of twelve stalwart members of the clan.

A more terrible tradition of their carrying powers belongs to the neighbourhood. Kinnell House, the ancient residence of the chief, close by, on the south bank of the Dochart, saw the opening and ending scene of the tragedy, and the hills behind witnessed the feat.

For long, it seems, during the reign of James I. the Macnabs had suffered from the plunderings of a robber band in the neighbourhood, the last of the Clan MacNish. More than once the old Macnab chief had vowed revenge; but the MacNishes could not be got at. Their retreat was an island at the east end of Loch Earn, and they allowed no boat on that water but their own. At last, however, one of their depredations went quite beyond endurance. They waylaid and "relieved" Macnab's messenger returning from Crieff with dainties for a Christmas feast. Now Macnab had twelve sons, the weakest of whom, it is said, could drive his dirk at one blow through a three-inch plank. One of them, a brawny and hirsute giant, was known ironically throughout the countryside as Smooth John Macnab. On the night of the last depredation, the twelve were sitting gloomily round their impoverished board at Kinnell when old Macnab came in. "The night is the night,"

he said, looking significantly at his sons, "if the lads were the lads."

Without a word Smooth John got up and, followed by all his brothers, left the house. They were gone the greater part of the night; but the old chief waited, and at last they came back. As they filed into the room Smooth John placed the bearded head of the old MacNish chief on the table, with the single sentence: "The night is the night, and the lads *are* the lads."

The twelve had carried their own boat all the way over the mountains to Loch Earn, and, making their way to MacNish's island, had found the robber clan in a drunken sleep. Only old MacNish was awake; and when he heard a noise he had called out, "Who is there?" "Who would you be most afraid to see?" was the reply. To which MacNish returned: "There is no man I would like worse to see than Smooth John Macnab." At that, Smooth John drove in the door, and the old bandit had hardly time to shriek, when he met his end. Smooth John seized him by the grey hair, and, with one sweep of his dirk, cut off his head.

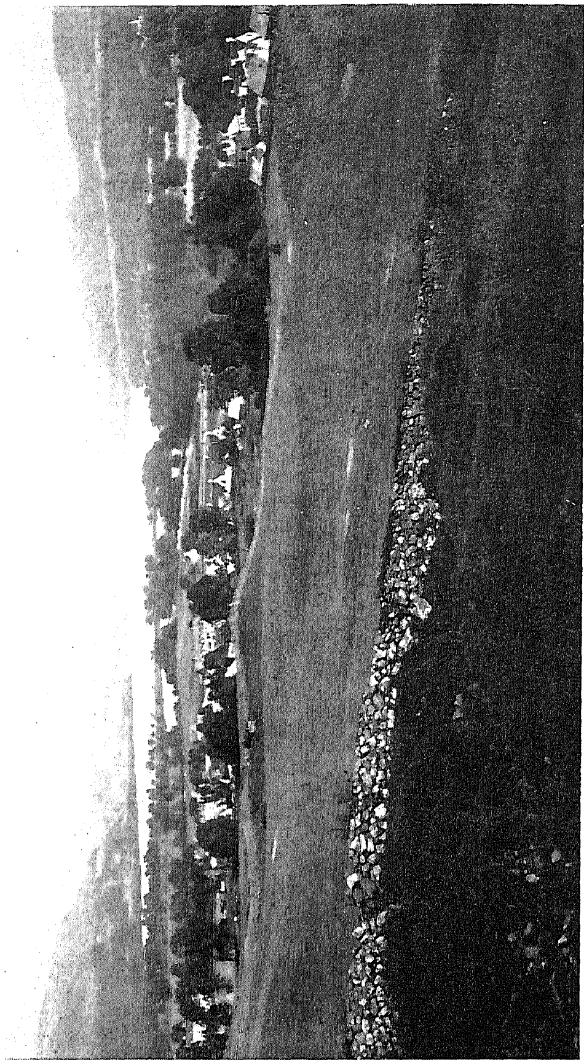
When the young men presented their father with the gory trophy, all he said to them was, "Dread nought"; and that trophy and those words form the arms and motto of the Clan Macnab to the present day.

The last laird of Macnab was a well-known figure in Edinburgh towards the end of the 18th century. Long after its disuse he kept to the ancient dress of the Scots gentleman, with three-cornered hat and knee-

breeches. He had a high idea of his own feudal dignity; and when he retired to his Highland fastness without paying his accounts, as sometimes happened, it was as well not to trouble him with legal reminders. Upon one occasion, the story runs, a messenger-at-arms did arrive at Kinnell. It was evening, however, and Macnab, pretending to misunderstand his errand, and, refusing the very mention of business that night, entertained the man as a guest to dinner. In the morning the first thing that met the eyes of the horrified messenger as he looked from his window was something strongly resembling the body of a man hanging from a tree before the house. Asking fearfully what that meant, he was informed that it was "just a tam messenger pody that had ta presumption to come wi' a paper to ta laird." The hint, it is added, was not lost on the Edinburgh man, for when breakfast was ready he was nowhere to be found.

At Kinnell is to be seen the largest vine in Britain, half as large again as that at Hampton Court. The estate passed into the hands of the Earl of Breadalbane in 1830. In 1875 the Macnab chief, who had emigrated with a following of his clan to Canada many years before, returned for a short time, and sold the last of the ancient property of his house in this country, including the well-known Dreadnought Hotel at Callander.

The name Killin, anciently Kil-fin, is said to signify the burying-place of Fin; and in a field not far from the village the grave of that ancient Celtic hero, marked by an upright stone, is still pointed out. Fion



MacCoul, "the fair son of Col," known to the English reader as Fingal, is the hero of much of the Ossianic poetry still extant in the Highlands. Among the many collections of that poetry which have been made, the best are the much-disputed translations by Macpherson, the Sean-dana of Dr. Smith of Campbelltown, the pieces among the remains of Dr. Cameron of Brodick, and the large collection made by Mr. Campbell of Islay.

But the chief point of interest at Killin is Finlarig Castle. The name, like all Gaelic nomenclature, remains faithfully descriptive of the spot. It is the castle at the "larig," or opening of the vale, of Fion. Here, nearly four centuries ago, in 1523, the ancestor of the Breadalbane Campbells built his stronghold. Black Duncan of the Cowl, as he was called, seventh laird of Glenurchy, was, like the small grey man who founded the house of Douglas, a person of character and force.¹ When someone enquired of him why he was building Finlarig at the march of his property instead of near the centre, he is said to have answered laconically that he intended to "birse yont"; and he and his descendants have birsed yont to such good effect that their great estate now almost cuts Scotland in two. Black Duncan's ways of enforcing feudal rights, if tradition is to be believed, were not always of the gentlest sort. On the brow of a rising knoll in front of the castle stands a gigantic sycamore, said to be seven centuries old, on whose spreading branch

¹ Black Duncan's history is very fully known, and is the subject of an interesting article in the late Mr. Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Early Scots History*.

many a luckless wight has been hanged; and in the castle dungeon are still to be seen the chains, rings, and block with which many a poor captive made sorrowful acquaintance. It was close by Black Duncan's doom-tree that the incident occurred which is recorded in a well-known anecdote. An unfortunate clansman, who had disobeyed the chief's orders, was on the way to be made immortal, but on coming within sight of the dangling rope he displayed some unwillingness to proceed. His spouse, who was at his elbow, is said to have come to his aid with the persuasive encouragement, "Just another step, Colin, to please the laird."¹

Along Loch Tay all summer plies a passenger-steamer; and every day throughout the season it may be seen, crowded with gaily-dressed visitors, zigzagging across the broad sheet of the loch between the clachan piers. A strange contrast it presents to the ancient associations of the region. Nowhere in Scotland, probably, are the traditions more uncanny than round Loch Tay. The broad sheet of silver itself, lying low among the bases of the mountains, has something eerie about it. Strange movements of the waters have been sometimes seen—heavings and whirlings when the air was still; and it is upon record that for a whole month in the year 1784, from 12th September till 15th October, there were risings and rushings of opposing

¹The story is sometimes located at Abergeldie on the Dee, and sometimes in the Grant country on the Spey, but Finlarig appears to have the first right to it. Readers of *The Fair Maid of Perth* may recognise Finlarig as the scene in which Scott paints the death of the Chief of Clan Quhele. The novelist in this, however, commits an anachronism, as Finlarig was not built for more than a century after the famous combat on the North Inch of Perth.

mountains of water that roared together with a noise of terror.

At the foot of Ben Lawers, and close to the loch, may still be seen the long two-storied abode, now the dwelling-house of Milton Farm, where, about the year 1600, dwelt the mysterious Lady of Lawers. The simple folk of the countryside speak with awe yet of her prophecies, which are still coming true. When the old Kirk of Lawers was built she planted an ash-tree at the end of it, and said that upon the tree reaching to the height of the gable the kirk would fall. And, true enough, when the tree was just that height the kirk was struck and rent by lightning. She declared, too, that the ridge-stones would never be placed on the kirk roof; and, curiously, no sooner had they been landed in Lawers Bay than a great storm rose, and during the night swept the boat-load into the loch. She also prophesied that whoever should cut down her tree should presently meet with some terrible calamity. And, strangely, not many years ago a worthy but sceptical farmer of the place had no sooner defied the tradition and cut down the ash than he was gored to death by his own Highland bull.

Next to its uncanny reputation, Loch Tayside is remarkable for the stature and strength of its inhabitants. The present miller of Morenish stands 6 feet 7 inches high, and he has a sister or two of 6 feet. Of another native, Big John Malloch, who stood 6 feet 6 inches, an amusing story is told. The men of the Perth militia regiment, in which he was serving, had orders not to extend their walks in one direction

beyond a particular milestone. Big John, however, was thirsty, and there was an inn about half a mile farther away. The temptation was great, and he went to the inn. He did not, however, disobey orders, for he took the milestone, weighing about two hundred-weight, with him, and brought it back again; and to the present day the heavy landmark is known as Malloch's Milestone.

But most famous of these worthies was Big Donald MacLaurin, who died in 1870 at the age of eighty-five. Among the many stories current of his exploits, one is particularly characteristic. Upon a certain occasion he was carting home his peats, when suddenly, in a marshy place, the wheels sank to the axle-tree, and refused to move. On ascertaining that his horse was really unable to extricate the load, Donald quietly unyoked the beast and, getting the chain over his own shoulders, dragged out the cart. Someone afterwards spoke to him of the incident, and MacLaurin admitted his horse's failure, but excused it generously. "Nae wonder," he said, "the puir beast couldna tak' out the cart; I could hardly draw it out mysel'."¹

Some five miles eastwards from Lawers, at Fernan, the road strikes inland for the hamlet of Fortingall in Glen Lyon, a couple of miles away, where the oldest tree in Europe is to be seen. The Fortingall yew is, according to competent authority, from two thousand five hundred to three thousand years old. It stood, therefore, amid its dark foliage in Glenlyon when

¹For this and other anecdotes of the neighbourhood the writer is indebted to a somewhat quaint book of reminiscences of Breadalbane by Mr. Malcolm Ferguson.

Solomon was building his temple at Jerusalem and the Greeks were besieging Troy.

At the far end of Loch Tay lies a woody islet, and in its heart, amid the ruins of an ancient priory, sleeps through these ages the dust of Sybilla, consort of Alexander I., and daughter of Henry I. of England. The last inhabitants of the priory were three nuns, "distinguished by a very singular species of recluse habits." The island was garrisoned by the Campbells, but stormed and taken by Montrose in 1645.

Close by, where the new-born Tay pours through the arches of its first bridge, clusters the village of Kenmore. The trim little place, with its great posting hostelrie, is really the gate village of Taymouth Castle, whose stately park entrance forms one end of the village green. Here, all summer long, the great stage-coaches come and go, and an unceasing stream of tourists pauses for an hour or two, to dine and to march through Taymouth grounds, to gaze at the model dairy and the mimic fort, before hurrying on to the next "place of interest." It was over the mantelpiece of the inn parlour at Kenmore that Burns wrote perhaps the finest of his English heroics, the lines beginning "Admiring nature in her wildest grace."

Taymouth Castle, now the chief seat of the descendant of Black Duncan of the Cowl, stands—a stately mansion of the beginning of the 19th century—in the midst of a nobly-timbered park. A striking contrast it displays, with its bannered towers and sweeping river terraces, to the black feudal stronghold at the other end of the loch. The original castle, known till the 18th

century as Balloch, was built by Colin, sixth Laird of Glenurchy, and was appointed to be set on the spot where Glenurchy should first hear the blackbird sing on his way down the glen. It is this laird who is recorded to have "execute many notable limmers," chiefly of Clan Gregor. Among these was the famous Duncan Laideus, who was "justyfeit" in June, 1552. Another was the Laird of Macgregor himself, Gregor Roy of Glenstrae, who was beheaded with great show of ceremony on the green of Kenmore. The heading-axe used in these "justifyings" stands now, a grim memorial, in the hall of Taymouth. Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyck, was painting at Balloch, in the time of the eighth laird, the fine series of pictures which still hang on the walls, when Bowie, the laird's notary, was, under the same roof, writing the "Black Book of Taymouth," from which these details and many interesting facts of Scottish family history have been gathered.

But the chief memory of the place is the visit paid to it by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in the early happy years of their married life, in September, 1842. For three days then there was feasting and spectacle—an endless Highland pageant—at Taymouth. There was booming of cannon and playing of pipes and gathering of the clans by day, and at night thousands of lamps lit up the woodlands, and the sky blazed with rockets and showers of coloured fire. Nothing so magnificent, perhaps, had ever been seen before in the Highlands of Scotland.

On an ordinary September night, however, with the full moon shining in the heavens, the valley wears an

aspect of sufficient natural witchery. The walk then down the narrow strath of the Tay is a march through an enchanted country. Below, in the lordly parklands, stand the towers of Taymouth, silvery grey; high on either side rise the mountains, silent and dark; and away behind, above his mystic fellows, rises Ben Lawers, a mountain of white fire. The road itself, lit with the magic of the moonlight, winds for miles under the chequered shadows of great trees. Sometimes it approaches the river, and the waters are rippled silver, and there is the murmur of the pebbles, and the leaping of fish in the pools. Here and there between the road and the river, where the corn has not been reaped, shimmers a field of sheeny gold. High against the heavens, on the left, looms Schiehallion, the Fairy Mountain; and lower down, darkening the strath, hangs the Hill of Weem, with its ogre-haunted *uamh*, or cave, and its famous wishing-well.¹ Then lights begin to shine among the shadows of the strath, pairs of lovers are to be met sauntering by the hedges, and perhaps a tribe of gipsies hurrying, strangely picturesque with their high swaying caravans and nondescript steeds and drivers, to the fair on the morrow at Killin.

Presently the road runs into the little Highland

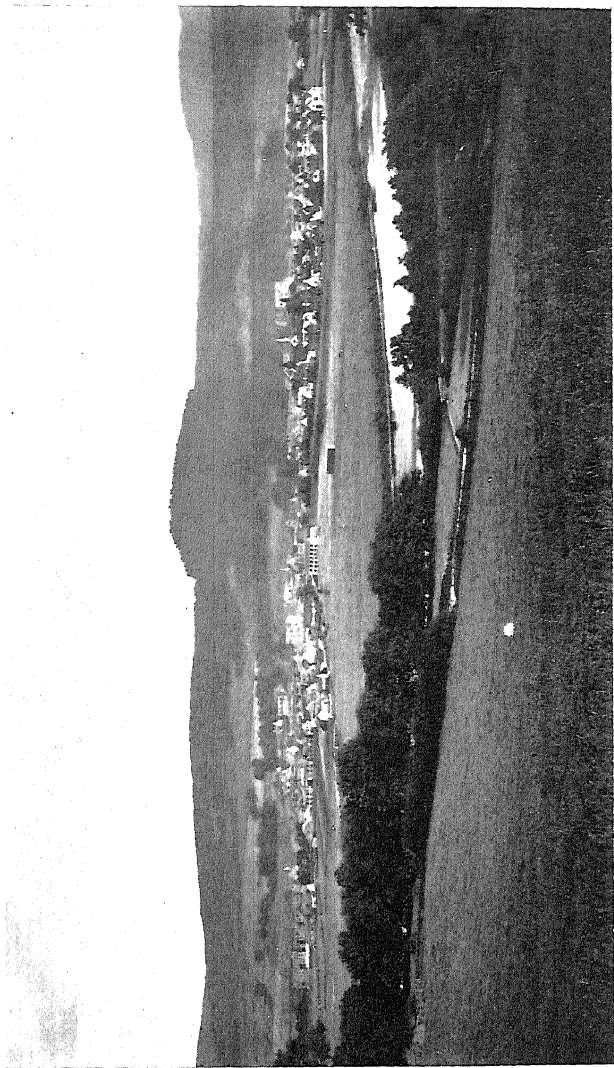
¹ The ogre appeared in the guise of a red-hooded monk of scowling visage, and one of the traditions of the neighbourhood, of his carrying off a daughter of the house of Menzies, whose ancient castle stands below, forms the subject of a Gaelic ballad. Possibly, as *uamh* means also a Pict's house, the original "ogre" may have been one of that vanquished race who had his dwelling here. In the ancient ivied kirk of Weem a curious mural monument, one of the most elaborate in Scotland, marks the burial-place and commemorates the virtues of six generations of the mothers of the house of Weem.

town of Aberfeldy, gay and bright of a pleasant autumn night with lights and laughter. Here was first embodied the famous Black Watch, the 42nd Highlanders; and it is worth while turning down to the river to their characteristic memorial, with, close by, the beautiful bridge built by General Wade for his great highway to the north in 1733. Above the town, too, in the glen about the Falls of Moness, lies the scene rendered famous by Burns's lines, "The Birks o' Aberfeldy." Curiously enough, there were no birches there, and Burns, who merely borrowed from an older song, "The Birks of Abergeldie," must have meant by the word merely a bosky shaw. At Abergeldie there are birks enough. The scene here in the narrow Glen of Moness has been elaborately described by Pennant.

Farther down the strath, to the right of the road, in the moonlight, stands the great grey castle of Grandtully. Here the pedestrian cannot but pause; perhaps he will steal across the moonlit park among the tree-shadows for a closer look at the castle walls. For this was the Tullyveolan of "Waverley," and imagination pictures within these towers the movements of the stout old Baron of Bradwardine, and the courtship of his daughter Rose. Archibald Stewart, gainer of the great Douglas Cause, was a son of the baronet of Grandtully by his second wife, Lady Jane Douglas.

On its knoll, at hand, the old Kirk of Grandtully, with its panelled and painted ceiling, and the bones that it contains of lordly chiefs and loving dames long since forgotten, remains a place also for reflection.

But even amid the witchery of the fairest night it



is necessary at last to seek the shelter of a roof; and after a long day's tramp through these valleys of the Grampians, small wooing is needed to call down sleep in the little brown chamber of a Highland inn.

Morning is the time to see the lower strath of Tay. After a hearty hill breakfast of eggs and ham, after clearing the heaped-up plate, and punishing the crisp oat-farls, one feels master of himself, and fit to march across the world. The tramp then down the valley is gaily done—past mill and clachan and straw-strewn farm, by the long Haughs of Balleichan and the Ferry of Logierait.¹ Then, where the Tummel comes rushing clear and green over its pebbly bed to join the Tay, there is a chance for a bathe. It is pleasant to linger there, in the sequestered nook behind the alders, where the sunshine beats; but the water is icy-cold, and a moment's plunge is enough. That plunge, with its magic, hardens the muscles, braces the heart, and makes the brisk blood dance in the veins.

An hour ago these waters were pouring through the narrow pass of Killiecrankie, by the foot of Ben Vrackie, and under the Bridge of Garry and the dark woods of Faskally; and their coldness and their limpid clearness as they rush here into the profounder Tay speak yet of their mountain birth. Down through its romantic gorge and luxuriant valley-lands, from this point to the sea, the Tay every year pours the greatest volume of water of any river in Scotland.

For eight miles downwards the strath keeps narrow-

¹Close by Logierait are vestiges of a castle built by Robert III. In the jail here Rob Roy was once confined. It is now the stable of the inn.

ing, and no more romantic walk perhaps exists in the country than that through its deep forest glen. There is the roll of the islanded river below, and the warm depth of the woodland rising above, and here and there the road crosses a bridge where some streamlet comes pouring out of "the mountain's rocky hall."

At its narrowest point the gorge opens out in a woody theatre; on the right the Braan comes brawling down from the uplands of Amulree, and opposite its mouth, in the warm, sleeping hollow of the hills, stands the grey cathedral of Dunkeld.

The little city here was the seat of one of the oldest bishoprics in Scotland, a place of the highest sanctity, and the chief gate of the Highlands. Within the cathedral walls, strangely contrasted, rest the ashes of Columba, the great missionary saint of early times, and the ashes of that wild Earl of Buchan, the natural son of Robert II., better known by his popular title of the Wolf of Badenoch, who feared neither God nor man, and who, among his many lawless deeds, burned the cathedral of Elgin. Columba, in the sixth century, had been not only a Christian missionary, but a political pioneer of the Irish Scots; and when Kenneth MacAlpine, in A.D. 878, finished the work which Columba had begun, by overcoming the last of the native Picts at Cambuskenneth, he brought the bones of the saint from Iona and buried them here.

From the wattled Culdee cell and frugal means of the sixth century the church gradually grew and its wealth increased, till the cathedral stood here, a stately shrine, and the Bishops of Dunkeld were great lords in

the land. Out of the thatched palace of the early bishops rose—a sign of their changing temper—a great square feudal tower. That was in 1408, and thenceforth—woe to the contumacious cateran and to the dabbler in unblessed arts!—there was the gallows hill, still pointed out, and the hollow where sorcerers were burned. Among these bishops, however, were men of learning and piety. One of them, it cannot be forgotten, was the far-famed Gavin Douglas, earliest translator of Virgil, whose strains are still among the richest of the Scottish muse.

It was Douglas who finished the old bridge of Dunkeld. The present bridge, in 1808, cost the Duke of Atholl £25,000.

In 1560 Dunkeld was visited by the friends of John Knox, who did not believe that God could be properly worshipped in costly temples, and so reduced the cathedral here to ruin. A hundred and twenty-nine years later, in 1689, the whole of the little ancient Highland city was burned by the Jacobites. Three houses alone escaped the conflagration. One of these, the house of the Dean of Dunkeld, may still be seen.

The Highland bishopric was a favourite hunting-place of some of the Scottish kings. William the Lion hunted the neighbourhood, and Queen Mary brought hither a following of two thousand Highlanders to chase the deer. Last of all, in 1842, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid the place a visit. They were received at the boundary by a guard of the Atholl men, and were welcomed in the ducal grounds by Lord Glenlyon, the heir of Atholl, at the head of

some three hundred Highlanders in full mountain garb, who escorted them to the royal pavilion.¹

Dunkeld House, a lovely spot, lies close by the cathedral, and on the lawns are to be seen the earliest larches planted in the kingdom, imported from the Tyrol by the Duke of Atholl in 1738.

Against the sky, opposite Dunkeld, rises the classic Birnam Hill. For centuries it stood bald and barren, stripped presumably by the soldiery of Macduff; but now the larch forests have grown about it, and up to the summit, 1,580 feet, it is rich once more with wood. Local tradition runs that when Malcolm Canmore came to Scotland to wrest the crown from Macbeth, his father's slayer, he resorted first to Dunkeld, and here his followers, to hide their movement across the country, cut and carried branches from the trees of Birnam Wood. This proceeding was told to Macbeth by a spy, and filled him with the first alarm. From Birnam on the Grampian wall, across the open strath to Dunsinnan, in the Sidlaw Hills, is fifteen miles, and from the massive castle ruins on Dunsinnan, Birnam can just be seen. When Macbeth, says local tradition, saw his enemies, thus sheltered, moving towards him, he hardly waited for their attack, but fled, ran up the opposite hill closely pursued by Macduff, and, finding it impossible to escape, threw himself over the cliff and was killed. His burial-place, the Lang Man's Grave is pointed out.

Here appears a curious fact. Shakespeare in his

¹The Highland dress is a feature of the Atholl district on gala occasions. The Highland Games at Birnam on the last Thursday of August are, for this reason among others, a gallant sight to see.

drama is supposed to have followed the histories. But the histories relate that Macbeth escaped from Dunsinnan, and made a further stand in the forest of Lumphanan, on the Dee. Shakespeare, again, implies the somewhat peculiar circumstance that Birnam can be seen from Dunsinnan. And, further, the dramatist mentions the unusual fact of a double rampart at Macbeth's castle. All these details seem to point to a personal knowledge of the spot; and strangely enough there is reason to believe that Shakespeare had that personal knowledge. It is known that in 1599 James VI. begged Queen Elizabeth to send him a company of comedians, and that she complied with his request. In June of that year they played at Perth: the minute of kirk-session authorising the performance is quoted in Guthrie's *History of Scotland*, and may still be extant. It is further known that in the exercise of their profession the strolling players went as far as Aberdeen; and in the Aberdeen city records of that time it appears that the manager of the company was Lawrence Fletcher. Fletcher was afterwards one of the partners with Shakespeare in the patent of the Globe Theatre granted to his old visitors by James VI. on his English accession in 1603, and probabilities appear so strong that Knight, Shakespeare's biographer, states as a fact that the author of *Macbeth* was one of the company that visited Aberdeen. If this conjecture be true, the whole miracle is explained. The road between Perth and Aberdeen which the players must have followed lay within three miles of Dunsinnan, and Shakespeare, interested in the story of the spot, may very well have stepped aside to examine the

scene. Once on Dunsinnan the fact of the double rampart would immediately impress itself, and the further fact would become evident, that Birnam is not only visible from Dunsinnan, but is the most conspicuous object of the landscape; while some local cicerone would be sure to furnish the account of Macbeth's end current in the neighbourhood. The same personal acquaintance would account for the dramatist's introduction into his play of the reference to Glamis Castle a little further eastward in the strath. That huge mediæval stronghold would strongly impress any passer by. But Macbeth was never "Thane of Glamis."

From Dunsinnan it is but a few miles along the foot of the Sidlaw hills to Scone, and there again the pedestrian finds himself treading upon strangely suggestive soil.

Nothing remains of Old Scone, it may be said, but its memories, yet these are enough to give the spot an interest far beyond that of many more ambitious places. Here in the recess of the hills stood a Culdee sanctuary, and to it Kenneth II. brought from Dunstaffnage the famous Coronation Stone, palladium of the Scottish dynasty. The ancient prophecy regarding that stone is given by Wyntoun in his *Cronykil*:

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Freely rendered, it runs:

So long as fate speaks not in vain,
Where this stone rests there Scots shall reign.

The stone was removed by Edward I. to Westminster,



and when James VI. was crowned King of England on it in 1603, there were not wanting those who saw in the circumstance the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy. The stone, as everyone is aware, still rests under the chair on which the kings of Britain are crowned.

Down to the time of the later Stewarts the Scottish coronations all took place at Scone, and many a barbaric pageant the Culdee college here and its successor, the Augustinian abbey of Alexander I., must have seen. Last of all, in 1651, two years after his father's execution, the boy-prince, Charles II., was crowned King of Scotland here with sombre pomp by the grim Presbyterian ministers.

By that time, however, the place had sadly changed, for at the Reformation the mob of Perth and Dundee, who bore no goodwill to the monks, had stormed the sanctuary, and left of abbey and palace nothing but blackened walls. On the site of the ancient royal residence was built, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the present Scone Palace, seat of the family of Stormont and Mansfield, which contains mementoes of the visits to it of James VI. and of Queen Victoria.

Close by may still be seen the ancient Mote-hill, or Hill of Justice. On its summit in early times the laws were made and enforced, and here probably it was that Kenneth himself promulgated his famous MacAlpin edicts. The spot is locally known as the Boot-hill, and its existence is accounted for by a curious tradition. At the coronation of a king each baron, it is said, brought as much of his own soil in his boots as enabled him, while still standing on

his own land, to assist at the ceremony. After the coronation, says the legend, the barons emptied the earth on the spot, hence its popular name of the Boot-hill, and its classic title of Omnis Terra. In 1624 the first Viscount Stormont built a church on the spot, whose ruin, with the fine family monument which it contains, may still be seen.

From Scone a magnificent view is to be had of the strath with its hundred points of storied interest. There may be made out Ruthven Castle, now known as Hunting-Tower, scene of the mysterious Raid of Ruthven, which cost the first Earl of Gowrie his life in 1582, scene of the terrified leap of that earl's daughter from the battlements of one tower to those of another, and scene of the popular song "When ye gang awa', Jamie." And there lies the battlefield of Luncarty, where Kenneth III., about the year 990, overthrew an army of invading Danes. Tradition runs that the Danes were stealing to surprise the king, when one of them set his foot on a thistle, and his shout of pain gave the alarm. From that fact the Thistle Dyke in the river takes its name, and the thistle its place in the Scottish arms.

CHAPTER X.

BONNIE SAINT JOHNSTON.

There was twa sisters in a bower,

Edinburgh, Edinburgh !

There was twa sisters in a bower,

Stirling for aye !

There was twa sisters in a bower,

There cam' a knight to be their wooer,

Bonnie Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

—*Ancient Ballad.*

THE fair city of Perth, or St. John's Town, as the ancient name runs, stands on the right bank of the river, at the foot of storied Strathtay and the head of the fertile Carse of Gowrie. For situation and appearance, the colour of its history, and the temper of inhabitants in olden times, it bears a remarkable resemblance to ancient Paris. The resemblance is carried to details like the Island of Moncrieff in its river, and the bastille built by Cromwell on the South Inch. Well might it be the ancient capital of Scotland, for a fairer spot for a city could hardly be discovered, while, with the woody heights of Kinnoul Hill, the end of the Sidlaw range, on the left, and Moncrieff Hill, an outpost of the Ochils, on the right, it lies in the throat of the passage by the

greatest of her rivers to the heart of the ancient Highland kingdom.

Here, according to Fordun's "Scotichronicon," before the Christian era, stood a native British temple. Its site is pointed out by tradition near the foot and at the south side of the High Street. On this spot for ages stood a building known as the House of the Green, and when that was demolished in the end of last century, to make room for a modern tenement, below the foundations were discovered two arched chambers, 26 feet by 14, with strong cemented walls, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick.

It is said that the Roman legions, on coming first round the shoulder of Moncrieff Hill by the Wicks of Baiglie, called out in sudden rapture on beholding the site of the town and its meadows, "*Ecce Tiber ! Ecce Campus Martius !*" Scott has deftly shown that the compliment was not altogether to the Scottish city.

"Behold the Tiber !" the vain Roman cried,
 Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side ;
 But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
 And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay ?

Here, at any rate, the Romans appear to have worshipped Mars in the ancient British temple, and here Agricola remodelled the ancient British town as his colony of Victoria.¹ Three Roman roads met within the walls—from Stirling, from Kinross, and from Abernethy; and doubtless a high civilisation reigned then at Perth.

After the departure of the legions a misty curtain hides the memories of the town, but the ancient castle

¹ *The Muses' Threnodie*, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Hollinshed.

which stood without the Skinner Gate, and was said to have been founded by Agricola, must have seen many wild onsets of barbarian war. In these early times—so early, it is believed, as the beginning of the fifth century, a hundred and fifty years before Columba's day—was founded the original "Kirk of the Holy Cross of St. John the Baptist," from which the town took its mediæval name. The descendant of that early kirk still stands, buttressed and broken, but massive yet, and hoary with the rime of seven centuries, in the heart of the city. The great bell, of deep and solemn tone, still booms from its blackened tower as it did when the tocsin rang for Flodden.¹

At Perth, it will be remembered, the hero Wallace had that love-adventure narrated by Henry the Minstrel, which all but cost him his life. It was near the beginning of his career, but already he was recognised by friends and enemies as the champion of Scotland. He had routed Lord Percy's succours at Loudon Hill, and had taken Gargunnoch Peel and Kincleven Castle. At the head of some force he had camped near Perth, probably in the forest of Gask, when the desire seized him to visit a lady in the town.

Than Wallace said he wald go to the toun,
Arayit him weill intill a priestlik gown ;
In Sanct Jhonstoun disgysit can he fair
Till this woman the quhilk I spak of ayr.

Upon leaving her, he made an appointment to return

¹ In no other city in the kingdom would a church of the noble proportions and thrilling memories of the Kirk of St. John be allowed to remain in the disgraceful condition, broken up into three parts, with nondescript patches and disfigurements, of the noble old kirk of Perth.

three days later. Meanwhile, however, his visit had become known, and the English captains, by threats, bribes, and promises, had induced his mistress to betray him. After Wallace's second visit, when he was about to depart, the girl's heart overcame her, and she told her lover everything. The scene is very touchingly described by the chronicler—the girl's distress and confession, and the hero's comforting of her. Then he donned her gown and kerchief, kissed and forgave her, and took his departure. To the guards at the south gate, as he went through, he said, "Speed fast to the chamber, Wallace is locked in." As he moved away, however, one of the guards was struck with suspicion. "A stalwart quean, yon," he said; and two of them followed the presumptive damsel through the South Inch. But their curiosity cost them dear, for when they were beyond reach of succour Wallace turned, drew the sword concealed under his disguise, and slew them both.

Ten years later it was Bruce who approached the town. Sir Aylmer de Valence, the lieutenant of Edward I., was lying here, when he heard that the newly-crowned King of Scots was in the neighbourhood, and, gathering the English forces together, he hastened forth and routed Bruce's slender levies at Methven. In 1311, however, the tide had turned, Bruce, now on the crest of conquest, was once more under St. Johnstoun's wall, and himself heading the attack—swimming the moat and climbing the rampart in front of his men—he took the city.¹

¹ The incident as Barbour relates it is one of the best illustrations both of the personal strength and the intrepid character of the King.

In 1332, in consequence of the battle of Dupplin, fought close by, the city fell into the hands of Edward Baliol and the English; and it was only retaken by the High Steward, after great deeds of valour, in 1339.

Before the high altar in the Kirk of St. John, the English King Edward III. slew his brother the Earl of Cornwall. That earl, fresh from the march, was boastfully recounting to Edward how he had been blackening the land of Scots with death and fire, and in particular, how, at Lesmahagow, he had first lodged at the abbot's expense, and had afterwards, on leaving, burned abbey and church, with the fugitives who had sought sanctuary within them. Edward stopped the narrator with an indignant reproach, Earl John answered heedlessly, and the king in sudden anger struck him dead at his feet.

Almost the only antiquity, besides its great kirk, which Perth has now to exhibit is a little dwelling at the corner of Curfew Row, which is popularly known in the neighbourhood as the house of the Fair Maid of Perth. In a note to his famous romance, Scott, on the authority of a local antiquary, states that Curfew Row, then in the suburbs of Perth, was probably built along the side of the castle yard soon after the moat was filled up by Robert Bruce. The "fair maid's house" is the corner one of the row, and in its wall is to be seen a niche where the curfew bell hung. "The house," says Scott's informant, "was at one time part of a chapel dedicated to Saint Bartholomew, and in it at no very distant period the members of the Glover incorporation held their meetings." The chapel was probably that connected with the Blackfriars Monastery,

which adjoined it behind. In that chapel some of the Scottish parliaments were held, and there Elizabeth More, mother of Robert III., was buried. Within recent years the house was degraded to the purposes of a marine store, and it has now been "restored" out of all knowledge as a bric-à-brac shop.

Whether or not the dwelling ever was inhabited by such a "fair maid" as Scott pictures, it certainly stood in Curfew Row when the historic incidents round which the romance is woven took place. Frequently past these walls must have come the Lady Elizabeth Dunbar, daughter of George, Earl of March, and bride of the ill-fated David, Duke of Rothesay, whom the ambitious Albany managed to oust from her bridal rights in order to make room for the daughter of the Earl of Douglas. The poor young lady retired to St. Leonard's Nunnery close by, where she became superior in 1411.

- Also, whether or not the Gow Chrom, the bandy-legged smith, Hal o' the Wynd, actually courted a lady-love here, it is certain from his name that he himself lived at hand; for Curfew Row was the "wynd" or lane from the Blackfriars Monastery to the North Inch. The authentic narrative of the great clan battle in which he played so memorable a part is given in Bower's continuation of Fordun's chronicle. The combat took place in barriers on the North Inch, under the eyes of Robert III., in the year 1396.¹ The combatants were the Clan Quhele

¹ It is not so well known that the North Inch had already, in the presence of Robert the Bruce, been the scene of a duel between Hugh Harding and William de Saintlowe—one of those judicial combats of the Middle Ages by which men, if not justice, were

and the Clan Kay—probably confederacies headed by the Macintoshes and the Camerons. Thirty were chosen to fight on each side; and on the appointed morning Court and town poured out to the North Inch to see the fray. It was probably the greatest spectacle which Perth had witnessed, and the splendour of the preparations made for it was attested till recent times by the existence of the Gilten Arbour, or rich seat erected for the king. The battle, says the chronicler, was about to begin when it was discovered that a member of Clan Quhele was absent. Owing to the inequality thus created the combat had been almost given up, and the king was about to put an end to the meeting, when there sprang into the arena the slight but sturdy figure of the Gow Chrom, Hal o' the Wynd, burgher and armourer of Perth. "Here am I!" he cried. "Who will fee me to take part with these performers in this stage-play? For half a merk will I try the game, on the condition that if I leave the lists alive I shall have my living off some of you to the end of my days." No sooner was his proposal agreed to than the armourer bent his bow and sent an arrow into the heart of one of his opponents, and a fierce and desperate fight began. It did not end till twenty-nine of Clan Kay lay dead in the lists. Nineteen of Clan Quhele also lay slain, and of those who remained alive only Hal o' the Wynd and the single surviving combatant of Clan Kay were without wounds. The latter, plunging into the Tay, had swum across and escaped.

satisfied. Clan Chattan or Kay included sixteen clans. It met and acknowledged a chief for the last time in 1609, and broke up fifty years later.

It is very likely that, supported by that day's earnings, Hal o' the Wynd was still alive—he might be a greybeard of about seventy—when the next memorable incident happened in Perth. It was the night of February 20, 1437, and James I., lodging in the Blackfriars Monastery here, had called for the parting-cup and dismissed his court. As the gates were closed the same Highland prophetess who had sought to warn the king at Cramond Brig had appeared once more to seek an audience, but had been turned away. James was standing in his dressing-robe with his back to the fire, chatting with the queen and her ladies, when there was heard the loud clashing of armour in the garden below, and a great flare of torchlight outside reddened the mullions and window-panes. Then the king remembered the threat of his enemy Sir Robert Graham, and looked round for escape. The assassins were already almost at the door when the queen's ladies flew to fasten it. A traitor had carried off the bolt; and, as Catherine Douglas thrust her arm through the empty staples, James with the tongs wrenched up a plank of the flooring and sprang into the vault below. Everyone knows the sequel. The door was burst open, the king's hiding-place discovered, and the unarmed monarch himself, after a terrific struggle, slain with a multitude of wounds.

Under the "Fair Maid's House" an arch is pointed out which popular fancy identifies with the sewer-vault into which the king leapt for concealment; and it is just possible that there may be truth in the conjecture, as the monastery buildings, with the royal

apartments, stood close behind. The tombstone of James and his queen was long to be seen in the eastern part of St. John's Kirk; but the royal pair were buried in the Carthusian monastery founded by James himself, which stood to the west of the town. Queen Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV., was also buried there a century later.

After the murder of James I. Perth was considered too near to the wild Highlands to be safe, and the seat of government was permanently transferred south of the Forth. The palace at the Blackfriars and the ancient Parliament House on the north side of High Street were deserted, and St. Johnston figured but dimly in history for a hundred and twenty years. Then came the Reformation.

There had been hanging and drowning of heretics on the Inches, witnessed by Cardinal Beaton from the notorious Spey Tower, when at last the climax arrived. On May 11, 1559, there was a great congregation gathered in the Kirk of St. John. John Knox had accepted a call to the ministry in Perth, had returned from the Continent a week ago, and was to preach that day. His sermon bore upon God's commandment for the destruction of graven images, and he denounced the mass as an abomination. "The service being closed," says Calderwood, who narrates the incident, "a priest, opening a splendid tabernacle which stood above the altar, was about to celebrate mass, when a boy cried out, 'This is intolerable!' The priest gave him a blow. The boy lifted up a stone and, throwing it at the priest, hit the tabernacle, and broke down an image; and immediately the multitude despatched

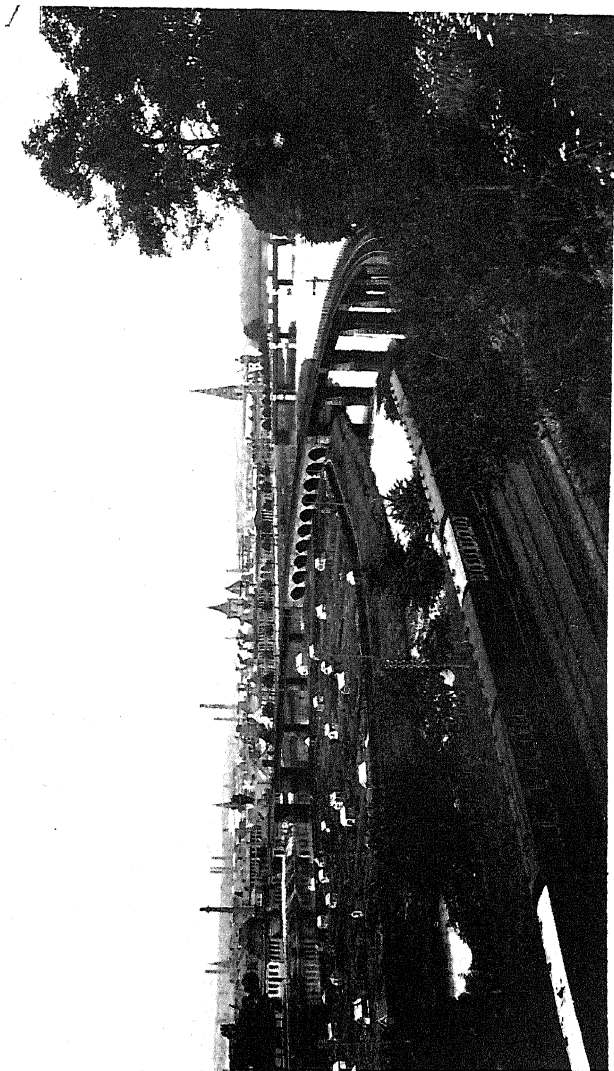
the tabernacle and the other monuments in the kirk, before a tenth man in the town understood the matter, for the most part were gone to dinner."

Such was the spark which fired the great conflagration; and in the frenzy of the few succeeding weeks convent, monastery, and cathedral throughout the country went up in flames.

During the struggle which followed, Perth was twice besieged and taken, and it was during that struggle that the famous march for the relief of Stirling occurred, in which three hundred Perth men took the field with halters round their necks, to be used for hanging them if they deserted their colours. Hence the ironical by-name of "St. Johnston tippet" common in Scotland for a hangman's rope.

Perth has been by no means remarkable for its preservation of historic buildings. Whether or not the characteristic is due to the iconoclastic habit acquired in Knox's time it would be difficult to say; but the fact remains that of all the monasteries, chapels, castles, and noblemen's houses of which it once could boast, no vestige now remains but St. John's Kirk and the old Glover's Hall. Their room has always been preferred to their company, whenever any pretext could be found for demolishing them. According to the theory which seems to prevail in the Fair City, the Acropolis of Athens would be very much better out of the way if grazing for a few goats could be got on the spot.

Chief among the old mansions of the nobility whose demolition one grudges in Perth is the house of the Earls of Gowrie. It was built on the Tay side in



Done 174

PERTH

Photo, W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

1520 by the Countess of Huntly, and was described as the Whitehall of Scotland. As already mentioned, the dramatic event known in history as the Raid of Ruthven—the seizure of the person of the boy-King James VI.—took place, not here, but at Ruthven Castle, now known as Hunting Tower, the ancient seat of the Earl of Gowrie, two and a half miles out of Perth. It was the greatest of the Ruthvens, the first Earl of Gowrie, who took part in that incident, and who suffered for it. A dark and ambitious spirit, he was said to have had dealings with wizards and necromancers; and it is worth remembering that his daughter was afterwards the mother of the great Marquis of Montrose.

The chief actor in the later more mysterious incident known as the Gowrie Conspiracy, which took place here in Perth, was the second earl. Whether the conspiracy was on the side of King James to ruin the earl, or on the side of the earl to avenge the execution of his father, or on the side of Queen Elizabeth to secure the person of the Scottish monarch, has never yet been clearly proved. From certain letters of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, afterwards discovered, the last hypothesis appears most probable; a plot seems to have been on foot to carry James to Fast Castle, a fortress-eyrie near St. Abb's Head, and confine him there.

The circumstances of the actual incident were briefly these:—James had restored the title and estates of Gowrie to the elder son of the first earl, and had every reason to believe himself entitled to the gratitude of the house. When, therefore, one day as he was hunting at Falkland, Alexander Ruthven, Gowrie's

younger brother, came to him with a story of a Jesuit and a pot of gold captured and detained at Gowrie House, he readily enough left the field and rode with his informant to Perth. At Gowrie House the earl received them apparently with some surprise, but made his royal visitor very welcome. After they had dined, Alexander Ruthven led the king to the upper part of the mansion, and there, in a turret chamber, James found, no Jesuit or treasure, but a man in full armour. At the same instant Ruthven drew his dagger and said that the king must die. James, taken by surprise, had yet energy enough to remind his assailant of royal benefits conferred on his house; and, seeming to relent, Ruthven left the apartment. A few minutes later, in the courtyard below, the Earl of Gowrie was assuring the king's attendants that their master had mounted and ridden off, and he was urging them to follow, when a sudden cry was heard overhead. Looking up, they saw the white face of James at the turret window, a hand grasping his throat, as he shouted, "Help! Treason! Help, my Lord of Mar!" They immediately rushed up the turret stair, only to find the door locked. Sir John Ramsay, however, one of the king's attendants, gained entrance by a private door, and found Ruthven struggling with the king. He stabbed Ruthven twice in the throat and mortally wounded him, when he was despatched by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, who then appeared at the head of the stair. Before he died, he had just breath to exclaim: "Alas! I am not to blame for this action." At that moment the earl himself appeared with seven followers, demanding his brother; and

when he saw the dead body lying there a dreadful and unequal combat began. It was ended by Ramsay running his sword through the earl's heart. When he fell, his attendants fled. Even then the king escaped with difficulty, for the people of Perth surrounded the house, calling for the earl, who had been their provost; and it was no easy task for the magistrates to induce them to disperse.

The incident occurred in the month of August in the year 1600. The house in which so strange and dramatic an occurrence took place was surely worth preserving, but no such thought seems to have been entertained in Perth. After the tragedy Gowrie House passed into the possession of the city. With somewhat helpless generosity the magistrates presented it to the victor of Culloden in 1746. Recognising their unctuous spirit he is said, when accepting the gift, to have asked gravely whether "that piece of land called the Carse of Gowrie went along with it." By the Duke of Cumberland it was sold to the Government, who converted it into a barrack. At a later day it was bought back by the city, which before long sold its materials for a few hundred pounds, and granted the site for county buildings. A plaque in the wall of these buildings in Tay Street is all that now remains to mark the spot.

An even more effective clearance has been made of the great citadel erected by Cromwell on the South Inch in 1652; for not so much as a tablet remains to mark its site. It was after the defeat of the army of the Covenant at Dunbar, and of the young Charles II. at Worcester, that the Protector, meeting some

opposition at Perth, apparently determined to overawe the city. Among the materials which were used for his huge fortress were great trees from the royal hunting-park of Falkland, three hundred tombstones, and the high walls of the Greyfriars, the stone pillars and abutments of the bridge, and the materials of all the fishing-boats that could be seized. He also demolished the town's hospital and the High School, and appropriated no fewer than one hundred and forty dwelling-houses, turning out the families without ceremony, while he carried off their homes. The citadel formed a massive square, 266 feet on each side, with bastions at the four corners. It was surrounded by a moat and earthworks, to make which the soil was stripped from the surface of the Inches—a grievous injury, since, as the chronicler points out, it ruined grassland for which the town had received a rental of 2,000 merks a year. For a century after the Restoration, when it came into the hands of the town, the citadel served as a public quarry, and by this means it gradually disappeared. The spot which it occupied is now a smooth grassy level, through which the Edinburgh road runs across the Inch.

One of the minor erections which the builders of the citadel seized as material for their structure was the ancient market cross of Perth. In 1668 the king's master-architect built the town another, which, for architectural effect, appears to have been second to none in the country. Of this erection the magistrates seem to have been vain enough for a time, and upon at least one occasion, an anniversary of the Restoration, they had the terrace of the cross

covered with carpet, and ran French wine out of the griffins' mouths which surrounded it. At a later date, however, they discovered that the cross was a mere hindrance to traffic, and it was put up for auction and knocked down to a mason for the magnificent sum of five pounds.

The building of chief consequence now to be seen in Perth is the Penitentiary, built for French prisoners of war in 1812, and till lately the general prison for all Scotland, which stands by the South Inch. If one could read them, the dark stories of tragedy, revenge, and remorse, the pictures of wild murder and piteous rapine, which have lived every day in lines of fire on the brains within these walls, would out-horror far the tragic incidents of the whole ancient history of the city. The place, nevertheless, is not exactly one for a city to take a pride in as almost its sole possession of storied human interest.

But however consistent the magnates of Perth have been in destroying the memorials of a historic past—in esteeming the fact of living of more value than life's achievement—they have not yet been able to destroy the magnificent natural surroundings of their town; and the pedestrian of to-day who climbs to the summit of Kinnoul Hill looks out upon a scene of woodland, river, tower and town as glorious, if not so wild and still, as the Romans saw when they looked from the Wicks of Baiglie.¹

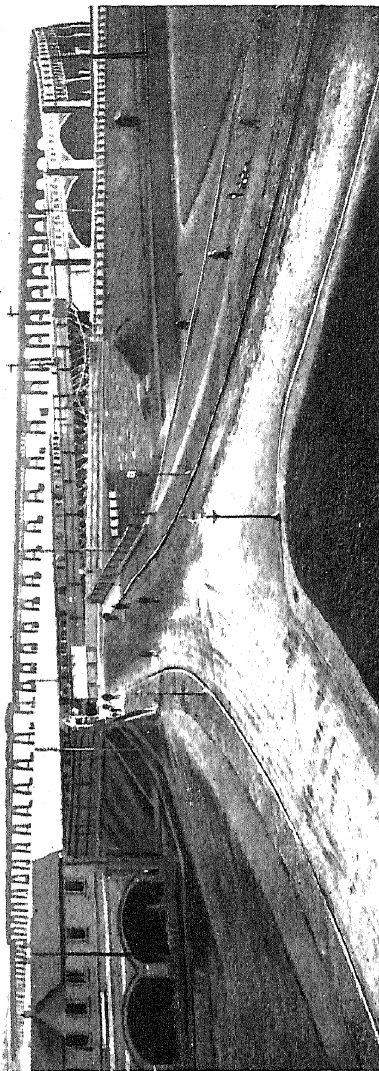
¹ Many of the ancient scenes and incidents of the history of St. Johnston are quaintly chronicled in *The Muses' Threnodie* of Henry Adamson, the local poet, published in 1638.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN CARSE.

WHEN the Duke of Cumberland in 1746 asked of the Perth magistrates his somewhat biting question regarding "that piece of land known as the Carse of Gowrie," he was well aware of the value of the region which he mentioned. From Perth to Dundee, and from the Sidlaws to the Firth of Tay, it stretches in the sun, a broad alluvial district, perhaps the richest and most fertile soil in Scotland.

Tradition runs that within historic centuries the Tay flowed along the north of the Carse, close under the Sidlaw Hills; and staples for attaching cables have been found there. The parish of St. Madoes was then, it is said, on the south side of the river. Within recent centuries, at any rate, most of the district was a marsh, as the names of its low rising grounds still testify. These are all of them called *inches*—Inchyre, Inchmichael, Megginch,—the Gaelic name for an island. The last of its pools were drained only in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the Carse may now be called the granary, not of Perthshire only, but of Scotland.



Land there is much too precious to waste on woods; the whole is cultivated with the care of a garden; and in autumn, before harvest, it waves, mile after mile, a golden sea of corn.

Three or four villages lie on the road, but the interest gathers round the ancient mansions of the Carse. Kinfauns, Pitfour, Kilspindie, and others—every one brings up a series of memories of its own, and as one after another they are reached and left behind, the pedestrian seems to be walking through some panorama of the past.

Latest and perhaps most tragic memorial of all, the Carse has at its lower end the fatal Tay Bridge.

The scene is by no means forgotten yet of the night of the terrible disaster, when the original viaduct was blown down. For some time the bridge had stretched from shore to shore across the shallow Firth, like a cable blown by the wind, and the novelty of its appearance, and the fears for its safety, had mostly passed away. It was a Sunday night when the disaster happened, the night of December 28, 1879, and next morning the papers were full of details of all that had been witnessed of the catastrophe. It appeared that there had been people who remained by no means assured of the stability of the slim, single-railed structure, and when, that night, just at the time when the train should start from Newport, a terrific gale seemed rising to its worst, they kept an anxious watch from Dundee. Dusk was deepening into night when at last the engine lights were seen. As these threaded their way along the narrow rail the wind seemed to

reach its wildest strength, and just as the high girders at the centre of the bridge were reached there came one tremendous roar, the blackness on the firth seemed to deepen, as if the waters themselves were being torn up and driven through the air, and when the watchers looked again, the lights were gone, there was darkness on the water. Some averred that at the moment when the hurricane struck the bridge they had seen what looked like a cataract of fire, and they mentioned the fact afterwards as probably the last that was seen of the doomed train. Nothing was positively known that night, though the signal wires across the bridge were found to be broken, and some adventurous spirits who climbed out as far as they could on the structure found the water-mains also severed. But in the grey light of the morning the full extent of the disaster was realised—the entire centre span of the bridge had disappeared.

There had been some seventy-four souls in the train, and for weeks afterwards the divers were busy recovering the bodies. Some that had been washed out, or had *climbed out*, of the submerged carriages, were found washed ashore far down the firth; and months afterwards the door of one of the first-class carriages was picked up by a fisherman off the coast of Norway. For long the broken piers of the old bridge, standing far out in the sea-way, bore witness to the wild transaction of that December night; but every day now the trains run fearlessly and securely over the newer and stronger iron way into the city of Dundee.

Though the third town in Scotland for number of population, it is only a few years since Dundee acquired the dignity of being called a city. Nor is it yet a city in the general sense of the word, as the place which is, or has been, the seat of a bishop. However, the town wished to be called a city, and its wish was granted. It also wished its chief magistrate to be called *Lord* Provost, and that wish also was granted. The only other towns whose chief dignitary was then called Lord Provost were Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in their case the lordly title was derived from a remote past by use and wont. But Dundee was ambitious, and its ambition was gratified, so far as that could be done by brand-new titles which had not much significance behind them.

Dundee also lately established for itself a college, which has been affiliated with the ancient University of St. Andrews; and the younger corporation shows some signs of a disposition to swallow up its classic parent. St. Andrews, however, "that grey old minister city of the north," with its ancient associations and beauty of situation, is likely to hold its own yet awhile.

But it must be allowed that if Dundee never actually was a cathedral city, it came, at a remote enough period, curiously near to that dignity. David, Earl of Huntingdon and Prince of Scotland, known to readers of romance as the hero of *The Talisman*, when he returned from his crusade, landed at Dundee. Here, in fulfilment of vows, he built the great church and tower, which still, after many changes,

rise, a cathedral in all but name, in the centre of the town.¹

Dundee was even then a place of memories. Close by, on its Law, or hill, in 834, a Scots army, defeated by the Picts, had suffered the humiliation of beholding their king, Alpin, beheaded by his captors before their eyes. For centuries after David's time the castle was a place of strength, standing at the summit of the rocks now crowned by St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Dundee itself was a small place, its walls extending only from Tod's-burn on the west to Wallace-burn on the east, and enclosing only the two streets of Seagate and Cowgate. It was twice taken by Edward I., and once again, in 1385, by the Duke of Lancaster, suffering on all three occasions the extremities of sword and fire. Edward in particular appears here, as elsewhere throughout Scotland, to have been thorough in the rôle of the spoiler—destroying records, defacing monuments, and plundering and burning all that was valuable.

The town, however, seems to have had a singular faculty of recovering itself. The Stewart kings frequently sojourned here, and their residence of Whitehall, off the Nethergate, where parliaments had sometimes been held and more than one General Assembly had met, was only removed a generation ago. A little west of Whitehall Close, in Nethergate, the Tiger-Earl of Crawford had a mansion, within the walls of which, in James III.'s time, Archibald Bell-

¹For long, so vast was this church, or rather agglomeration of churches, that four congregations worshipped under its roof. Within the nineteenth century two of these, however, housed themselves elsewhere.

the-Cat, the great Earl of Angus, with unheard-of feudal pomp and splendour, espoused Maud Lindsay, the daughter of the house. At the foot of Dundee Law, too, Dudhope Castle, more recently converted into barracks, was the seat of the Scrimgeours, Constables of Dundee and Champions of Scotland. In the Seagate dwelt the wealthy merchant-burgesses of the town—Guthries and Afflecks and Brigtons—within easy hail of the harbour and the stout little craft which brought their ventures from Denmark and the Low Countries. And not the least interesting of all, a mile or so to the north-east, the ruined Fintry Castle and the vanished Claverhouse were the cradle of the famous John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

Dundee was the first town in Scotland to declare for the Reformed religion. Before that event, in 1544, George Wishart was preaching here. It was in the time of plague, his preaching stance was the archway at the end of Cowgate, and the infected and the uninfected were on different sides of the gate. Next year, on the 28th of March, the preacher was burned before Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews. In Dundee, too, a little later, the Wedderburns, whose father was a merchant of the town, composed their "Gude and Godlie Ballates," of which part were known as the Psalms of Dundee—a quaint production which no doubt did its own work at the time.¹

¹"Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine Sangis, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godlie Ballates."

Dundee, as a stronghold of the Solemn League and Covenant and an opponent of Charles I., was stormed and burned by the Marquis of Montrose in the month of April, 1645. Upon that occasion, it is said, the Highlanders and Irish, having broken open the gates with tremendous fury, scattered at once through the town in search of plunder. Just then tidings were hurriedly brought to Montrose that the hostile troops of the Covenant were within a mile of the place, and it was only by the most vigorous efforts that he managed to collect his forces and effect an orderly retreat.

Five years later, in April, 1650, Montrose was again in Dundee. This time it was as a prisoner, defeated, wounded, and distressed; and to the high honour of the town it stands that, forgetting its former reason for resentment, and even braving the anger of the authorities, it was the first to supply its fallen foe with dress becoming his rank and character.

Then came the battle of Dunbar, and the usurpation of Cromwell. Among the noble families who sought to escape the iron grasp of the Protector was that of the Earl of Buccleuch. The earl lodged in the Luckenbooths of Dundee, and here, in that anxious and troubled time, was born his only daughter, the celebrated Anne Scott, whose hand and fortune were afterwards bestowed by the king on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. From that match is descended the present noble family of Buccleuch; and it is the Duchess Anne who forms the central figure of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Dundee proved a refuge for the Scottish Royalists only for a short time, for it was taken by General Monk, with many details of

barbarity, in 1651. During the attack and sack of the town at that time a sixth part of the inhabitants are said to have been killed; Lumsden, the governor, and his garrison, after defending themselves gallantly in the great steeple, were compelled to surrender, and were slaughtered in the churchyard; while Lord Duffus' whole regiment and another were murdered in cold blood in the Fishmarket. It is said that the slaughter at last was only stopped when an infant was found drinking from its dead mother's breast in the Thorter Row.

Monk also had his quarters in the Luckenbooths, and sixty years later, in 1716, the same roof covered the Chevalier de St. George. About eleven of the forenoon, on a bleak Friday in January, the luckless prince, gaunt and dispirited from an attack of ague, rode with a train of three hundred gentlemen into the town, and it is recorded that, "his friends desiring it, he continued about an hour on horseback in the market-place, the people kissing his hand all the while." Next day he rode towards Perth. The Chevalier's visit must have been rather a melancholy affair. His whole coming, indeed, at that time was a mistake; for the Jacobite cause had been lost at Sheriffmuir two months before.

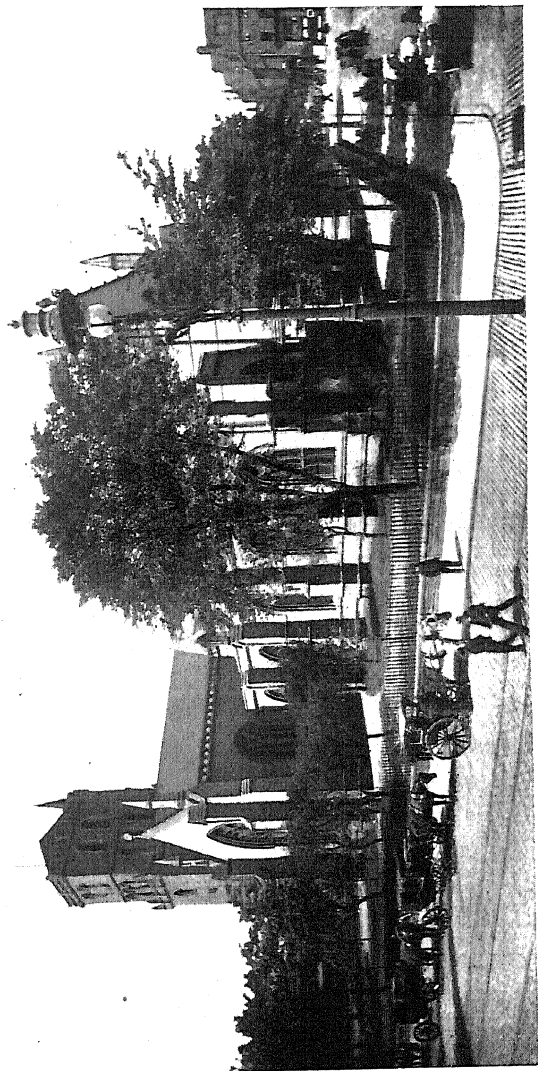
Dundee can boast among her sons and protégés a goodly gallery of historic names. Within the town's academy, which is still a stately school, Sir William Wallace was educated. It was under the birch there that he probably first met his faithful friend of after years,

Alexander Scrimgeour of Dudhope, knight,
Great Constable of fair Dundee.

Hector Boece, the famous historian ; Robert Pitiloch, or Patullo, Captain of the Scots Guard of Charles VII. of France ; and Sir George Mackenzie, the "Bluidy Mackenzie" of popular tradition, author of the "Institutes of Scotch Law," were all natives of the town. Robert Fergusson, the ill-starred poet, Burns' immediate predecessor, and Admiral Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, were also born there.

The town to-day is the great seat of the Scottish trade in linen and jute. Out of its harbour, it is true, still sails part of the yearly whaling fleet for Spitzbergen seas ; but that fleet has dwindled to insignificance, and the pursuit of leviathan promises soon to be a thing of the past. Other crafts which were once also prosperous in the town, such as thread spinning, and the making of Scottish bonnets, have one after another died out. A considerable amount of ship-building, however, is carried on, and one of the three great tanneries of sealskin in the United Kingdom is located at the harbour.

On a Saturday night in autumn, when the weather is fine, the popular side of the life of Dundee comes into evidence. Below, in the harbour, lie the dark and silent lines of ships, deserted, waiting for their cargoes ; but up in the town the High-street and market-place are a blaze of light ; the shop-windows flame with their most seductive wares, and the streets are filled with a laughing, moving crowd, light-hearted, gaily dressed, and bent on the hour's enjoyment. These are the mill-hands mostly, their week's work over and their wages in their pockets. The other class—owners and managers, merchants, brokers, and lawyers—have gone off to



Photo, W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

OLD TOWER AND CHURCHES,
DUNDEE

substantial villas and mansions, some in the west-end of Dundee itself, some across the firth in virtual suburbs there, but most, perhaps, down the coast in Broughty-Ferry, which is the Brighton of Dundee.

Claypots Castle, at the last-named place, remains one of the quaintest mansions in Scotland, with its curious square cot-houses askew on the top of its great round towers. Built by the Strachans in 1569, it passed through the Scrimgeours to the Grahams of Claverhouse, and there are fearful traditions of Witches' Sabbaths within the walls, in which the chief actors were "Bluidy Clavers" and the Devil himself.

Grange House, farther inland, was the scene of an attempt at escape by Montrose. As the Royalist general lay there for a night a prisoner on his journey south, the laird's wife dressed him in female attire, and drenched his guards with wine. The marquis was all but clear when a drunken soldier challenged and secured him.

Broughty Castle, again—a black donjon standing grimly aloof on its dark promontory in the midst of the sparkling seas—presents a curious contrast to the terraced villas which range themselves behind. Fortified again of late as a defence to the Tay, it wears an aspect somewhat in keeping with its story. It is a castle of a single campaign. Occupied by the English after Pinkie, it was besieged for three months, and then left, by the Regent Arran. On his departure the garrison fortified the hill of Bargillo at hand, and forthwith proceeded to ravage the neighbouring country. To put a stop to these proceedings, Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyll, marched thither with a body of his

clansmen ; but both he and a company of French and German troops, who made the same effort afterwards, were beaten off by the invaders. It was not till they had held the place for nearly five months that the English were finally defeated, and fort and castle stormed. Broughty Craig, therefore, and Broughty Castle have had their baptism of blood.

Such things are not thought of, however, or are thought of only by contrast, on a Sunday morning, when the bells are ringing, and the sun is shining on the laughing sea, and the comfortable merchants of the neighbouring city, with their wives and daughters, are passing by to church. Who would mention the bite of wounds and the bitterness of death in the midst of such seemly company ?

CHAPTER XII.

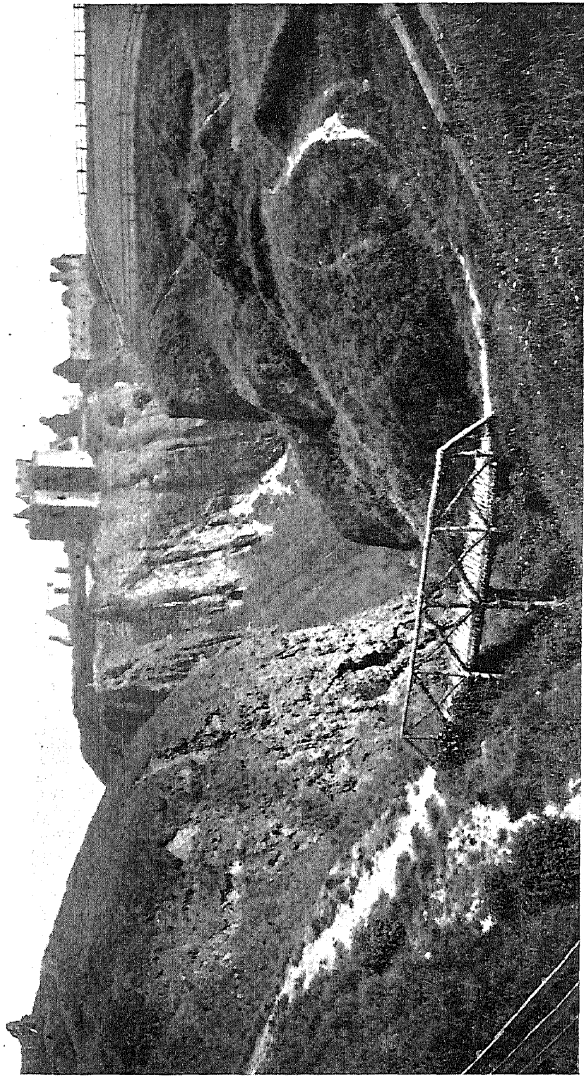
THE GRANITE CITY.

IF anyone is inclined to suppose that the picturesque in Scottish travel came to an end at the laying down of railroads and the abandonment of post-chaise and mail-coach, he may have his mind disabused of the idea by a ride under circumstances which are not unusual in the fast express to Aberdeen. The "north journey," as it used to be called by the stately "gentlemen of the road"—the commercial travellers of a generation ago—has still a wild enough charm and exhilaration under certain conditions. On an ordinary afternoon, indeed, and by a slow train, there is not much in the journey but what is common enough: the blue sea lies below, and the fields rise inland, and the curious Aberdonian accent catches the ear at roadside stations. But on a wild autumn night, when the gale is roaring off the North Sea, things appear somewhat different. Out by the long links of Carnoustie, and away northward along the eastern rampart wall of Scotland, the mail train races through a panorama that might furnish the scenery for another Walpurgis Night. Above the whirr and roar of the flying wheels come the crash and shriek of the tempest against the

carriages, and the heavy boom of the surge at the foot of the precipice far below. Sometimes, when the moon shines out for a moment amid the heavy carry of the heavens, the waves can be seen in the narrow sea-gullies leaping with white teeth almost to the foot-boards of the carriages. And when the express plunges with a yell into some narrow rock-cutting, or through the black depths of a pine forest, with the red flame of the engine-fires striking upon strange tree shapes on either hand, with the swing of the train and the wild tossing of the half-seen woods, the traveller seems to be caught in the riot of some fierce phantasmagoria.

The wind on such a night is heavy with rain, but it is worth while to let the window down for an instant for a breath of the ozone of the sea. Twelve miles off the coast, a yellow star amid the blackness, shines the lighthouse on the Inchcape Rock, where the monks of Arbroath hung their warning bell long ago, and where Southey's Rover went down for his sins on just such a night of storm. Then the lights of Arbroath itself appear below, and one remembers that in the great red sandstone abbey there rest the bones of William the Lion. In that abbey, once upon a time, the Earl of Douglas quartered himself and a thousand of his men for many weeks at the abbot's unwilling expense. The place was the Fairport of Scott's "Anti-quary"; and some three and a half miles farther north rise the cliffs of the Auchmithie shore, where Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour were so opportunely rescued by the gownsman.

Next, there is Montrose, with its ships and its great sea-basin, where the traveller who would leave the



beaten track might do worse than drop off for the morrow's ramble by local train and country 'bus through the quaint fishing villages up the coast, to Dunnottar.

But the night mail whirls inland by Laurencekirk and Old Kincardine and Fordoun, where history was made in more senses than one;¹ and it only comes back to the coast again above Stonehaven.

A Scots mile south of Stonehaven stands Dunnottar Castle, on its great rock in the sea. Since James, the last Earl Marischal, was attainted, in 1715, the fortress has been left to fall to ruin; but, though the roofs are gone, the walls and towers and turrets still retain much the appearance they wore when their last noble inheritor rode away with his eighty horsemen to join the Earl of Mar. Dunnottar parish kirk appears to have been the earliest building on the crag; and the place was the scene of a great slaughter by Sir William Wallace of English fugitives who had sought refuge in it.

Wallace in fire gart set all hastily,
Burnt up the kirk and all that was therein.
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.
Some hung on crags, right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea.
No Southron in life was left in that hold,
And them within they burnt to powder cold.

Shortly afterwards Sir William Keith, the Marischal of Scotland, rebuilt the kirk on the mainland and set

¹ Kincardine Castle was the scene of John Baliol's abdication of the Scottish throne in favour of Edward I.; and Fordoun, besides being the birthplace of Wishart the Reformer, was the residence of that John of Fordoun who wrote the "Scotichronicon."

his castle on Dunnottar. This was taken and fortified by Edward III. on his progress through the country in 1336; but no sooner had he gone than Sir Andrew Murray, the Scottish regent, recaptured it. Then for three hundred years the Keiths, Earls Marischal, were born and bred here, like the sea-eagles, their neighbours, in peace. In 1645, however, the earl of the time took the side of the Covenant, and accordingly he was besieged in his stronghold by Montrose. The royalist general would have come to terms, but the sixteen Covenanting ministers in the castle, persuaded the earl to resist; and when, in consequence, he was treated to the sight of his farms and villages burning on the mainland, Andrew Cant assured him that the smoke would be "a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord."

Six years later Cromwell's troops, under General Lambert, laid siege to Dunnottar, and there was a great fear in the hearts of patriotic Scotsmen, for it was known that within the walls were held the ancient regalia of the kingdom. The governor, George Ogilvie of Barras, left in charge by the earl, made a stout defence; but it was known that he must presently be starved into surrender, and that the regalia must then fall into the hands of the English soldiery. From that fate it was saved by the courage of a lady. Mrs. Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, obtained permission from General Morgan, the blockading officer, to visit Ogilvie's wife in the castle, and on coming away contrived to secrete the crown among some clothes which she carried in her lap. Morgan himself gallantly helped the lady to mount

her horse, and saw her depart without suspicion. Her maid at the same time brought away the sceptre and sword of state in a bundle of flax on her back. The royal insignia were kept under the pulpit and in a double-bottomed bed at the manse of Kinneff till the Restoration, when they were duly returned to Charles II. Ogilvie, for all the loss of property and long imprisonment which were his share of the adventure, got only a baronetcy and a new coat-of-arms. Sir John Keith, brother of the Earl Marischal, whose name had by chance been used to account for the regalia's disappearance, was made Earl of Kintore. And Mr. and Mrs. Granger, for all their courage, anxiety, and risk, got—nothing.

Last and most cruel of the memories of Dunnottar was the imprisonment within its walls in 1685 of one hundred and sixty-seven Covenanters, men, women, and children. Upon the alarm of Argyll's invasion they were marched hither for security, and, though it was the height of summer, they were all thrust together into one dungeon. Here, in the noisome air, without bedding or provisions except what they paid for, some of them died. Others who attempted to escape by clambering along the perilous face of the rock, were killed; and some, being re-taken, succumbed under the tortures inflicted on them. The place of their confinement is still known as the Whig's Vault, and in the walls are to be seen the holes into which, at the jailor's pleasure, the outspread hands of the unfortunate prisoners were secured by wedges. The torture, endured by women as well as men, of standing, perhaps for days together, with arms extended in this

fashion against a flat stone wall must have been almost as great as that of crucifixion. In the churchyard of Dunnottar there is a stone to the memory of the sufferers; and it was while engaged in the task of patiently cleaning that stone, in the early years of the present century, that the individual known as "Old Mortality" first attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott.

From Stonehaven there is a final stage of fifteen miles up the coast. Here it was that in the fish-curing season a generation ago the curious sight used to be familiar of mile-long lines of haddocks drying on the dyke-tops in the sun. These were the famous Findon haddocks of the southern dealers. Nowhere are they to be found in greater perfection than in their native neighbourhood; and when at last the night-mail steams into Aberdeen, and the traveller has bestowed himself in one of the quiet, substantial hotels of the city, he is wise if he asks for no other supper than a smoking plateful of the succulent, full-flavoured fish.¹

The city of Aberdeen looks its best on a sunny autumn morning after rain. Then, as one steps from his hotel into Union Street, the clean grey granite thoroughfare, sober and plain and strong, with its touch of stateliness to east and west, seems most fitly to represent the character of a northern capital.

Union Street forms the glory of the Granite City. To build it and some other thoroughfares in their present dignity the town ruined itself in the year

¹The Aberdeen haddock received a well-known encomium from Sir Walter Scott. "A Finnan haddock," he wrote, "has a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire."

1817. There is no doubt, however, that to those streets Aberdeen owes its beauty and its fame as a modern city.

Something else, however, than the mere modern city is still to be seen in Aberdeen. So long as one keeps to Union Street and Castle Street and King Street one feels himself in a Scottish county town in all points abreast of the times. Well-groomed steeds stand by the doors of bank and shop, and leisurely esquires and gracious dames and girls step along the well-kept pavements. Even the fine town cross, the richest and most perfect in Scotland, joins the general effect. It was the work of John Montgomerie, a country mason from the village of Old Rayne, in 1686, but was placed on its present site in 1845.¹ And if the fine ancient tower and transept, known as Drum's Aisle, of the kirk of St. Nicholas, do make an appearance, they are sandwiched between the two elegant modern structures of the town's east and west churches. Nor has the city failed to put its energy into the modern arena of trade and manufacture. On Friday, the market day, the spacious town's market is a sight to see, as also is the fish-market down by the docks in the early morning when the trawlers come in; the great granite quarries of Rubislaw, north-west of the city, effect an immense output yearly; Aberdeen-built clipper-ships have long been famous over the world; and the docks of the city, by the mouth of the Dee, are spacious enough to

¹ The accessions of all the kings and queens of Great Britain, from William and Mary downwards, have been proclaimed from this cross.

carry on a far-spreading ocean commerce. For pleasure grounds, too, the Duthie Park, by the riverside above the town, compares without discredit with even such famous pleasancess as the Princes Street Gardens of Edinburgh.

But step aside through one of the narrow closes between the handsome granite tenements of any of the main streets, and lo! the whole modern aspect and character of the place prove but skin-deep; one has passed at a single step out of the twentieth century into an atmosphere of the feudal ages. Here the city is still of granite, but of granite with a difference. It is no longer the polished surface of light grey that meets the eye. These narrow winding alleys, and queer little courts with outside stairs and leaning house-walls, are built of rude blocks, black with the breath of forgotten generations; and here a time-worn gable, and there a quaint turret in some squalid nook, tells a story of princely builders whose heads "are not sore to-day." Leading down behind the post office, for instance, is the Ship Row, with more than one stately corniced gable of another age looking down on the sordid traffic of what is now a fourth-rate lane. Again, through a grimy close out of Guest Row, or Ghaist Row, one comes upon the noble, turreted front of the ancient mansion, with coats-of-arms over its carved door-lintels, in which the Duke of Cumberland lodged on his way to Culloden. Many ancient buildings of great interest have of course disappeared. The barracks, for instance, on Castle Hill, occupy the site of a castle of the time of Alexander III.; and the Art Galleries or School stand in the place of the Dominican

or Blackfriars Monastery and the still earlier palace of Alexander II. Within recent years there stood on School-hill one of the quaintest specimens of household architecture in Scotland—a curious old mansion with out-hanging turrets, the house of Jamesone, the Scottish Van Dyck. It also has now been demolished, as well as the house at 64 Broad Street, in which the future Lord Byron stayed as a child; but in Gallowgate more than one fine old mansion still shows crowstep and carved lintel, and the name of Gallowgate itself contains its own strange story of the past. This was the “gait” or way to the *gia lia*—the sacred stone of Pagan times which still stands at Hilton a mile away, and which was the origin of the name *Altein à aber deen*, the “Stone of Fire at the mouth of the black river,” now popularly corrupted into “Auld Toun o’ Aberdeen.”

Marischal College, in Broad Street, it is true, looks aggressively new and uninteresting, and has entirely got rid of any appearance of its Franciscan origin. But it is surrounded by buildings which, though squalid now, speak of the glories of bygone ages. And at the other end of the long street in which it stands, a mile away, is still to be seen the beautiful old quadrangle of King’s College, with its magnificent buttressed tower and chapel of pre-Reformation times. Also, close by King’s College, the explorer comes upon the hoary cathedral of St. Machar, to whose presence, of old, Aberdeen owed its title of city. This cathedral, with its quaint, massive, low-capped towers, dark walls, and beautiful western window, presents a character of its own. The cathedral towers belong to no order of

architecture, and their appearance is as effective as their conception was bold and original.

King's College and the cathedral stand not far from the river Don, in the district of Old Machar. The place was at one time called Seaton, and, earlier still, Aberdon; but it is now known as Old Aberdeen, though, as we have seen, it has no claim to the title, the town of Old Aberdeen, destroyed by the English in the fourteenth century, having stood, as its name implies, near the mouth of the Dee. The kirktown at the mouth of the Don appears to have been ancient even in the time of David I., for in the charter of that monarch, dated 1154, by which the episcopal see was transferred hither from Mortlach, farther west, the place is called Old Aberdon.

Only one memorial in the neighbourhood, however, besides the Hilton Stone, dates farther back than the middle of the fourteenth century. It is the famous Auld Brig o' Balgownie, spanning the Don. During the Wars of Independence the bishopric of Aberdeen was held by Henry Cheyne, a nephew of the treacherous Comyn whom Bruce slew at the high altar of the Minorite convent in Dumfries. On his uncle's death Cheyne fled to England, and during the ten or fifteen years of his exile the revenues of his bishopric were unapplied. At last, however, he was allowed to return, and, either voluntarily or by command of the king, he used the long-dormant revenues of the see for the purpose of building this bridge. It spans the deep, narrow bed of the river at a romantic, wooded spot, in a single high, narrow arch. On account of

some forgotten tragedy the bridge is haunted by a quaint curse. The folk-rhyme runs :

Brig o' Balgownie, wight's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son and a mare's ae foal
Doun sall ye fa'.

Lord Byron mentions the brig in "Don Juan," and in a note records that the "awful proverb" used to make him, as a child of nine years of age, and "a wife's ae son," venture upon the arch with mingled feelings of terror and delight.

In 1605 a property then worth £2 5s. 8d. per annum was bequeathed by Sir Alexander Hay for the upkeep of this bridge, and when, in the year 1825, this property was found to have accumulated a capital of £20,000, the trustees built with it the New Bridge of Don, a few hundred yards down the river.

Excepting this Auld Brig, every part of Aberdeen, old and new, was burned and destroyed by Edward III. in 1336. The cathedral apparently, what there was of it, formed no exception, and on its ruins the present church was founded by Bishop Kinninmonth in 1357. It is said to have taken seventy years to build, and was therefore not completed when close to its walls was interred the man of perhaps most lasting fame of Aberdeen. John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and writer of the great Scottish epic "The Bruce," was buried here about the year 1395. His modest memorial tablet, found in the churchyard and preserved on the wall of the cathedral, is now no more than decipherable.

All of the cathedral now standing is the nave, the

rest having been pulled down by the Reformers and by the soldiery of Oliver Cromwell. The Reformers, in 1560, disappointed of the church plate and jewels, which had been carried off by the canons, stripped the lead from the roof, and stole the three fine bells. These they shipped for sale in Holland, but the ship went down shortly after leaving Aberdeen harbour.

The citizens of Aberdeen have from time to time throughout their country's history shown themselves of warlike mettle. It was they who, in a night of the year 1308, rose with the gathering-cry of "Bon accord," and stormed and took the Castle of Aberdeen, which an English garrison of Edward I. had held for twelve years. It was doubtless the knowledge of their martial value which brought about the burning of their city by an English admiral in 1333. But, nowise daunted by the burning, when, three years later, Edward III. invaded the country, the citizens of Aberdeen marched out, attacked a party of English at Dunnottar, and slew their general. For this exploit the city was burned again by Edward in person; and his anger upon that occasion is said to have been so fierce that he put the greater part of the inhabitants to the sword.

But chief of all the warlike exploits of the Aberdonians was the part they took in the battle of Harlaw. That battle was the last decisive act of the great struggle for supremacy between the Celtic and Saxon races of the kingdom. The immediate cause of quarrel was the possession of the earldom of Ross. This fief had fallen to the crown by the death of its lord without male issue. It was claimed, however, by

Donald, Lord of the Isles, in right of his wife, who was next-of-kin. The claim was refused by the Regent, the astute Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle of James I.; and forthwith Donald borrowed an English fleet, gathered his clans, and landed on the mainland with ten thousand men. He marched through Moray, Strathbogie, and Garioch, leaving the country a smoking desert behind him. His intention was to seize Aberdeen; but at the village of Harlaw, eighteen miles north of the city, he was met by the royal forces under the Earl of Mar. Mar's army was much smaller than that of the Lord of the Isles, but it included a heavy body of men-at-arms, and knights in armour of proof. There was also under the royal banner a stout company of the citizens of Aberdeen, with their provost, Sir Robert Davidson. The encounter appears to have been obstinate and terrific. First the Islesmen charged, with pole-axes, dirks, and claymores; then the knights, headed by Sir James Scrimgeour, Constable of Dundee, rode them down. Neither side gave way, and the conflict only ended amid the darkness of the short summer night. During the night the Highlanders drew off, leaving nine hundred dead on the field, with the chiefs of the Maclean and Mackintosh clans. On the Earl of Mar's side fell five hundred men-at-arms, all the principal gentry of Angus and Mearns, and most of the citizens of Aberdeen, with their provost. The body of the provost was brought back to Aberdeen and buried in St. Nicholas Kirk there; and so much did the burghesses take his death to heart, that they made a rule that thenceforth no provost should in his official capacity go beyond certain limits of the town. The

rule is still kept good. The battle of Harlaw was fought on Friday, July 24, 1411. In 1760 the nave of St. Nicholas Kirk fell to ruins, and when it was being restored the remains of the gallant provost were discovered, and were recognised by a small crimson cap which still covered the head. There is also still to be seen in the City Chambers the suit of iron armour in which the provost is said to have fought and fallen.

Eighty years after the battle of Harlaw, Aberdeen took the next serious step in the building of its enduring fame. From the days of Malcolm IV. there appears to have been a *Studium Generale* under the charge of the canons of Aberdeen; but it was only by Bishop Elphinstone¹ that the Papal bull was obtained which erected the *Studium Generale* into a University with the power of granting degrees. The bull was granted by Pope Alexander VI. in 1494, and in 1505 King's College was founded under the direct patronage of James IV. As in the other Scottish Universities to the present day, the chief officers were appointed to be a chancellor, who is usually a nobleman; a rector, elected by the students annually; a principal; and certain regents or professors. The first principal of King's College was Hector Boece, the famous writer, whose Latin *History of Scotland*, translated by Bellen-den, has already been quoted in these pages. His salary was forty merks, or about £2 3s. 4d. of our present money. Boece has the reputation of occasion-

¹ This great bishop was Chancellor of Scotland and Keeper of the Privy Seal to James IV. After the disaster of Flodden, it is said, he was never seen to smile, and tradition relates that at his burial in 1514 half of his crozier fell into his grave, and a voice was heard saying, "With thee, William, the mitre should be buried."

ally embellishing facts, and a good instance of this is his narrative of Macbeth's meeting with the witches. The account is taken, and "improved," from Wyntoun's *Cronykil*. From Boece it was derived, with further additions, by Hollinshed, and from Hollinshed the story was finally "glorified" by Shakespeare.

The beautiful Scottish crown on the tower of King's College, added in 1530 by Bishop Dunbar, lends a peculiarly noble and appropriate finish to the aspect of the old quadrangle; and the stalls and screen of the college chapel, of beautiful black carved oak, dispute with those in Dunblane Cathedral the first place in antique carving in Scotland. Bishop Elphinstone's tomb, covered by a slab of black marble, lies in the middle of the chapel.

The other college of Aberdeen—Marischal College¹—was founded by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, in the year 1593. It occupied at first the buildings of the ancient Greyfriars or Franciscan convent, but these were gradually altered and renewed till, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the whole college was rebuilt in its present style. About the same time the two college-universities were for degree-granting purposes united into one body, to be called the United University of Aberdeen.

Among the memories of Aberdeen in the sixteenth

¹In the doorway is preserved a memorial of the founder which speaks volumes. The Keiths were, about the time of the foundation of the college, somewhat unpopular on account of a grant which had been made to them of the abbey lands of Deer; and the motto on this stone from the old college front shows a masterly disdain of the gossip's voice. It runs:

Thay haif said.
Quhat say thay?
Lat thame say.

century not the least tragic and pitiful is that connected with Queen Mary's visit to the city in 1562. The fair young Queen, among her first acts on returning from France, had created her half-brother, first, Earl of Mar and then Earl of Moray. The latter dignity was resisted by the Earl of Huntly, and to enforce Moray's infestment Mary herself rode at the head of her army to the field. In the battle which ensued at Corrichie, in the Hill of Fare, Huntly was defeated, and died on the spot, it is said, of a broken heart. Moray had the corpse dressed meanly in a canvas doublet, and brought into court, that it might receive the sentence of a traitor. The scene which followed three days later may be given in the words of Robertson the historian: "On the 2nd November, 1562, Huntly's second son, the gallant Sir John Gordon, was led forth to execution on a scaffold erected on the Castle-gate; and a family historian has recorded that Moray had the brutality to force Queen Mary to a window in the house of the Earl Marischal (at the north end of Marischal Street), that she might see the untimely end of a man she once tenderly loved."

The same spot was, in the year 1640, the scene of a somewhat dramatic episode. This is related by Spalding, "A quarrel having occurred," he relates, "among some gentlemen who were escorting the Earl Marischal, governor of the city, towards Dunnottar, the young laird of Tolquhon was wounded in the head by George Lesly. His lordship instantly disarmed the culprit, and on the next day sent him in irons to Aberdeen, commanding the Provost to strike off his right hand for his breach of military discipline. The

chief magistrate seems to have declined the execution of this order, and the Marischal proceeded to enforce it on his own authority. A small scaffold was erected at the cross, the axe and block were made ready, and a fire was kindled to heat the instrument for searing the maimed stump. Lesly was then conducted from the Tolbooth, and descending the stair, amidst the lamentation of the crowd, laid his arm upon the block. The executioner prepared to give the stroke, when the Master of Forbes stepped forward, and taking Lesly by the hand, freely pardoned him, to the great joy of the people."

Lying between the mouths of the Dee and the Don, both of them deep rivers, Aberdeen, though otherwise an open town, has frequently been able to make a very fair stand in its own defence. Of the occasions on which it has done this, the most famous occurred during the Civil War of the time of Charles I. The Old Bridge of Dee, where the first battle took place, stands about a mile farther up the river than the city itself. Bishop Elphinstone, the projector of King's College, who died in 1514, left a sum of money to build this bridge; and his second successor, Bishop Dunbar, a grandson, through his mother, of the Earl of Sutherland, carried the legacy into effect, and built the fine seven-arched bridge which stands to the present day. It has been twice restored, and widened from fifteen to twenty-six feet, but the masonry on either side is still that which was erected by the able bishop.

It was still the original narrow structure in 1639 when, on June 14, the Earl of Montrose, at the head of a Covenanting army sent to chastise the Gordons

and the prelatie town of Aberdeen, attacked and captured it. Five years later the opposing parties of that conflict had changed sides; Aberdeen stood for the Covenant, and Montrose, now a marquis, had become Lieutenant-General for the king. On a September day in 1644 he suddenly appeared, took possession of the bridge, and demanded the surrender of the town.¹ Burley, the general of the Covenanting or Parliament party, consulted with the magistrates, and, as a result, refused to yield the place. Unluckily, during the return of Montrose's flag of truce, the drummer was shot, an accident which cost the town much blood later in the day. On each side were about two thousand men, and the battle took place at a spot called the Crabstane, near the Justice-mills, within half a mile of the town. Montrose, being somewhat deficient in cavalry, hit upon the novel expedient of mixing musketeers with his horsemen; and it was owing largely to the terror inspired by this unexpected mode of attack that, after standing stoutly to their guns for a time, the party of the town broke and fled. Spalding, the local historian, states that "there was little slaughter in the fight, but horrible was the slaughter in the flight fleeing back to the town." Montrose's Irish troops in particular are said to have acted in the sack of the city with great cruelty. In some cases, it is said, they even compelled the wretched citizens to strip themselves of their clothes before they killed them, that the garments

¹ The Marquis's letter, a curious document, with a scroll copy of the spirited reply of the magistrates, is preserved among the town's papers. Montrose begins with "Looving Freindes," and ends with "I am as you deserve, MONTROSE."

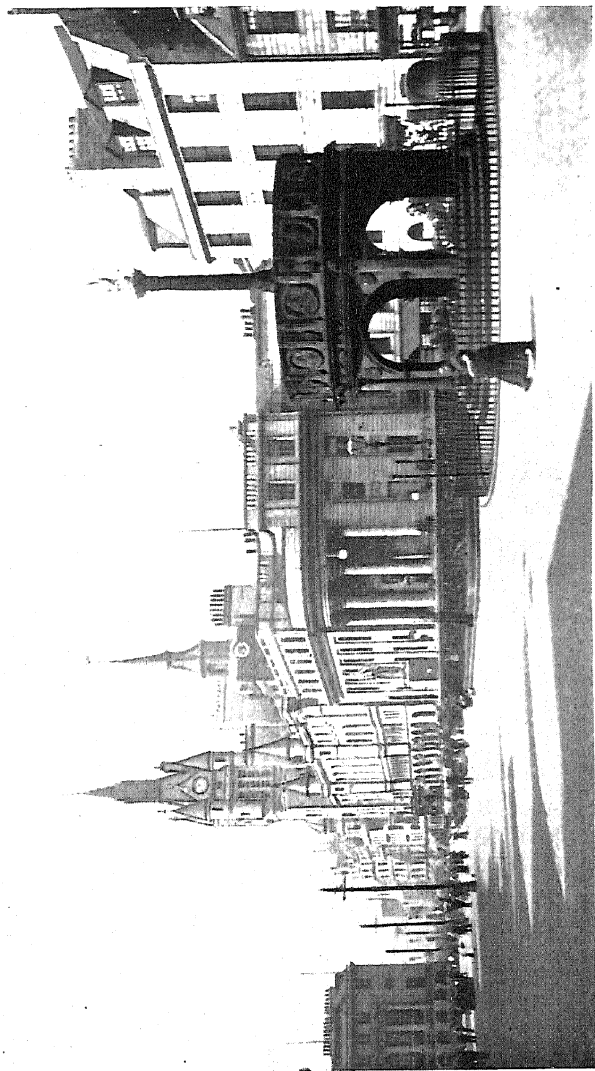
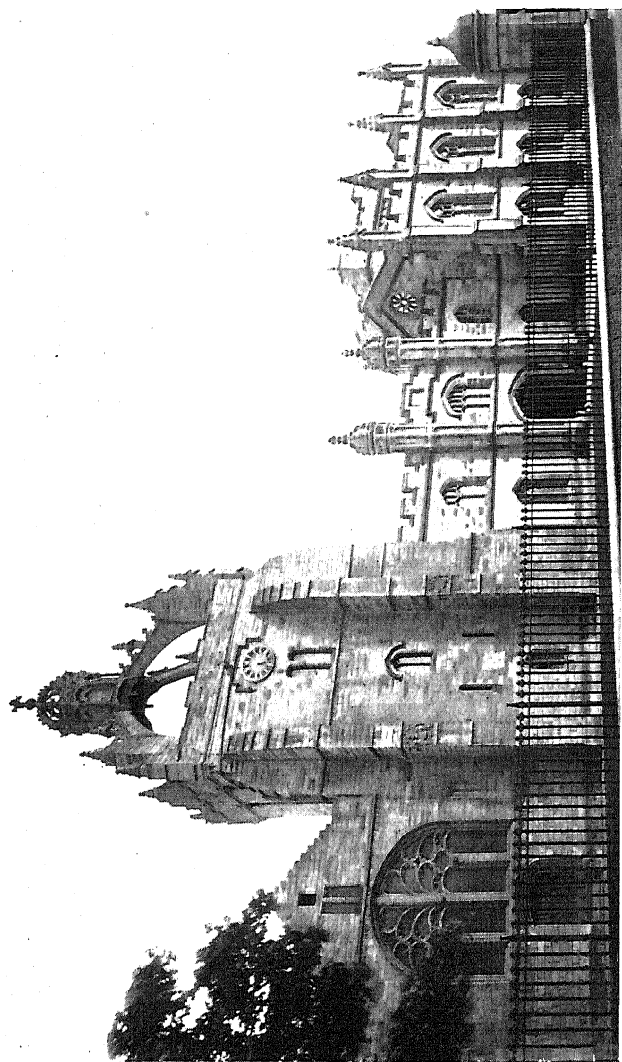


Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, ABERDEEN



might not be stained with blood. The disaster seems to have made a deep mark on the memory and imagination of the people. "The night before this field was foughten," says Spalding, "our people saw the moon rise red as blood two hours before her time."

Such was the final battle of Bridge of Dee, the last great fight in which Aberdeen has been concerned. A few years afterwards the young Charles II. passed through Aberdeen on his way to assume the Scottish crown, an enterprise from which he was presently driven again into exile by the battles of Dunbar and Worcester. Also, in the last days of 1715, the Chevalier de St. George passed through the town on his bootless errand; and in 1745 he was proclaimed, for the second time, at the cross. But nothing of the especially heroic or history-making order has happened here since the city stood to arms against Montrose.

The chief interests of Aberdeen to-day are mercantile; and for commercial purposes the city is the capital of the north-east of Scotland. The students of the university are mostly derived from the Highland districts; and, as in the other Scottish universities, many of them support themselves by their own labour during their college career. The summer recess of six months affords special facilities for this kind of effort, and during that time young lads who are looking forward to become ministers, doctors, and lawyers betake themselves to employments of strange variety throughout the country. On the day preceding the opening of the winter session, before the era of railways, the roads towards Aberdeen used, it is said, to be covered with footsore but resolute youths,

flocking in for the classes. Tradition relates that the kind-hearted Duke of Gordon used to amuse himself on these days by sending out his carriages along the main highways towards the Highlands, and giving these weary lads a lift for a stage or two. Young men who during summer had wrought as shepherds among the hills, or labourers on the Caledonian Canal, have looked back with enthusiasm and gratitude during the remainder of their lives to a lift of the kind, and the hour's chat which perhaps was its accompaniment with the brave and noble Duke.

By anecdotes like this one begins to understand the affectionate reverence with which Aberdeen still regards the memory of the "last" Duke of Gordon. His statue, colossal in grey granite of a single block, stands before the city cross in Castle-street.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BALLAD COUNTRY OF THE NORTH.

THE valley of the Dee in the north of Scotland corresponds in several ways to the valley of the Tweed and Yarrow in the south. With an ancient harbour town at the mouth of each, and with well-springs far among the lonely hills, the two rivers pass through regions of storied interest of curiously similar kind. If the southern valley has seen the hurry of the hot-trod and the Border foray, and the clashings of Scots and English arms, the northern has seen the flashings of the fiery cross, the fierce conflicts of rival clans, and something of the ancient race warfare of Celt and Saxon. The vale of Tweed and Yarrow, it is true, is haunted at every step by some old story of sorrow and dule. But the strath of the Dee is no less strewn with memories of old tragedies of honour and love and hate. In one respect, however, more than all else, the two regions strangely resemble each other. As Tweedside may be said to comprise the ballad country of the south of Scotland, so Deeside must certainly be regarded as the ballad country of the north.

Aberdeen itself, the Granite City, at the Dee mouth,

may claim for its first poetic treasure the famous ballad on "The Battle of Harlaw" already described. The ballad is very old, being mentioned as popular in his time by the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland" in 1549. A fine version was printed by Allan Ramsay in his "Evergreen," and its opening stanza gives a striking picture of the woe that followed the strife:

Frae Dunidier as I cam' through,
Down by the hill o' Banochie,
Alangst the lands o' Garioch,
Great pity was to hear and see
The noise and dulesome harmony,
That ever that dreary day did daw,
Crying the coronach on hie,
"Alas, alas for the Harlaw!"

Closer by Aberdeen, just at its gates, indeed, lies the scene of another ballad founded on an incident of the battle of the Bridge of Dee. It was in the month of June of the year 1639, when Montrose, commanding the army of the Covenant, fought his first battle at the spot. Fifty years earlier the bridge had been defended by the Earl of Huntly against the forces of James VI., and five years later it was to be captured by Montrose, for the second time, as already described, on behalf of King Charles. But the battle of 1639 was the most stubborn of the three. The troops of Montrose on this occasion encamped on the rising ground above the south end of the bridge, and the spot is still known as the "Covenanters' Faulds." For two days the battle raged, Viscount Aboyne and the Gordons, with the citizens of Aberdeen, making a stout defence. At

last, however, by a stratagem, Montrose prevailed. He sent his cavalry up the river bank, as if to cross at a higher point. Aboyne's horse, on their side, rode up to oppose the crossing. This movement exposed them to the cannon of Montrose, which made sore havoc among them, with the consequence that the Gordons were overcome, and the town fell into the hands of the Covenanters. Among the fallen appears to have been Sir John Seton, of Pitmedden, in the neighbourhood, and the ballad of the event is known by the title of "Bonnie John Seton." Like most of the Covenanting ballads of that period, it is a somewhat bald production, but it contains nevertheless one or two quaint points. Seton, it appears, before going forth, took care to make his testament :

He left his land to his young son,
 To his lady her dowrie,
 A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,
 Yet on the nurse's knee.

After detailing Seton's death by the stroke of a cannon-ball, which literally "dang Pitmedden in three," the ballad ends with a tirade against the clansmen, which finds a curious commentary in the behaviour of the Highland battalions at more recent battles like the Alma and Waterloo :

The Highlandmen are clever men
 At handling sword and gun,
 But yet are they too naked men
 To bear the cannon's rung.

For the cannon's roar in a summer night
 Is like thunder in the air ;

There's not a man in Highland dress
Can face the cannon's rair.

It need hardly, of course, be stated that all the interests of the Dee Valley are by no means exhausted by its ballads. To go no further than a few miles above the Bridge of Dee, another interest typical of the region is to be found. In the remote north-east of Scotland, as in several other corners of the country, there were districts which remained entirely unaffected by the Reformation of the 16th century. So it comes about that, amid all the religious changes around it, the estate of Blairs has never been touched by Protestantism at all. It belonged originally to the Knights-Templar; on the break-up of that order it was granted to the ancient house of Menzies of Pitfoddels close by; and John Menzies, the last of that house, at his death early in the nineteenth century bequeathed the house and all that it contained, with the estate and its income of about £1,000 a year, to the Roman Church for educational purposes. Blairs is now the college for the education of the Roman priesthood in the north of Scotland. It contains a large number of valuable books, missals, and pictures, the accumulations of many years; but the treasure of the house is the portrait which it possesses of Queen Mary. Only other two of the many known portraits of the Stewart Queen are considered genuine, and of these the portrait at Windsor is now declared by experts to be a copy of this at Blairs. The picture has had a somewhat romantic history. It was bequeathed by a Mrs. Curle to the Scots College at Douai. On the outbreak of

the French Revolution its destruction was imminent, but it was successfully concealed, carried to a convent in Paris, and finally conveyed in safety to its present resting-place at Blairs.

The river Dee was the Deva of the Romans, and at Normandykes, on the top of a hill above Culter, the remains of one of their great camps are still to be seen. Though nothing may now be known of the personal story of the men who kept guard so long ago in these great garrison camps, the iron splendour of the empire and civilisation of which they were the outposts throws a strange fascination about the places their cothurns trod.

Over against Normandykes stands the first to be met of the ancient feudal mansions of defence with which Deeside is thickly studded. Nothing more picturesque in the way of a baronial strength of different periods could well be imagined than this ancient castle of Drum. With its great square, battlemented tower, said to have been built by William the Lion, and its wilderness of high-pitched roofs, crow-stepped gables, and quaint, out-corbelled walls of later centuries, it appears a fit home for the storied race who have been its masters. One of the most famous of the ballads of Deeside belongs to the spot. "The Laird of Drum," as the ballad is called, details in spirited fashion how one of the owners of the place courted and wedded a simple shepherd's daughter of the hills. At the home-coming of the pair there was much grumbling among the four-and-twenty gentlemen who "gaed in at the yetts of Drum," but when the laird's brother

ventured to put his grievance into words the laird was ready for him :

“Now, haud your tongue, my brother John,
What needs it thee offend, O ?

I’ve married a wife to work and win—
Ye’ve married ane to spend, O.

“The first time that I married a wife
She was far abune my degree, O :
She wadna hae walked to the yetts o’ Drum
But the pearlin’ abune her bree, O.
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee, O.”

He has ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel’, O ;
In through ha’s and in through bowers—
“And ye’re welcome, Leddy Drum, O !”

Nor was the laird’s judgment belied, for the shepherd’s lass appears to have had excellent sense, and to have proved able to manage admirably, not only the affairs of her house, but the four-and-twenty gentlemen above-mentioned and brother John into the bargain. The dust of this spirited dame, who is said to have died in the year 1710, sleeps in the kirkyard of Peterculter.

The first Irvine of Drum was armour-bearer to King Robert the Bruce, and received these lands for faithful service ; and the house from that time figured continually in Scottish history. One Sir Alexander Irvine was slain at Harlaw, and another was made Earl of Aberdeen by Charles I., though he never received his patent. The story of the house’s long blood-feud with the Keiths of Dunnottar, Earls Marischal, is eminently typical of Deeside life in

ancient times. It is a story of northern Montagues and Capulets. Keith's Muir, between the castle and the river, is said to have been the scene of one of their encounters, and another tragic incident of the feud is associated with a spot in the river at hand. One of the Keiths, it appears, surprised in a stolen interview with a daughter of the house of Drum, fled to the Dee, and, plunging in, swam for his life for the opposite side. But the current was fierce, and his wind exhausted with his flight, and at a rock in the middle of the river he was compelled to pause for breath. As he clung there his pursuers reached the bank, and, taking deliberate aim, shot him dead. Keith's Stane and Keith's Pot, the pool round it, are still pointed out. This ancient feud was at last ended by the marriage of Alexander Irvine with Elizabeth Keith.

A mile above Keith's Pot, on the south side of the river, on what is now known as the Castlehill, stood the ancient castle of Durris, a hunting-seat of the early Celtic kings. No vestige of it now remains, and imagination is left free to picture on the spot the pomp of early times. Here rode Alpin and Fergus perhaps, with the dull gold crown among their bushy locks, with horn and knife, muscular and alert, followed by the gay rout of a barbaric court. They had their day, and the wind somewhere blows over their graves.

Of later date, of the year 1528 indeed, is Crathes Castle, the seat of the ancient family of Burnett of Leys. Leys itself lies somewhat north-west of the present quaint old towered mansion, and in the Loch of

Leys, now drained, stood the fortalice of Alexander de Burnard, the founder of the family, who in 1324 received a grant of these lands from the great King Robert. In one of these two dwelling-places, Leys or Crathes, must be set the scene of the famous ballad, "The Baron of Leys." The Baron, it appears, had a wife at home, but this did not prevent his playing the gallant when abroad. The ballad narrates his intrigue with a lady of France, and its sadly compromising consequences. To comfort the damsel, Leys told her his name and rank, whereupon she proved herself somewhat more than equal to the occasion :

"It's ye'll pay down ten thousand crowns,
Or marry me the morn ;
Else I'll cause you to be headed or hanged,
For gieing me the scorn."

The Baron's reply is not without its own share of humour :

"My head is a thing I canna weel want ;
My lady loves me dearly ;
So I'll deal the gold right liberally,
For lying ae nicht sae near thee."

Upon news of her lord's escapade reaching her the Lady of Leys appears to have been rather pleased with his prowess than otherwise :

When she lookit o'er the castle wa'
To view the woods sae early,
There she spied the Baron o' Leys
Ride on his steed sae rarely.

Then forth she went her baron to meet,
Says, "Ye're welcome to me fairly!
Ye'se ha'e spice-cakes and seed-cakes sweet,
And claret to drink sae rarely."

The famous Bishop Burnet, historian of the times of Charles I., was a son of the house of Leys.

Above Crathes, in an open hollow of the Hill of Fare, the burn of Corrichie comes down. It was in that hollow, and about the banks of the burn, that in the year 1562 the important battle already referred to was fought, between the forces of Queen Mary and those of the Earl of Huntly, to enforce the infestment of the queen's half-brother in the earldom of Moray. It was upon the march hither that Mary is said to have "repented that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields or walk the rounds with a jack and knapskull." Huntly, with scarce five hundred men to encounter two thousand, made his last stand on the Hill of Fare. Driven down to the marshy hollow by the harquebus fire, he was set upon by the spearmen of Moray and overwhelmed. Huntly himself was either suffocated in the press by the weight of his armour, or died of a broken heart. Two of his sons were captured, and one of them, Sir John Gordon, was carried to Aberdeen and executed three days later, Moray, as already said, barbarously compelling the queen to watch the execution. At Corrichie a spot is still pointed out as Queen Mary's Chair, from which she viewed the battle, and a spring close by is known as Queen Mary's Well.

From the sunny modern village of Banchory three roads may be followed into the west. The pilgrim may cross to the south side of the Dee, and go by the quaint old bridge and the Falls of the Feugh, through the village of Strachan, by the old mansion of Finzean,

and through the forest lands of Birse, to the river again at Aboyne. On that route, at the Feughside Inn, the old drove road over the Cairn o' Mounth comes down—a road that in earlier times has seen the flying feet of many a fugitive, and the march of many an army between Deeside and the south. At Corse Dardar, too, is to be seen the great cairn under which sleeps Dardanus, the Pictish king, slain on the spot by his own subjects.

The old main road holds along Deeside, past the Druid circle in Inchmarlo Woods, and the Tinkler's Leap at the Bridge of Potarch, and through the sequestered village of Kincardine-O'Neil, the place of title of the ancient house of Durward, once powerful in these parts.

Here, however, for once in history, the railway route, going out of the way to do it, takes in the spot of most vivid interest in the countryside. This lies at Lumphanan, once a remote peat moor, but now a smiling country with a growing hamlet. Nowhere in Scotland, perhaps, does the contrast between past and present appear so striking, if one takes the trouble to realise it. A few hundred yards to the west of the railway station one could throw a pebble from the carriage window into the place of defence in which the much-maligned Macbeth made his last stand against his enemies.

All the world does not know, though it ought to, that the king was not slain at Dunsinnan, when that strength was taken. In Wyntoun's "Croneykil," after the description of the taking of Dunsinnan, it is stated

O'er the Mounth they chased him than
Intil the woods of Lumphanan.

The Peel-Ring at Lumphanan—a wall-encircled mound of the twelfth or thirteenth century, with a wide, shrub-grown moat—occupies the site of the early fastness in which he made his final stand. Here he was hemmed round by the army of Macduff and Siward, and here in the end, seeing his fortune desperate, he armed himself, had the gates opened, and rode forth “to try his last.” At Cairnbeth, a couple of hundred paces away, they show the stone where he received his death wound. Then the steed galloped off with its bleeding master. After crossing the little valley, it carried him round the shoulder of the hill opposite, and two miles northwards. No man saw Macbeth die. His pursuers found his body on the side of the Perk Hill, where he must have dropped from his horse. There, tradition says, he was buried. A cairn, now planted with trees, marks the spot among the hills, about a mile above the modern village. About sixty years ago the energetic tenant of Craigton, the farm on which the memorial stands, made use of the original stones of the cairn to fence his fields. Under the heap he came on a stone coffin containing “a handful of mouldy earth, some feather quills, and a fragment of rust-eaten steel”—all that was left of the once-terrible Macbeth. On being remonstrated with regarding his vandalism, the agriculturist is said to have replied that he meant no harm, that he understood the dead monarch to have been a reformer and something of a practical man himself, who would have been the last to refuse the

use of the stones for so good a purpose, and that he meant to refill the cairn. This accordingly he did at a later day with the stones from his field-trenching.

The name of Macbeth has become a by-word for the crime of ambition, but few who use it have taken care to ascertain historic fact in the matter. Something might be gathered from Wyntoun, Torfæus, and the Annals of Ulster. Macbeth was the son of Finlegh and of Doadá, the daughter of Malcolm II. By hereditary right he was Maormor, or governor of Ross. He married Gruoch, grand-daughter of Kenneth IV. and widow of the Maormor of Moray, who fled to him with her infant son Lulach, after the slaughter of her husband and fifty of his clan by King Duncan. Her brother had been slain by the same king. Macbeth, therefore, was Thane of Cromarty (part of Ross) by inheritance, Thane of Moray by marriage, and both on his wife's side and his own had a definite claim to the throne—according to the Tanist law, indeed, he was the immediate heir—while on account of his wife's wrongs he had every reason to seek reprisal on King Duncan. It is true that Duncan, whom he murdered, was his mother's brother; but the monarch appears to have been as dissolute as he was incompetent, and in his place Macbeth ruled for seventeen years with strong and just government. Wyntoun writes of him:

All hys tyme was gret plenté,
Abowndand bath on land and se.
He wes in justice rycht lawchfull,
And till hys legis all awfull.

He was slain on December 5, in the year 1056.

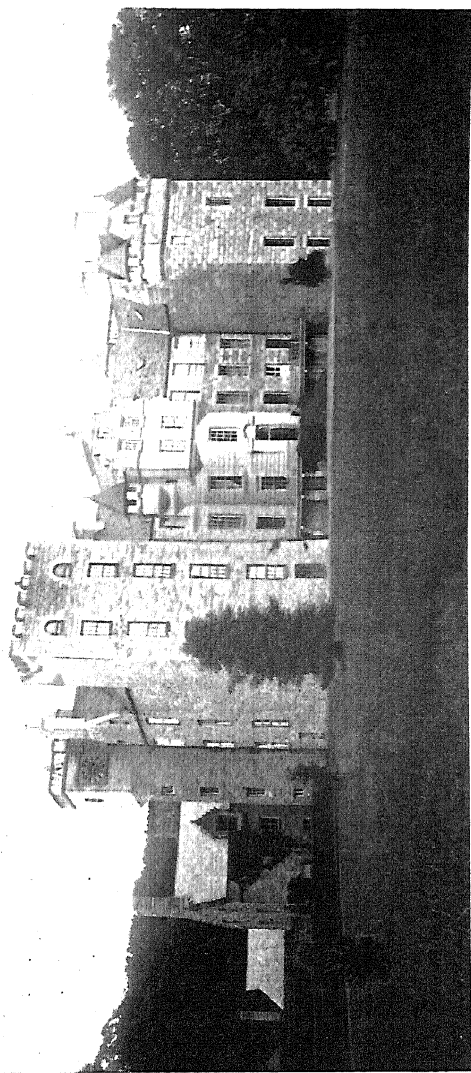
The Peel-Ring has dramatic memories of a later age than that of Macbeth. It was a fortified place in 1296, and within its walls Edward I. received the submission of Sir John de Malvill, ancestor of the Melvilles. It was only towards the end of the 18th century that the stones of the building on the mound were carried away for fencing purposes. The most effective time to visit the Peel-Ring of Lumphanan is on a still moonlit night. Here, amid the lonely hills, with the shadows of the bush-grown moat around, and the silence broken only by the tinkle of the rivulet at hand, one can imagine the solitude haunted by many a phantom of the brave and cruel past. In keeping with these, Mortlach Hill, to the east, is said to have been haunted by a certain terrific warlock with a red cap, whose appearance invariably heralded calamity. But ghosts and ghouls have terrors only in the night. It is quite another thing to march by the place amid the sunshine of the morning afterwards. The whistle of a farm lad comes lustily down from a field far up on the hillside, where he is busy with grubber or plough, and the "vet." drives cheerily past in his dogcart on the way to some upland byre. The Peel-Ring is left behind, amid its sedges and low bushes, a mournful and forsaken spot, and the clean Highland road, running down through copse and muir, gladdens the heart of the pedestrian. Close by the road, in their sunny, wood-hung dell, pour the sparkling waters of the Slog of Dess; then the way runs westward into the villa-hamlet of Aboyne, scattered among the pine woods by the blue-shining Dee.

Here, in the heart of the ancient Gordon country, the head of the clan, the Marquis of Huntly, has his seat. Aboyne Castle belonged in turn to the Bissets, the Knights-Templar, and the Earl of Mar; but has been in possession of the Gordons since 1388, when that family came from Berwickshire. Upon the extinction of the original dukedom of Gordon in 1836 the marquissate went to the Earl of Aboyne, a descendant of the second son of the Marquis of Huntly executed in 1649. Charles Gordon, the present Marquis of Huntly, is the eleventh holder of the title. In 1876 a new dukedom of Gordon was created for the Duke of Richmond, as heir-female of the ancient Dukes of Gordon.

Throughout the feudal centuries the name of Huntly was by far the greatest in the North, and the history of the house in those times is practically the history of the further half of Scotland. Members of the clan fought at the Battle of Otterbourne in 1388. Upon that occasion

The Gordons good in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon.

And the Earl of Huntly was one of the commanders of the victorious left wing of King James's army at Flodden. Most interesting, however, perhaps, are some of the episodes of the house's history which have been rendered famous by the folk-song of the country. One of these episodes forms the subject of the well-known ballad, "Edom o' Gordon." In the year 1571 Adam Gordon, brother of the Earl of Huntly, was acting deputy-lieutenant for Queen Mary's party in



ABOYNE CASTLE

Photo. W. Kirchie & Sons, Ltd.

the north of Scotland, and during the late autumn of that year was victorious in several actions against the Master of Forbes, lieutenant for the regent and the king's party. During these hostilities a company of the Gordons summoned the house of Tavoy or Corgarf, belonging to John Forbes, to yield; and on the indignant refusal of Forbes's lady, a daughter of Campbell of Cawdor, to do so without her husband's instructions, fire was put to it, and she and her family and household, 27 persons, were burnt within. The ballad relates in true folk-song fashion the lady's proud colloquy from her tower-head with the enemy, and its cruel answer:

Out, then, spake the Lady Margaret,
As she stood on the stair;
The fire was at her gowd garters,
The lowe was at her hair.

But the climax is reached when the lady's daughter, suffocating in the smoke, begs to be rolled in a pair of sheets, and dropped over the wall. The fair burden is received on the point of Gordon's spear.

Oh, bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her ower;
Oh, gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that e'er
I wished alive again!"

He turned her ower and ower again—
Oh, gin her skin was white!
He said, "I might ha'e spared thy life,
To ha'e been some man's delight!"

The burning of Corgarf, thus chronicled, had a sequel which affords a striking illustration of the manners of feudal times. The incident is related in Picken's *Traditional Stories of Old Families*, from which it may be quoted: "Subsequent to this tragical affair," says the writer, "a meeting for reconciliation took place between a select number of the heads of the two houses in the castle of Driminor. The difference being at length made up, both parties sat down to a feast. The eating was ended, and the parties were at their drink. 'Now,' said Huntly to his neighbour chief, 'as this business has been satisfactorily settled, tell me, if it had not been so, what it was your intention to have done?' 'There would have been bloody work,' said Forbes, 'bloody work, and we would have had the best of it. I will tell you. See, we are mixed one and one, Forbeses and Gordons; I had only to give a sign by the stroking down of my beard, and every Forbes was to have drawn the skein from under his left arm, and stabbed to the heart his right hand man.' As he spoke, Forbes suited the sign to the word, and stroked down his flowing beard. In a moment a score of skeins were out, flashing in the light of the pine torches held behind the guests. In another moment they were buried in as many hearts; for the Forbeses, whose eyes constantly watched their chief, mistaking this involuntary motion for the agreed sign of death, struck their weapons into the bodies of the unsuspecting Gordons. The chiefs looked at each other in silent consternation. At length Forbes said, 'This is a sad tragedy we little expected; but what is done cannot be undone, and the blood that now flows on the floor



of Drimnor will just help to slocken the auld fire of Corgarf.'"

Another ballad concerning the house has for its hero an ancestor of the present Marquis, who in 1671 married Margaret Irvine, a daughter of Irvine of Drum. The composition, which goes by the name of "The Earl of Aboyne," is probably based on some gay intrigue at the court of the Merry Monarch. Aboyne's lady, it appears, had heard rumours of some love affair in which her lord had been mixed up in London, but at word of his near approach she set grooms, minstrels, cooks, and maids all astir to prepare a noble welcome. Her own reception of him was of the warmest, but it met with but a poor return.

Her gown was o' the gude green silk,
Fast'ned wi' red silk trimmin',
As stately she stept down the stair
To look gin he was comin'.

She's gane to the close, ta'en him frae his horse,
Says "Ye're thrice welcome frae Lon'on!"
"If I be as welcome," he cried, "as ye say,
Come kiss me for my comin';
For the morn should ha'e been my wedding day
Gin I'd stayed ony langer in Lon'on."

She turned about wi' a disdainfu' look
To Jean, her gentlewoman—
"If the morn should be your wedding day,
Go, kiss your miss in Lon'on!"

The end of the story is tragic. The earl rides away, and the lady sends after him for forgiveness in vain. It is only when the black-sealed letters announcing her

death are brought to him in the south that his love for his lady comes back, and he rides home to her funeral :

“ My nobles a’ ye’ll turn your steeds,
That that comely face I may see then :
Frae the horse to the hat a’ maun be black,
And mourn for bonnie Peggy Irvine !”

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE KING'S COUNTRY.

ABOVE Aboyne the Valley of the Dee becomes entirely Highland in character; the mountains close in, and fragrant woods of birch and pine take the place of the open fields of the lower country. The Burn of Dinnet is the dividing line; and here, at the foot of the mountain strath, the level Muir of Dinnet and the shores of Loch Kinord, between the Dee and the Hill of Culbleen, have been a battle-ground since prehistoric times. David II. fought and defeated the partisans of Baliol at the foot of Culbleen—a great carved stone marks the spot; and the fugitives found refuge in the island castle in the loch. That castle is said to have been built by Malcolm Canmore; and on the Hill of Mullach, close by, Malcolm II. is said to have overthrown the Norsemen in a great and bloody battle. The region is covered with funeral cairns of fallen chiefs and warriors; and from the contents of some of them, and the discoveries of ancient crannogs and canoes in the loch itself, the spot appears to have been of note even in prehistoric times. Latest of the memories of the district is that of the famous cateran Gilderoy. For three years in the middle of the seven-

teenth century that freebooter laid the whole of the Highland border under blackmail. His favourite haunt in this district was the curious granite cavern known as the Vat, through which the Burn of Vat pours on its way from Culbleen side into Loch Kinord. Notwithstanding his knowledge of this and many another curious hiding-place, Gilderoy was at last caught, tried, and hanged at Edinburgh in 1636. The well-known ballad on the tragic but necessary event concludes :

They hanged him high abune the rest,
He was so trim a boy.
There died the youth whom I lo'e best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Southward, over the Bridge of Dinnet, the pilgrim passes all that is left of old Dee Castle, or Candecaill (head of the wood), as it used to be called, once a chief seat of the Huntly family, and famous in the old song :

We'll up the moor of Charleston,¹
And o'er the water of Dee,
And hine awa' to Candecaill ;
It's there that we should be.
A red cloak o' calico,
A saddle and a whip,
A hinging-mouthed bridegroom
That lays me down to sleep.

Little is now left of Candecaill ; but the characteristic feature of the spiritless bridegroom, and the naïve resentment of his bride, are not likely to be soon forgotten.

Close by lies Ballaterich, poetically famous in a different way. It was to this house that Byron was

¹ The village of Aboyne is properly "Charleston in Aboyne."

sent for a time, when a boy, to have the benefit of the mountain air on recovering from a fever. Here he received those impressions of mountain scenery—of snowy Morven and dark Lochnagar—which struck such an effective note in his poetry in after years; and here he met that Mary who inspired so strange a passion in his boyish breast. The stanzas which record that passion in the “Hours of Idleness” form not the least striking composition of the poetry of Deeside.

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow !
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below ;
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you ?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child ?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt when a boy, on the crag-covered wild ;
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new ;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view ;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanished, my youth is no more :
As the last of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before.
Ah ! splendour has raised, but embittered my lot ;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew ;
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot ;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen ;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endeared the rude scene ;
When, haply, some light waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long-flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow ;
But, while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me ? Ah, no.
Adieu ! then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
No home in the forest shall shelter my head.
Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but with you ?

In recent editions of Byron's poems a note connects these stanzas with Mary Duff, who married Robert Cockburn, Esq., of Edinburgh ; and passages are quoted from the poet's diary and letters in which he alludes to an early "utter and devoted fondness" for that girl. "Many years after," he writes, "when I was sixteen, my mother told me one day : 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby ; and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Cockburn.' And what

was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, to the horror of my mother and the astonishment of everybody." Local tradition, however, avers that the poet's childish love was Mary Robertson, the second daughter of his host at Ballaterich; that she married Kenneth Stuart, some time an excise officer at Crathie, and that she died at Aberdeen on March 2, 1867, aged eighty-five, and lies buried in Glentanar kirkyard.

The wooden box-bed in which Byron slept when a boy was to be seen at Ballaterich till the year 1868, when it was accidentally destroyed by fire. From the house, however, can still be seen "Morven of Snow," towering against the heavens above the opposite side of the valley; while westward, above Glenmuick, twelve miles away, frown the dark beetling precipices of storm-wrapt Lachin y gair.

From Ballaterich the road rises along the hillside westward, among heather and fern; and it is pleasant, as the shadows begin to gather among the mountains, and lights to shine from scattered shielings in the valley below, to come upon the cosy Highland hostel of the once famous Wells of Pannanich, and, under the roof that has sheltered many a romance of the spa, to take one's ease at one's inn.

It was in the end of the 18th century that the mineral waters of Pannanich became famous. In 1760 an old woman of the neighbourhood, taking the notion to bathe her sores in the water of the hillside, found her trouble rapidly disappear. The report of the cure spread, wells and baths were established, and

visitors flocked to the spot. The wells and baths are here yet, but their patronage has dwindled. The immediate result of their popularity, however, was the building of the village of Ballater; and still every summer it is crowded by visitors seeking the mountain air.

Before darkness quite falls, the maid of the inn at Pannanich has time to point out under the windows, on the farther side of the valley, the ruined kirk of Tullich, and to aver the truth of the story of the spot. Somewhat like Alloway kirk in appearance, the kirk of Tullich was the scene of an incident differing only in degree from that related in "Tam o' Shanter." For within its walls, strange as the circumstance may appear, was improvised, so runs local tradition, the famous "Reel o' Tullich."

It was a wild winter Sunday, it seems, and the minister, thinking his congregation would hardly venture out on such a day, remained at home. His flock, however—stalwart mountaineers from the glens around, to whom the kirk was the trysting-place of the week—did come together. For a time they waited soberly enough; but at last, moved by the lowering day and the absence of the minister, someone proposed refreshment. Such things only need a beginning; the collection ladle was passed round, the proceeds were invested in "yill" at the neighbouring change-house, and from less to more, as the good liquor took effect, a dance was suggested. Soon the fun grew furious. While the village cobbler thundered in the pulpit, and the blacksmith, in the precentor's desk, roared forth the gay ditty of

"John, come kiss me now," the floor rang with the flying revel, and the fiddler, his bow going more and more madly as the excitement increased, suddenly, in a burst of inspiration, improvised the dance-tune of all dance-tunes, the "Reel o' Tullich."

History is silent as to the fate which befell the revellers in so sacred a place, but the air begotten amid the wild merriment of that dark winter day on Deeside is likely to make the blood dance in the veins of many a generation, Highland and Lowland, yet unborn.

One cannot help wondering what would have been thought of such an occurrence by Nathalan, the patron saint of Tullich. Tradition relates a story of that holy man which vouches either for his extreme piety or his singular astuteness. In penance for some sin, it appears, Nathalan fastened an iron girdle round his waist; then he threw the key of the girdle into the Dee here, at a spot known as the Key Pool, at the same time declaring that if ever he found the key he would take it as a sign that God had forgiven his sin. Shortly afterwards he went to Rome, and there, remarkable to relate, in a fish purchased from an Italian fisherman, he found his key. More curious still, the key was yet un-rusted. The miracle, we are told, reached the ear of the Pope, who on the strength of it made Nathalan a bishop.

A little farther up the valley, at the mouth of Glenmuick, lies the scene of a more tragic incident. Little is left now of Brackley Castle, but its site is pointed out near some fine old ash-trees which probably

grew in its courtyard. In September of the year 1666, John Gordon of Brackley, in execution of legal warrant, had poinded some cattle belonging to Farquharson of Inverey, farther up Deeside. Farquharson, who was fierce and lawless, gathered his dependents, made a descent on Brackley Castle, and proceeded to drive off both his own and Gordon's cattle. Upon Gordon's attempt to prevent this the Farquharsons fell upon him, and slew both him and his brother. The incident forms the subject of a fine heroic ballad.

THE BARON O' BRACKLEY.

Down Deeside cam' Inverey whistling and playing ;
He's lighted at Brackley yetts at the day dawning :

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within ?
There's sharp swords at the yett will gar your blood spin."

The lady rase up, to the window she went ;
She heard her kye lowing ower hill and ower bent.

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye,
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again ?
Where'er I have ae man I wat they ha'e ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses, tak' rocks¹ in your hand,
And turn back the kye. I ha'e you at command.

"Gin I had a husband, as I ha'e nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith,²
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gi'e me my spear ;
I aye was for peace, though I never feared weir.

¹ distaffs.

² armour.

'Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame ;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win hame ! "

When Brackley was busked, and rade ower the close,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted and rade ower the green,
He was as bauld a baron as ever was seen.

Though there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonnie Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround,
And they've pierced bonnie Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him and ban Inverey.

"O cam' ye by Brackley's yetts ? was ye in there ?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear, riving¹ her hair ?"

"O I cam' by Brackley yetts, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben ;
She laughed wi' the men that had slain her baron.

O fy on you, lady ! how could ye do sae ?
You opened your yetts to the fause Inverey.

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in ;
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron.

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shawed him the road that he shouldna be ta'en.

"Through Birss and Aboyne," she says, "lyin' in a tour,
Ower the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."

There is grief in the kitchen and mirth in the ha' ;
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

¹tearing.

Tradition still points out the gate through which Gordon rode forth, and the hollow way between two knolls where he was slain. For the deed of that night Inverey was prosecuted before the Court of Justiciary, and lay under outlawry for many years. Gordon's wife, who played so dark a part in the tragedy, was a daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet of Leys. Curiously enough, in 1592, an earlier Gordon was slain at Brackley by certain Farquharsons whom he was entertaining. On that occasion the Earl of Huntly, Gordon's kinsman and chief, raided the country of Clan Chattan, to which Farquharson belonged, and in a fierce battle left three score of the enemy dead on the field. The sequel of this event is remembered in local tradition. A year after the vengeance the Laird of Grant, who had aided Huntly in the raid, paid a visit to the Earl. After dinner the latter took him to a balcony. In the court below, the waste from the table had been cast into a great trough, and when the cook blew a whistle a hatch like that of a kennel was raised, and out rushed, yelling, biting, and struggling for the food in sight, some two hundred orphan children of the Farquharsons slain in the fight. Grant, a humane man, begged the children, dispersed them among his clan, and had them reared like human beings. But for long they and their descendants were known among the Grants as the Race of the Trough.

Close by Brackley, on the farther side of the Muick, lies the scene of another dark story. Knock Castle was once held by the Durwards, and again belonged to the ancient Earls of Mar. Subsequently it came into the hands of a branch of the Gordons, and the line



of the family is said to have ended tragically in a single day. A feudal enemy, Black Arthur Forbes of Strath Girnock, came on the seven sons of Alexander Gordon of Knock as they were cutting turf, and having killed them, stuck their heads on their flaughter-spades. Their father on receiving the news, it is said, dropped suddenly dead. Gordon of Abergeldie, the next heir, made a raid on Strath Girnock, slew Forbes, and seized his lands. The incident, like that of the Baron of Brackley, is typical of ancient life on Deeside.

At Ballater to-day the railway ends, and the wanderer finds himself at once and unmistakably in the heart of the Highlands. From time immemorial the upper valley of the Dee, remote among the mountains, has been a centre of Highland life and feeling, and it is hardly less so at the present hour. The country is still owned by its ancient lords—Gordon and Farquharson; the ancient clan gatherings for hunting and revelry under the Earls of Mar are still represented by the annual gatherings under Farquharson and the Duke of Fife; and even royalty here, as of old, assumes a Highland character.

The comings and goings of members of the Royal House during the last half century have, curiously enough, restored one of the most striking ancient features of Deeside. For it is a fact of which few Southrons are aware that with the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland and the early Stewarts alike this upper valley of the Dee was a favourite place of residence.

Malcolm Canmore built at Braemar his castle of Kindrochit, and many of the charters of Robert II. are dated from the same spot. When, therefore, Queen

Victoria and the Prince Consort made their Highland home at Balmoral, four miles farther down the valley, they were merely restoring to Deeside one of its most ancient distinctions, the honour of providing a royal retreat.

Ballater soon becomes aware of the fact on these still autumnal mornings when royalty is expected to arrive, and people gather in little groups in the village square. The royal guard of honour, a company of a Highland regiment, is drawn up in a double line facing the doorway from the railway platform—colours in front, pipes at the far end, and the two officers gaily expectant. As the train steams into the station the officers spring to their places, the company comes to "attention," and the pipers stand with wind ready. There is a pause—no one is allowed to leave the station till the royal party emerge. A footman hurries out with a bag or wrap, and opens the carriage door, and a guest or two come leisurely forth and find seats in the waggonette. Then an august figure appears in the station door-way. Instantly there is the ring of the Highlanders' rifles and the flash of the officers' swords as they come to the royal salute; and as the colours go down in the dust the pipes strike boldly and beautifully into the point of war appropriated for such occasions. The King acknowledges the military salute; then, as the roomy waggonette with its pair of comely greys drives away, he raises his bonnet in acknowledgment of the long ringing cheer of the gathered crowd.

It is a noble country that the pedestrian passes through on the road up the north side of the Dee. When Ballater has been fairly left behind, and the

Bridge of Gairn has been crossed, one finds himself traversing a finely wooded mountain valley. Treading now through the solitude of old pine forests, and now through less sombre glades of birken shaw, where great spaces are carpeted with purple heather, one catches ever and again a glimpse of the broad-flowing Dee on the left below, or the turrets of some storied old house among its trees. Every foot of the country here has its legend, and there is time to recall its memories amid the silence of these lonely woods. Here and there among the woodlands, however, occurs a break. There is the snug old hostel of Coilnacreich by the roadside, and, farther on, the ancient Highland clachan of Micras.

A mile beyond Micras, on the opposite bank of the river, sequestered among magnificent ancient birches, appears probably the most picturesque old mansion in the upper strath of the Dee. The estate came into the hands of the Gordons in the fifteenth century, and it still belongs to one of them. After Queen Victoria came to Balmoral, however, Abergeldie was leased from its owner. For many years it was the autumn residence of the Duchess of Kent; and it housed King Edward when Prince of Wales, the Empress Eugenie, and others of the royal guests. Fierce and terrible memories of an older day haunt the place. Many a cruel deed was done in feudal times by the barons who dwelt within those walls. Of one of them, a Mowat, it was said that "his dule-tree was hardly ever toom"; and under the castle staircase is still to be seen the dungeon with its shackle-rings where the luckless prisoners waited their fate. On Cairnaban, too, above

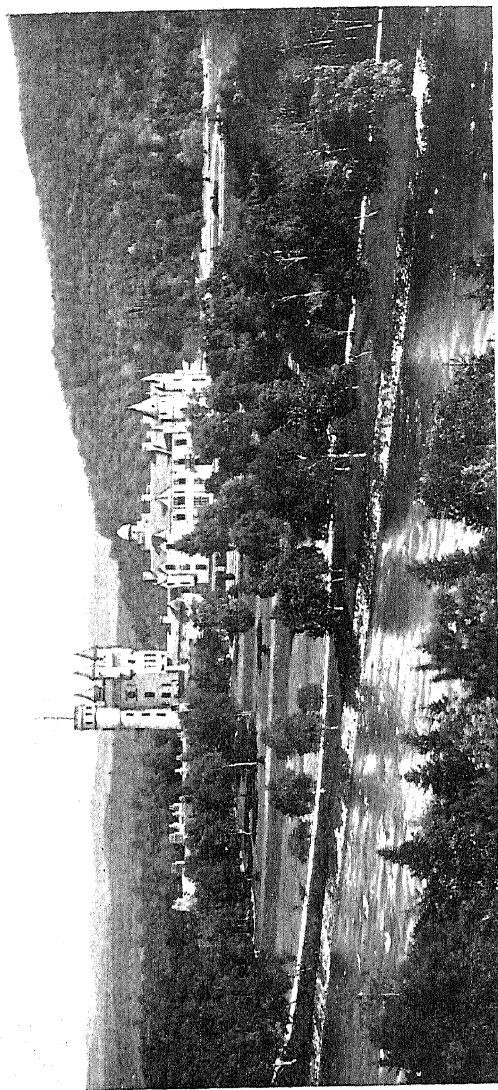
the castle, there is a cave said to have been the hiding-place of a Pictish chief after a great defeat, and one may still see the hollow where witches were burned. The neighbourhood, however, has also less darksome memories. It was the finding of a piece of white heather on Cairnaban which gave the Prussian Crown Prince an opportunity to come to an understanding with the fair young Princess Royal of Britain, half a century ago; and the woods about the castle have been the frequent inspiration of such more lowly love-making as is alluded to in the words of the old song adapted to Aberfeldy by Burns.

THE BIRKS O' ABERGELDIE.

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks o' Abergeldie?
Ye sall get a gown o' silk,
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk,
Ye sall get a gown o' silk,
And a coat o' callimankie."

"Na, kind sir, I darena gang,
I darena gang, I darena gang,
Na, kind sir, I darena gang,
My minnie will be angry.
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me."

Over the Dee at Abergeldie, before Queen Victoria's erection of the present bridge, the passage used to be made in a kind of swinging cradle; and it is on record



that upon one occasion a newly-married couple, a young gamekeeper and his lass, were being swung across by the machine, when, whether by accident or design, the rope broke, and the hapless pair were drowned in the river below. The "accident" was attributed to a rejected suitor of Babby Brown, the bride.

To most people, however, the chief interest of the present day on Deeside is the Highland residence of the Sovereign.

Balmoral Castle stands among fine old trees close to the south bank of the river, about a mile west of Abergeldie. With its towers and pinnacles, its broad Saxon porch, and far-lying wings, with a noble river flowing at its feet, and the grandest mountain in Scotland rising into the heavens behind, the castle has every whit a royal aspect; and, apart from its many personal associations of joy and sorrow, the natural charm by which it draws the Royal Family to Deeside without fail autumn after autumn can easily be understood.

The estate now so well known as Balmoral was leased from the trustees of Earl Fife by the late Prince Consort; and in September, 1848, the royal family landed at Aberdeen and drove up Deeside, amid general rejoicings, to take possession of their Highland home. Prince Albert afterwards bought the estate for £31,500, and himself designed the castle, which, besides its spacious public apartments, has accommodation for one hundred and twenty persons. The neighbouring estate and castle of Abergeldie were also leased by the Prince; and after his death Queen Victoria purchased Birkhall estate on the east, and Ballochbuie,

part of the ancient Caledonian Forest, on the west. The royal demesne, therefore, now runs along the south bank of the Dee for twelve miles, from the River Muick, near Ballater, to Ballochbuie, near Braemar. Southward, it reaches over the summit of Lochnagar; and high there, among the mountains by Loch Muick side, nestles the little Glas Alt Shiel, where many a happy day of freedom was spent by Prince Albert and the Queen.

It is not difficult for the lingerer on Deeside to understand the love and enthusiasm of the Scottish people for their ancient Stewart kings. Scotland in Stewart times was a small place, and the kings lived close to the people. Their tastes and characters were personally known—their own bravery and artistic accomplishment, and their warm encouragement of these things in others. The Jameses were all “kings of the commons”; three of them at least were poets themselves; James IV. was a perfect Augustus in his patronage of the commons’ arts of learning and letters; and every man of liberal knowledge in his kingdom had probably spoken with or heard the personal speech of James VI. in his many progresses. It is easy for a king to be popular if he can come into personal contact with his people. It was little wonder, therefore, that, with their grace and spirit, the Stewart kings were loved. When the house of Hanover came to the throne things were different. The Georges lived far away among a sequestered aristocracy. They took no interest in the popular arts; one of them indeed “hated boetry and bainting,” and their objects appeared to be entirely remote, selfish, and unheroic. Further

—a consideration that went far in Scotland at least—while nearly every gentle house in the country could claim kinship by marriage or descent with the Stewart blood, none had any connection whatever with the later dynasty. It was little matter for marvel, therefore, looking on that picture and on this, that rebellion prospered in Scotland so long as it did.

There can be small doubt, however, that, among gentle and simple alike, the feeling is different now; and it does not seem too much to say that, so far as Scotland is concerned, a great part of the change of popular sentiment, the personal loyalty and affection for the royal house which have at last grown up in the national heart, was owed to Queen Victoria's life among her people at Balmoral. About the countryside there, in the autumn months of every year, the royal Lady was constantly to be met driving quietly in her pony carriage; and the simple Highlander of the neighbourhood, or the more sophisticated visitor from a distance, as he stood aside in the roadway, found his loyalty grow certainly not less warm at thought of the many stories of the kindly deeds of that royal Lady of which Deeside was full.

Frowning far and dark above Balmoral, away at the head of Glen Gelder, with yawning ravines and beetling precipices, round which the eagle sails and the storms of winter roar, rises the great mountain of Lochnagar. Though not so high as several others in Scotland—it is no more than 3,500 feet—it is by far the grandest of the northern mountains, and well deserves the fame it has acquired from Lord Byron's passionate lines.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.
Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.
"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.¹
"Ill-starr'd though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"
Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden ?
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber ;
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar ;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

¹ Byron's mother, as is well known, was a descendant of Sir William Gordon, third son of the second Earl of Huntly, and Annabella, daughter of James I. of Scotland.

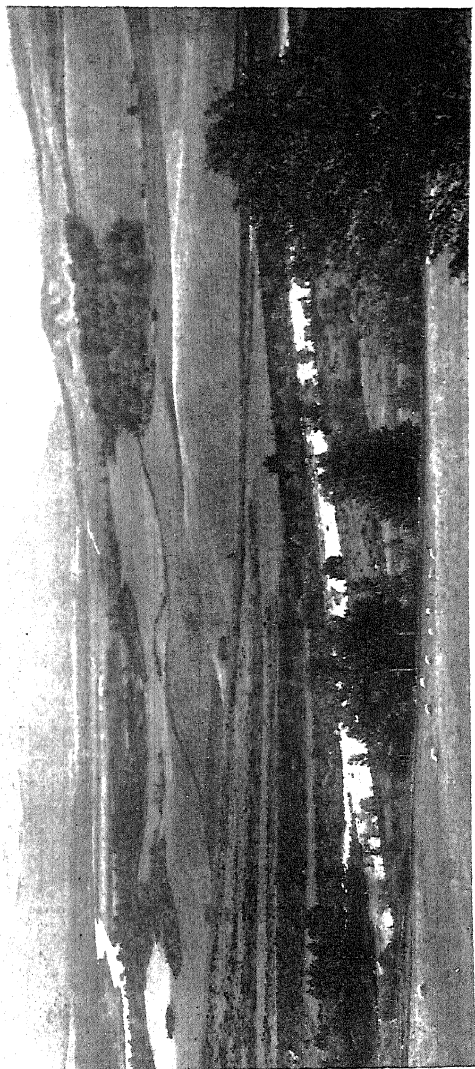


Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

LOCHNAGAR,
FROM CORRIE BEG

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Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again ;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar :
O for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

Beyond the clachan of Street of Monaltrie, at the foot of Glen Feardar, stands the far-famed "Cairn of Remembrance," Cairn-a-quheen. The word was the ancient slogan of the Farquharsons, and the spot was their gathering-place. When the clan met here at the summons of its chief, each man brought with him a stone, and laid it down a little way off. On returning after the battle each survivor lifted a stone and carried it away, and the stones that were left showed the number of the dead. They were then added to the cairn. Each of the stones that make up the heap, therefore, represents some long-forgotten tragedy.

Three miles farther up the strath has stood for ages the residence of the Farquharson chiefs, descendants of Farquhar Macduff, chamberlain of Mar in the fourteenth century, and himself a descendant of the ancient Thanes of Fife. Invercauld of the present day is a princely modern mansion, and with its woods behind and its grassy terraces sloping to the river bank in front, it sleeps in the sunshine as if the spot had never known the sorrow and scathe of war. The house still retains the dining-room, however, in which the chiefs met before the rising in 1715, and from Invercauld it was that upon that occasion the fiery cross was sent through the glens.

Short of the mansion the river is crossed by the old and new bridges of Invercauld. The former of these, leading to the forest of Ballochbuie and the Fall of Garbh Alt, was built by General Wade in 1752 as part of his great military road to the north. By the latter the modern Deeside road crosses to the south bank of the river.

High on the left here, above the road, in the rock face of Craig Cluny, exists the cave known as the Charter-chest, where Invercauld in time of trouble was wont to hide his most precious gear. So secure was the spot that for ten months after Culloden, Charles Farquharson, the "Meikle Factor of the Cluny," lay concealed in it while his house within earshot below was occupied by the soldiers of King George.

A little farther on, in a field by the side of the road, stands the most curious building on Deeside. White from basement to battlement, with its low surrounding wall and its out-hanging turrets at all corners, it looks like nothing so much as the toy castle of a child. The fortalice, however, is the old Castle of Mar, and was the chief seat of the ancient earldom of the name. Built in the end of the fifteenth century by John Stewart, Earl of Mar, third son of James III., it has seen trouble enough in its time. Twice burned, by Mackay's soldiers, when driven out of it by the country-folk in 1689, and by Argyll's forces in 1716, it stands now as it was restored for a garrison castle by Government in 1748. Within these walls was held many an anxious conclave before the first Jacobite Rebellion. The house, we are

told, was so full on the night in the end of August, 1715, in which rebellion was resolved on, that many of the gentlemen had to make what shift they could round the great fire in the kitchen. It is a commonplace of history that, had the Earl of Mar of that time been a man of less talk and more action he might have succeeded in setting the Stewart kings once more on the throne; and from the stir and enthusiasm of the beginnings of the rising as they were witnessed in this old castle, it would appear that only the energy of the chief was lacking.

Close by Mar Castle rises Craig Coynoch, or Kenneth, from which, tradition says, Kenneth II. was wont to watch the chase; and not far off, at the east end of the bridge over the Cluny, stood Kindrochit Castle, the residence of Malcolm Canmore and later kings, to which reference has already been made, and from which the adjoining village took its name of Castletown of Braemar. The whole countryside here belonged for centuries to the Earls of Mar, and here, among other signs of feudal magnificence, they held their great annual Highland Gathering. That gathering is said to have been founded by Malcolm Canmore, who offered a prize of a purse of gold, with a full suit of Highland dress and arms, to the man who could first reach the top of Craig Coynoch.

The greatest historic event with which Braemar is associated was the raising of the standard of rebellion here in 1715. This, John Erskine, the thirty-ninth earl, chose to do in the midst of his own country and people. The standard was raised accordingly on September 6th, and proclamation made of James VIII. of

Scotland and III. of England. The spot on which this was done was a knoll now covered by a bay window of the Invercauld Arms Hotel, where a brass plate records the fact. The standard was made by Frances, Countess of Mar, and is described as "blue, having on one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, on the other the thistle and ancient national motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' with, underneath, 'No Union.' The pendants of white ribbon were inscribed, one 'For our wronged King and oppressed country,' and the other 'For our lives and liberties.'" The song composed on the occasion is well known; its air is said to have been the gathering tune of the clans on their way to Sheriffmuir.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding lang and clearly.
The Highlandmen frae hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry?
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry,
Macdonald's men, Clanranald's men,
Mackenzie's men, Macgilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the Lowland men
Of Callendar and Airlie.

Fy, Donald, up and let's awa';
We canna langer parley



When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we loe sae dearly.
We'll go, we'll go, and meet the foe,
And fling the plaid and swing the blade,
And forward dash, and hack and smash,
And fley the German carlie.¹

The most immediate result of that proclamation in the district was the forfeiture of the entire estates and earldom of Mar. The estates and castle were finally purchased in 1730 by Farquharson of Invercauld, to whom the castle still belongs, and under whom, and the Duke of Fife, who now owns part of the ancient Mar country, the annual Gathering still takes place round the castle.

Braemar is now the most fashionable place of resort on Deeside, as many as ten thousand visitors flocking hither during the season.

¹ This song was first printed in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* in 1824.

CHAPTER XV.

BY THE WELLS OF DEE.

ABOVE the village of Braemar the country grows rapidly wilder and more magnificent as the wanderer penetrates the recesses of the hills. Up the south bank of the river the road crosses the Linn of Corriemulzie, in its deep, romantic, wooded gorge, with Mar Lodge, where a destructive fire took place in 1895, the residence of the Duke of Fife, among the trees on the mountainside above. Opposite lies Dalmore, once a seat of the Mackenzies, now known as Old Mar Lodge. Then the road runs through the ancient clachan of Inverey, with its flaxen-headed children and its traditional hiding-place in the chasm above. The Colonel's Cave, as that hiding-place is called, is the retreat where the "Black Colonel," John Farquharson of Inverey, the aggressor in the ballad of "The Baron o' Brackley," lay concealed for some time in 1689, after the battle of Killiecrankie, in which he had taken part. His castle here was burned then, and he himself only escaped in his shirt.

Things have changed very much in this neighbourhood since Pennant, on his famous tour, passed down the Dee from Glen Tilt. "The houses of the common

people in these parts," he wrote, "are shocking to humanity, formed of loose stones and covered with clods, which they call 'divots,' or with heath, broom, or branches of fir. They look, at a distance, like so many black mole-hills." "The inhabitants," he also stated, "live very poorly—on oatcakes, butter or cheese, and often the coagulated blood of their cattle, spread on their bannocks." At the present day Inverey is a clachan of well-built cottages; and, to judge by the stalwart men and buxom, yellow-haired girls about the doors, whatever their fare, it is nourishing enough.

Two miles above Inverey the road crosses the valley at the Linn of Dee, where the river pours its clear green torrent through a narrow, deep chasm in its rocky bed. It is on record that, when visiting this spot, Lord Byron lost his footing and almost lost his life; but his attendant, managing to lay hold of him as he rolled over the cliff, saved him for a more illustrious fate.

Above the Linn of Dee there is only the wild mountain country, the home of the eagle and the deer. Through Glen Tilt, southwards, a path leads to Blair Atholl on the Garry, thirty miles away, which is accessible enough; and due westward, through the Feshie Forest, there is another to Kingussie on the Spey; while a third goes northward through the Larig Gruamach and the Rothiemurchus Forest to Aviemore. The last, however, need not be tried except by the boldest and strongest mountaineers; and even they should start upon it in the early morning. The road runs up Glen Lui, and, after leaving the Duke of Fife's shooting-box of Derry

Lodge, there is no human habitation for eighteen miles. Among these glens, the loneliest corries in Scotland, the track is only to be made out by the practised eye; and in the later part of the season, if a slip were made or a leg broken, the wanderer would have the pleasant prospect of lying probably for several weeks before any one else came that way. There is also the danger—no slight one in the rutting season—of being attacked and overpowered by some furious stag.

To be overtaken by night on that mountain pass is an experience not to be forgotten. From corrie to corrie in the gathering darkness echoes the strange and eerie “belling” of the deer; and high overhead on the steep side of Ben Muich Dhui a long, hoarse roar once and again betokens the fall of a stone avalanche. Besides these there is no sound but the rushing of the lonely waters at the bottom of the pass. Sometimes a fine sight is to be seen as one comes suddenly round a shoulder of the mountain, and surprises a herd of deer. Instantly, on the appearance of danger, the stag gallops to the front. At his back the hinds run together, like the members of a foraging party surprised. Then they go off finely in single file over the brow of the next knoll, the stag last, and disappear.

Higher up the pass even the belling of the deer is heard no more—their last sentinel has been left behind; for they gather in the green bottoms of the corries at night to feed. Still higher, and the path narrows to a chasm, and the walking ceases. For miles one has to scramble along the steep sides of

old avalanches and screes, sometimes among great boulders where hands and knees have to be used, sometimes along precarious slopes of loose gravel where every footstep threatens to set the mass moving and bring the whole mountainside down to bury the adventurer. Stones loosened by the foot on these sliding screes go rushing downwards, starting an avalanche on the way, till they hurl themselves with an ominous plunge into the black tarns at the bottom.

On the left of the narrow pass rise the precipices of Braeriach, and on the right those of Muich Dhui, the second highest mountain in Scotland. Screes and ancient boulder-falls from the two meet and fill up the bottom of the chasm. By these the stream is dammed into tarns and pools; and these tarns are the Wells of Dee. The Larig Gruamach is said to have been one of the routes used by Highland cattle-raiders and drovers in ancient times; but beasts and men must have been strangely nimble, and must have had strong motives for getting from one part of the country to another in haste when this was found a convenient road. If the passage along these tremendous boulder-falls is difficult during the day, it is much more so at night, when, if the expected moonlight is obscured by mists that drift lower and lower on the precipices overhead, it is apt to become almost alarming. Fatigue, however, is not felt in that rare mountain air; and, with a well-filled flask and a pocketful of chocolate and oatcake, the pangs of hunger can be staved off successfully enough.

At last the summit of the pass is reached, close

on three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the march is crossed into Inverness-shire. Not even the tinkle of a rill is to be heard here; and amid the shadows of night and the solitude of the mountains a great solemnity presses upon the heart. There is a long tramp yet of a dozen miles and more, through heather hags and across the beds of burns. But by-and-bye at intervals, to an eye accustomed to the hills, a line of exposed shingle over a knoll face, or a bare bit of rock among the heather, betokens the place where former feet have trod. These traces lead far down among the scattered trees and wide heather spaces of the Rothiemurchus Forest, and there the path is found—a mossy ride, carpeted for miles with warm pine-needles. Here the burns run quietly through hollow ways; and the mystery of the night, with its shadows and its drifting scents of fir and fern, the stillness broken only at times by the stir of some wild creature among the grass-tufts, strikes the wanderer with an elfin charm. Once and again, perhaps, in the dimness of the clouded moonlight, a shadow passes silently across an open space, and seems ghostly enough till one remembers that these forest glades are favourite couching-places of the deer.

At last a human dwelling is reached, a forester's house among the woods, with all asleep without and within. Away on the left, below, through the trees, appears the white shimmer of water—Loch an Eilean, “the loch of the islands,” one of several beautiful and wild loch-scenes—Loch Phitulais, Loch Morlich, Loch Alvie—in these forest-lands. The castle on an island

close to the shore was one of the strongholds of the Wolf of Badenoch, the scourge of the north, who burned Elgin Cathedral, and lies buried at Dunkeld. The castle of the robber-earl is now the home of other birds of prey; its turret forms the nesting-place, one of the very few in Scotland, of a pair of ospreys, or fishing-eagles.

Three miles farther, through a forest country, with sleeping cottage and clachan here and there in the shadow, and the road crosses the rushing Spey. Then there is the wakening up of a sleepy host at the Inn of Linwilg, and the satisfaction, most perfect after a long mountain climb, of sinking to sleep with a single sigh the moment the head touches the pillow.

CHAPTER XVI.

“STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE !”

THE great mountain-rock that rises by the riverside at Aviemore, and of old gave a slogan to the strong Clan Grant, forms the centre of a region of wild Highland story. The basin of the Spey above it, away south-westward to Corrievairack and the mountains that guard Glenroy, forms the ancient district of Badenoch, the country of the Clan Macpherson ; and the region below it, known as Strathspey, stretching north-eastward to the other Craigellachie at Aberlour, is the ancient country of the Grants. Each of these districts has memories enough to fill a volume, and the two together would furnish interest enough for the wanderings of weeks.

Kingussie, the ancient capital of Badenoch, probably the highest inhabited town in Scotland, and now a favourite summer resort of visitors, was presumably a place of importance in Columba's time, for there he founded a monastery, restored and endowed at a later day by an Earl of Huntly.

On a green mound on the farther side of the Spey at Kingussie can be seen the ruin of the “ Ruthven Barracks.” On that spot stood the stronghold of



CLUNY CASTLE

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

the Comyns, the early lords of Badenoch. There at a later day the fierce Earl of Buchan,¹ to whom his father, Robert II., had granted the country, kept a castle. And there, after Culloden, gathered the undaunted fugitives of the Jacobite army, only to receive their last discouraging blow, the Prince's message that the cause was lost, and that they must disperse.

A few miles above Kingussie stands Cluny Castle, still the seat of Macpherson. On the break-up of the rebellion, the chief of that time, Cluny Macpherson, as he was called, who had been deeply implicated, retired a dozen miles southwards to the side of Ben Alder. There his clansmen made for him the famous retreat known as "The Cage," and there, while the whole country was being searched by Government troops, he received and entertained the fugitive prince with rude plenty, and himself lived undisturbed for several years.² At Cluny Castle, among other historic relics, is preserved the Black Chanter of Clan Chattan, part of the instrument with which, in the days of Robert III., the piper of the clan animated his fighting brethren in their great combat with Clan Quhele on the South Inch of Perth.

Below Kingussie, on the Spey, stands "Ossian" Macpherson's mansion of Belleville, where in the

¹ The reader may be referred to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's romance, *The Wolf of Badenoch*, for a picture of this daring and lawless historic personage.

² For an interesting description of the Cage on Ben Alder, and its occupant, see R. L. Stevenson's romance, *Kidnapped*.

end of the 18th century the much-abused translator of Gaelic poetry spent his last years and died. It was burned in 1902, but is still in possession of the descendants of Macpherson's daughter, who married Sir David Brewster.

Speyside is not wanting in relics of the earliest times. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting are the Pict's House, or cave, discovered by Sir David Brewster, built in the hillside at the back of the village of Raits, and the kirk of Inch, by the loch of that name, lower down the valley. This church is "the only one in Scotland in which continuous worship has been celebrated from the sixth century to the present time," and its bronze bell is believed to be a genuine relic of the Culdee faith. Earlier still are the great double stone circles, one at Delfour, a mile away, and the other on Grainish Moor, between Aviemore and Boat of Garten; but little can now be known of the service, Druid or Chaldean, performed in these temples of the misty past.¹

Memories of mirth, however, as well as of war, gather about Speyside, and among the quaint occurrences of recent times one is located close by here. Doune, on the right bank of the river, near Loch an Eilean, was for many years the autumn resort of the Bedford family. On one occasion among the guests of their house-party were Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor. On the night of his arrival, Brougham, feeling indisposed,

¹ Some account of the lore regarding that ancient worship of Baal in Scotland has been given in the present writer's *By-ways of Scottish Story*.

retired early to bed. Among the rest of the party presently arose the question, started, it may be supposed, by Sir David, whether Lord Chancellors, when travelling, carried about their person the Great Seal of the realm. The Duchess of Bedford, youngest daughter of the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon,¹ at once took up the question, and proposed to inquire. A procession of the party was formed, Sir David marching ahead with a pair of silver candlesticks, and the Duchess carrying a salver on which was a cake of soft dough. "The invalid lord was, as may be supposed, startled by this strange invasion, and the request that he should get up and exhibit the Great Seal. Get up he could not, but he directed Sir David to bring him a peculiar-looking box to which he pointed, and, sitting up in bed, impressed the Seal upon the cake of dough. The momentous question being thus settled, the procession reformed and retired."²

Craigellachie itself, at Aviemore, besides furnishing a battle-cry to Clan Grant, marked the boundary of their country to the south, and was the gathering-place of the clansmen on the summons of their chief. Round the little loch of Balladern, at its foot, has met many a band of wild warriors, drawn together in hot haste by the flashing of the fiery cross among the Speyside glens; and far and

¹ "The witty Duchess," who was the friend of Burns, and who died in 1853, lies buried in the old kirkyard of St. Eda on the riverside below Delfour.

² For this anecdote and several other details of Speyside the writer is indebted to an interesting brochure, *Grantown and the adjacent Country*, by Rev. Wm. Reid, D.D.

wide, in many a fierce *mêlée*, the shout of "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" has made the swords flash faster and the blood-gouts spout in the air. So late as the year 1820 the men of Strathspey found occasion as a clan to show their warlike mettle. It was during the general election which followed the death of George III. In Elgin the contest was practically between the rival clans of Duff and Grant. Party feeling there ran high, electors were kidnapped by both sides, and among other disturbances the Ladies Grant suffered some affront in the town. News of this spread like fire in heather, the countryside rose, and early next morning there were nine hundred Strathspey men, headed by the Factor of Seafield, at the gates of Elgin. It was only by the greatest tact on the part of the authorities that a collision was averted.

Since the rebellion of 1745, however, the swords of the countryside, such of them as might have been used in feudal strife, have been beaten into pruning-hooks. Here, as elsewhere in the Highlands, the making of roads brought the beginnings of civilisation; and General Wade's bridge and the picturesque old Bridge of Carr, over the Dulnan to the west of the strath, remain memorials of the means of change. The prowess of Speyside, turned to the arts of peace at home, has earned for itself a later glory on British battlefields abroad.

Speyside has also been famous for ages for its music, and one of the finest of the Highland dances takes its name from the music of the countryside to which it is set. "Strathspeys" are said to have

been composed first by a family of the name of Brown, in Kincardine, and next by the Cummings of Freuchie, now Castle Grant. John Roy Cumming, the last of these players, died about 1850.

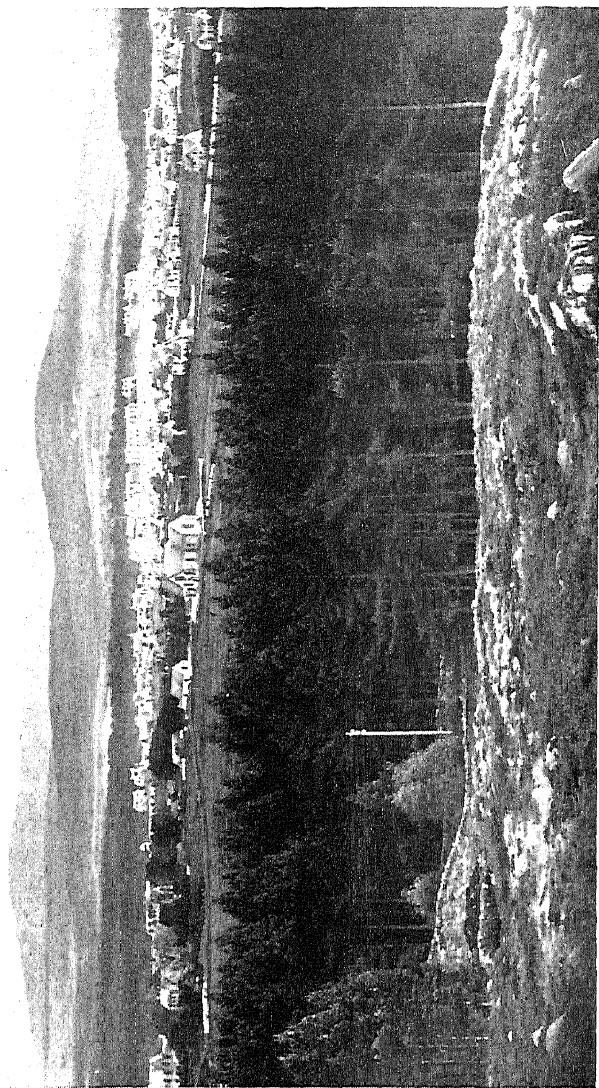
The strath, too, claims the origin of the "Reel o' Tulloch," and, in competition with the claim of Deeside, which has been already recorded, has a fierce tradition on the subject. The district of Tulloch lies at the back of the Abernethy forest; and here, about the year 1640, is said to have occurred the incident that inspired the wildest of Highland reels. A Macgregor, it appears, had wooed, won, and carried off Isobel, daughter of the laird, in despite of her friends, who favoured a suitor of the Robertson clan. Robertson, thus flouted, gathered a few followers, including the young lady's brother, and came suddenly upon his successful rival. Macgregor took refuge in a barn, where, with dirk and claymore, and the musket which his wife loaded for him, he actually succeeded in destroying every one of his assailants. So greatly was he overjoyed with his victory that on the spot, it is said, he composed and danced the wild "Reel o' Tulloch."

There is a tragic sequel to the story. That day's prowess, it might have been thought, should have earned immunity for the Highlander and his young bride. But their enemies were inexorable. Isobel was thrown into prison; and presently, Macgregor having been shot, they barbarously showed her his head. At the sight of this bloody memorial of the man she had loved she was struck with anguish and expired.

The head of an enemy appears to have been a favourite trophy in the Highlands in those rude centuries. At Castle Grant, the seat of the house of Seafield, chief of the clan, near Grantown, a skull is preserved which stands for a token of the passing of the countryside into the hands of its present holders. As the tradition runs, a younger son of Grant of Stratherick secretly ran away with and married the daughter of his host, the chief of Macgregor. The pair, with thirty followers, fled to Strathspey, and found a hiding-place in Huntly's Cave,¹ not far from the castle, then known as Freuchie. The Comyns, who owned the country, tried to dislodge him, but Grant held his ground. Then Macgregor descended Speyside at the head of some force, and demanded his daughter. It was night when he arrived. His son-in-law received him with all respect and hospitality, and, in the torch-light and among the woods, so contrived that there appeared to be a much larger following of Grants than the visitor had supposed. A complete reconciliation was the result. Next day Grant, who appears to have been one who made the most of his opportunities, pushed his advantage further. He complained to his father-in-law of the attacks of his neighbours the Comyns. Accordingly the combined forces of Grant and Macgregor made an assault on Freuchie, and, by their stratagem and bravery, took the castle. The chief of the Comyns

¹Huntly's Cave is so called from the fact that it served as a hiding-place for George, second Marquis of Huntly, when pursued by the troops of the Covenant in 1644.





was slain in the fray; and it is his skull which remains a token and a trophy in the possession of the Grants to modern times.

Castle Grant and the Grant estates belong at present, by will of the earl who died in 1884, to the Dowager Countess of Seafield, a daughter of the house of Blantyre. To her care and foresight are owed the immense fir plantations which now cover Strathspey for many miles, and which, by their resinous effect upon the atmosphere, are making Grantown a rival to the Tyrol as a health resort.

Already, by reason of these plantations, Strathspey is resuming its ancient aspect of a wooded country. In former times the valley was one great pine-forest, of which fragments like Rothiemurchus and Abernethy, round the bases of the Cairngorms, are all that remain. The cutting down of that ancient forest dates from 1730. The York Buildings Company bought timber rights in the valley then. They made roads, built houses and saw-mills, and set up iron-works (the first in Scotland), to which the ore was brought twenty miles on pony-back; and they floated thousands of logs in rafts annually down the Spey. Everything was done by them on a lavish scale, and chiefly on this account they finally came to grief; but their enterprise, meanwhile, had wrought a civilisation formerly unknown in the valley of Strathspey.

Opposite Grantown lie the Haughs of Cromdale, the scene of a somewhat famous battle. There, at dead of night on the 1st of May, 1690, the Jacobite generals, Buchan and Cannon, at the head

of 1,200 or 1,500 Highlanders, were suddenly surprised and routed by Sir Thomas Livingstone, King William's governor of Inverness. That fierce and sudden onslaught in the small hours completely undid all the effects of the Jacobite victory at Killiecrankie in the previous year. A well-known ballad, "The Haughs of Cromdale," printed in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, mixes up the action which took place here with the earlier battle of Auldearn, in Charles I.'s time, in which Montrose was victor.

Below Grantown the Spey flows away by Ballindalloch, Glenlivet, and the Carron, each with its group of legends and interests, to Aberlour and the lower rock of Craigellachie, the limit in that direction of the Grant country. But a more interesting district and scenery is to be traversed due northwards down the Findhorn to Forres and Nairn. There lies Loch-an-dorb, with its island castle, the scene of many a historic incident—the hospitalities of Edward I., the six months' defence by the Countess of Atholl, the masterly retreat of Sir Andrew Moray, and the starving to death of the traitor Bullock in the days of David II.—before it became the chief stronghold of the "Wolf of Badenoch," and the spot from which he made his notorious descent on Elgin and the Laigh of Moray. Loch-an-dorb was last fortified by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray in the right of his wife, during the Douglas Wars; but, after the battle of Arkinholme and the fall of the house of Douglas, it was thrown down by James II.

On the way the wanderer passes Relugas, with its wild river scenery, once the home of Sir Thomas Dick

Lauder; Altyre, the residence of Sir William Gordon Cumming, representative of the ancient Comyns of pre-Norman history; and Darnaway Castle, the ancestral home of the Earls of Moray, from Randolph, the friend of Bruce, downwards. There are spots on the Findhorn, too, as at Sluie Pool and the Soldier's Leap, which for romantic wooded richness remain unmatched in the river scenery of Scotland. Then, at the river's mouth, lie the famous Culbin shifting sands, with their curious story and their remains of long-buried villages of all ages. And perhaps most interesting of all, along the coast in the Brodie Woods, is still to be seen the hillock of the Blasted Heath on which, according to Shakespeare's tale, the witches met Macbeth. Lastly, before the road runs into Nairn, there is the little flower-grown village of Auldearn, from whose kirk tower on a day in May, 1645, Montrose directed the battle in which General Urry was overthrown.

CHAPTER XVII.

A THANE'S CASTLE.

OF all the feudal strongholds in Scotland which are still inhabited, Cawdor Castle, near Nairn, remains probably the most picturesque and interesting. The place, it is true, has no record of sieges and battles to render it heroic; the grey, high-gabled walls bear no bullet-marks; and the blood of warriors has not stained these floors. Throughout the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries it grew, untouched by war, to its present shape, its owners adding here a wall and there a chamber, as convenience or necessity required; and the charm of the place is chiefly owed to the fact that it stands to-day exactly as it was left by the last of these succeeding generations of builders.

For a hundred and fifty years after the death of Sir Hugh Campbell, in 1716, the owners of Cawdor were non-resident, having acquired by marriage considerable estates in Wales; and since the return of the family, its head raised to the dignity of Earl of Cawdor, hardly anything has been touched of the ancient features of the place. There stand gate and drawbridge, gable and courtyard and turret,

exactly as they stood at the end of the seventeenth century. Even the old furniture remains—high-backed chairs with seats of scarlet satin, chests of drawers and ancient mirrors, and dogs in the great old fireplaces. There is not a grate in the castle.

Further—a fact which adds greatly to the place's interest—from the family papers and accounts, which have been carefully preserved, the life in bygone days within these walls can be pictured in minute detail. The thane himself can be seen stocking his cellars with strong waters, supplied by that "loving friend" William Duff, merchant in Inverness; the housekeeper appears also, careful among her table-cloths and napkins, her capers, olives, and anchovies; the fowler (in those days gentlemen did not shoot their own game) comes in for his supply of powder and various sizes of shot; and in the great withdrawing-room the young ladies lay aside the needle-work of the curious cabinet they are making for their father, to take an hour's practice on the virginals and the cithern.¹

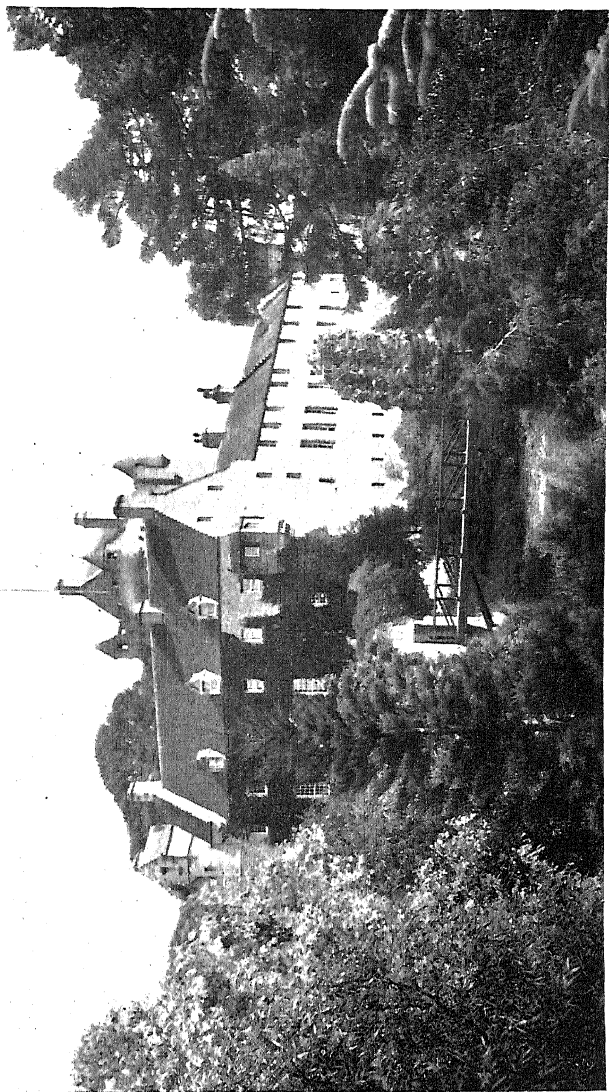
According to local tradition, when Macbeth attained the throne of Scotland, he made over his thanedom of Cawdor to his brother, and from that brother the house of Calder, or Cawdor, was descended. These thanes were hereditary sheriffs of the shire, and constables of the royal castle of Nairn, and they had a country seat at Old Calder, half a mile from the present castle. The first written evidence of their possession occurs in the year 1236. In 1310

¹ The Cawdor papers furnish material for a highly interesting article in Mr. Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Early Scots History*.

the thanedom was re-granted by Robert the Bruce to William, Thane of Cawdor, in heritage, for payment of twelve marks yearly, "and the former service"; and by James I. it was greatly enlarged, and again granted to the thane for "ward, relief, marriage, and military service."

In 1454 another Thane William desired to build a new castle, and obtained the necessary licence from James II., who names him in the deed his "loved familiar squire." According to tradition, the thane remained uncertain of the spot on which he should build his new stronghold, until the difficulty was settled for him by a dream. He was instructed to place his chest of treasure on an ass's back, to turn the animal adrift, and to build his castle on the spot where it should stop. This was done; the ass with the treasure was turned loose, and where it lay down, at the foot of the third hawthorn tree to which it came, the thane reared his tower. However quaint the story appears, there is no reason to doubt its truth. In the dungeon of the ancient keep the trunk of the hawthorn is still to be seen, its roots firm in the earthen floor, and its head rising into the stone vaulting of the roof. Beside it lies the ancient iron coffer; and it was long the custom of the house for guests on festive occasions to stand round these curious memorials and drink "Health to the Hawthorn," *i.e.* to the house it supports.

While the new Cawdor Castle was building, the Douglasses fell at Arkinholme, and James II., coming himself to Darnaway at hand, appointed the Thane of Cawdor and Thomas Carmichael, canon of Moray,



his chamberlains of the forfeited lands beyond Spey. Among other duties, the thane was instructed to demolish the late Earl of Moray's castle of Loch-an-dorb; and tradition runs that part of the destroyer's spoils was the heavy iron yett, or gate, of the ancient stronghold, which was carried across the hills on the back of a Highland Samson, and forms the "yett" of Cawdor Castle to the present day.

The son of the thane who built the tower of Cawdor was the last in the male line of the ancient house to hold the honours and estates. The story of the transfer to other hands is somewhat unique, and throws a dramatic light on the overreaching methods of that time.

The thane was an astute man, intent on setting firm the foundations of his house. He greatly increased his estate by marriage and purchase, and changed his tenure to a crown holding. His eldest son having some personal defect, he had him set aside, and had his second son John invested in all the family estates, "as sicker as men's wit can devise." And, to heal the ancient feud with a neighbouring house, he arranged a marriage for that son with Isabella the Ross of Kilravock.

It seems rather hard that each one of these excellent arrangements forthwith turned against its author. To begin with, John of Cawdor, the infested son, died and left only a posthumous daughter, Muriel, to inherit all the great estates. This daughter the old thane sought first to set aside, and then to prove illegitimate; but the effort was useless. The

transfer of the thanedom to John had been made too "sicker," and by the new tenure she was a ward of the crown, so the royal protection was over her head. These efforts, further, alienated more than ever the family of Kilravock, which had Muriel in keeping, and made the Rosses the more willing to do Cawdor an ill turn. With the will the chance came. Argyll was hereditary Justiciar-General for Scotland, and, in a law-plea which arose between Kilravock and Cromarty, he made things easy for Kilravock, on condition of receiving the care of the heiress. At the same time Argyll obtained a grant of her marriage from the king. It was in harvest-time that Mac-Cailean More sent to receive the maid. The party consisted of sixty men under Campbell of Inverliver; and old lady Kilravock, fearing foul play, to make sure of her grandchild's identity, marked her thigh with the heated key of her coffer. Muriel's uncles, however, had heard of the transaction, and two of them, Alexander and Hugh Calder, with a strong force, pursued and overtook Inverliver near Daltulich. Seeing a combat imminent, Campbell dispatched the child southward with an escort of six men, and dressing a sheaf of corn in her clothes, and holding it in the rear as a decoy, he faced about and gave battle. Seven of Inverliver's sons fell in the conflict, but Muriel Calder reached Lochawe in safety. When she arrived it is said that someone, looking at the fragile child, and thinking of the ambitious hopes built on her life, asked what would happen should she die before she was marriageable. "She can never die," said Campbell of Auchinbhreac significantly, "so long

as a red-haired lassie can be found on either side of Lochawe." So the precautions of the Lady of Kilravock were not without reason.

Muriel of Cawdor lived, however, and the Earl of Argyll—it was he who fell with the Scots right wing at Flodden—married her when twelve years old to his third son, Sir John Campbell. From that pair are descended the present Campbells of Cawdor, created Barons in 1796, and Earls of Cawdor in 1827. The brother of Macbeth, therefore, is still represented, though through a female link.

Among the memories of the castle has been popularly alleged Macbeth's murder of King Duncan. On the wall of a bedroom in the old keep is to be seen a drawing of Duncan's ghost, made by a visitor, and an amusing story is told of how it was done in order to frighten a valet. But the date of the tower is four centuries later than Duncan's time, and antiquarians set the actual scene of murder variously at Inverness, Glamis, and Bothgofuane, a smithy near Elgin.

Almost as uncertain is the tradition that here for a time, after the rebellion of 1745, the notorious Simon, Lord Lovat, lay concealed. The curious little room in the roof where he is said to have hid is still pointed out, and the ingenuity of the retreat is such that one cannot doubt, if Lovat had actually made it his abode, and had been content to remain here, he might have drawn out his crafty life by many quiet years. The enthusiastic historian of the district, however, Mr. George Bain, has, with much appearance of probability, furnished another origin for the tradition.

Historical evidence would seem to show that Lord Lovat was completely accounted for elsewhere during his time of hiding. Moreover, the entrance to Lovat's Hole, as it is called, is so narrow that a man of Lord Lovat's known bulk could not possibly have got access to the place. On the other hand, the word "Overcome" and the date "1685," scratched on the window pane, seem to point to an earlier fugitive. This individual Mr. Bain identifies in the Covenanter, Fraser of Brea, who was in hiding in 1685 in Nairnshire, and suggests that by a common characteristic of popular tradition the adventure has been re-ascribed to the better-known holder of the name.

One other curiosity of the house may be alluded to, which has given rise to much dispute. Among the carvings of the drawing-room mantelpiece appears the figure of a fox smoking a tobacco-pipe. The date on the mantelpiece is 1510. The question, therefore, arises whether tobacco was smoked at Cawdor before it was known to Sir Walter Raleigh. Tobacco, however, was not the first "weed" smoked in Scotland, and the fox on the Cawdor mantel no doubt represents an earlier indulgence.

Under the castle walls Cawdor Burn comes brawling down a woody, fern-hung glen, made for the straying feet of lovers of the past. Cawdor village itself lies asleep among the woods at the glen foot; and whether or not it was the older clachan, half a mile away, that afforded the subject for the quaint and merry melody of "Cawdor Fair," it is certain that the present hamlet keeps the secret of a delicious crumbling cake that has no equal in the north.



CHAPTER XVIII.

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN.

GLEN MORE NA H' ALBYN, the Great Glen of Scotland, stretching from the Moray Firth south-westward to the Sound of Mull, cuts the Scottish Highlands in two. For grandeur and variety of scenery—mountain and glen, torrent and waterfall, inland lake and arm of the sea—it far surpasses the Rhine; and though the German river, with its castled crags and clustering mountain-towns, has been enriched by the thronged story of many centuries, its interest even in that respect is fully matched by the legends, superstitions, and wild clan memories of this great lake valley of the north. For him who has the key to the interests of the region the long day's sail from Inverness to Oban unrolls a panorama of unbroken charm.

The Caledonian Canal, which links the lakes of this great glen, was a mighty engineering feat in its day. First surveyed by James Watt in 1773, at the instance of the trustees of the forfeited estates, and finally planned by Telford in 1804, it was begun by Government for strategic purposes during the Napoleonic wars, and when finally

opened in 1847 had cost no less than a million and a quarter sterling. It has a uniform depth of eighteen feet, and ships of 38 feet beam and 1,000 tons burden can sail through it from one side of Scotland to the other. In these peaceful times, however, the canal is very little used. In autumn and spring the brown sails of fishing-boats pass through in flights, and twice a day in summer the palace-steamers of Mr. David Macbrayne sweep by between the hills. But for the rest of the time the waters lap the lonely shores, the grey heron feeds at the burn mouths, and sunshine and rain come and go along the great mountainsides, exactly as they did in the days of Culloden or Inverlochy.

The canal at first has the country of Clan Mackintosh, of which Inverness may be considered the capital, on its left.¹ At the same time, down to Fort Augustus, it has the Lovat country on the right. Glengarry, farther down, was the headquarters of the Macdonnells. South of that lies the Cameron country, Lochaber and Lochiel. And below Fort William stretches the Macdonald country. All these clans, in the '45, were disaffected to Government, and followed the rising of Prince Charles Edward.

Inverness itself, at the head of the Great Glen, is a place of no small interest. To the present

¹ In Malcolm Canmore's time, Shaw Macduff, a son of the sixth Thane of Fife, assumed the name Mackintosh (i.e. son of the toshach, or chief), and he and his descendants were hereditary governors of Inverness till 1508, when the office passed into the hands of the Earl of Huntly. Moy House, twelve miles to the south, is the present residence of Mackintosh.

day it must be regarded as the head-centre of the Highland spirit. The speech of the town, it is true, betrays nothing of Highland accent, rivalling Dublin indeed in the reputation of being the most purely and beautifully spoken English in the British islands. The ancient features of the town, too, have nearly all disappeared. No vestige is left of Macbeth's castle, which stood on the eminence known as The Crown. The fortress of Malcolm Canmore and the later kings, on Castle Hill, has also vanished: it was blown up finally, by order of Prince Charles. And little is to be seen of the great seventeenth-century citadel of Oliver Cromwell, down by the harbour—one of the four huge fortresses built by the Protector to overawe Scotland. Even Lady Drummur's house, in Church Street—the only house at that time in the town which possessed a sitting-room without a bed—which was occupied successively in 1746 by Prince Charles and the Duke of Cumberland, has had to make way for modern improvements. The sole relics left to recall the past are the seventeenth-century town cross in front of the old Town Hall; a blue stone, the curious ancient palladium of the burgh, known as the *Clach-na-cudainn*, or Stone of the Tubs, the old-time resting-place of the women carrying water into the town, now forming the foundation of a fountain near the Cross; and the tower of the High Church, said to have been built by Cromwell, who furnished it with its wonderfully soft, clear-toned bell from the ancient cathedral of Fortrose. The present "castle" of the town, standing on Canmore's site,

consists merely of the county chambers and prison, built in 1835; while the Episcopal cathedral of St. Andrew, on the opposite side of the river, the chief architectural ornament now belonging to the place, dates no farther back than 1870. Yet in ancient days Inverness was familiar with siege and sack, was taken and burnt by Lords of the Isles, and, down to the time of the Disarming Act, was itself as ready with sword and dirk as with stoup-measure and ell-wand.

It is difficult now to realise what the place must have looked like at the time of Culloden. In the earlier part of the nineteenth century it still abounded in "gable-end constructions, arched gateways, hanging balconies, projecting towers, and round, turnpike stairs." And in 1745, "though a crowded winter-seat of aristocracy, and packed with mansions in the Flemish style, belonging to the landed proprietors of an extensive circumjacent country, the town had few houses which were not thatched with heath or straw, or which contained ceiled or plastered rooms."

From the time of the Revolution downwards, Inverness was strongly and staunchly Jacobite, resisting the proclamation of George I., and suffering for its politics, both in "the '15" and "the '45." On the latter occasion it was the scene of the hanging of thirty-six of Prince Charles's followers after Culloden. As the headquarters of the northern clans at that time, Inverness in many ways felt the blow most severely. Among the poetic memorials of the conflict, one is specially located here. It was written by Burns, probably from the suggestion of

some old ballad, shortly after his visit to Culloden Moor with Nicol in September, 1787.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e—
"Drummossie muir, Drummossie day !
A waefu' day it was to me !
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.
"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay—
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.
"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord !
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

Of somewhat different tenor is James Hogg's ballad relating to the battle, which was commonly sung about the lowland towns in the latter years of last century. Its first and last stanzas may be quoted:

BALDY FRASER.

My name is Baldy Fraser, man,
I'm puir and auld and pale and wan,
I brak my shin, and tint a han'
Upon Culloden lea, man.
Our Hielan' clans were bauld and stout ;
And thocht to turn their faes about,
But got that day a desperate rout,
And owre the hills did flee, man.

O Cumberland, what meant ye then
To ravage ilka Hielan' glen ?
Our crime was truth, and love to aye,
We had nae spite at thee, man :

And you or yours may yet be glad
To trust the honest Hielan' lad ;
The bonnet blue and belted plaid
Will stand the last o' three, man.

Probably it is the tradition of these old sympathies as much as its situation in the heart of the north which makes the town to-day so enthusiastically Highland. The time proper to see it is during the days of the Northern Meeting in September. Inverness then is full of as gallant an array of fair women and brave men—the best blood and the oldest names of the north—as may be seen out of Hyde Park. Kilt and plaid wave everywhere in the streets, and the bravery of bagpipe music fills the air. By day the Highland Games recall something of the prowess and clan spirit of ancient times, and at night lord and lady, chief and laird, in the full magnificence of Highland dress, meet for the great Caledonian Ball.

Inverness itself, however, is not more interesting than its surroundings. Hardly has the steamer cast off her moorings at the head of the great water staircase that ascends from the Beaully Firth, when the traveller finds himself moving amid many-storied scenery and associations. Behind, in the morning light, the sea shines like a silver floor, with the coast of the Black Isle beyond, trending away north-eastward to the Sutors of Cromarty. At hand, the Highland town itself stretches clean and fresh in

the early air. On either side rise the purple hills. And the great bulk of Mealfourvounie dominates the valley far ahead.

At the end of the hill range on the west rises a crag, whose summit keeps many a coveted secret of the past. Craig-Phadric, with its vitrified fort, is believed to have been the capital of the early Pictish kings. On that hill, it seems probable from Adamnan's description, Columba paid his half-political, half-religious visit to King Brud, which had such far-spreading and unforeseen results. There the conversion of the king and his court gave the first foothold to Christianity in pagan Caledon; and there Columba's diplomacy laid the foundations for the final supremacy of the incoming Erse or Scottish race.

Next, close by the riverside on the left, a strange mount retains the memory of the superstitions of bygone centuries. Tom-na-hurich, the Hill of the Fairies, as it is called, was believed to be the special home of the Daoinschi, the "Good People" of Celtic folklore. Under its mass also is said to sleep Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, prophet of mediæval Scotland, the old-time lover of the Elfin Queen. The shape of the hill is that of a ship turned keel upwards, but the top and the west side have been levelled and terraced, and are now used as a burying-place by the burghers of Inverness.

Three miles farther, through the valley corn-lands, and the canal opens out into Loch Dochfour, the shores grow wilder with corrie and wood, and the mountains rise rugged and bold from beach to sky. Memoirs of present splendour and past tragedy are

strangely mingled on these shores. Dochfour House, with its Venetian front, shaded lawns, and terraced gardens, by the water's edge, represents the luxury of to-day. Its mistress is Lord Burton's heir. And on the gravelly peninsula at the farther end of Loch Dochfour the ramparts of a Roman camp, believed to be Bonessia, the northmost point held by those ancient masters of the world, adjoin the foundations of a mediæval stronghold. Castle Spirituel, as this was called, was the scene of a ruthless episode of the 15th century. Hector Bui M'Coan, in flight after ravaging the Cameron county, took refuge within these walls. Besieged by the pursuing Cameron chief, he refused all overtures, and preferred to gratify his vindictive feelings by a massacre of his Cameron prisoners, though the immediate result was the hanging, before his eyes, of his own two sons in Cameron's hands.¹

On the left, among the trees, just after entering Loch Ness, the old baronial mansion of Aldourie was the birthplace of Sir James Mackintosh, philosopher, statesman, and historian. Then there is the long sail up Loch Ness, touching at quiet spots under the hills where perhaps a single passenger, some shaggy-bearded, roughly clad shepherd, steps ashore, with a greeting to the pier-man, or some Highland lass comes on board, with wet lashes, on her way to "service" in the south.

In Glen Urquhart, above Temple pier, stands the modern hotel which has replaced the old inn of Drumnadrochit, made famous by the well-known letter of Shirley Brooks to *Punch* in 1860. "The

¹ *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.*

inn," he wrote, "whence these lines are dated, faces a scene which, happily, is not too often to be observed in this planet. I say happily, Sir, because we are all perfectly well aware that this world is a vale of tears, in which it is our duty to mortify ourselves and make everybody else as uncomfortable as possible. If there were many places like Drumnadrochit, persons would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable."

Among the many curious inscriptions which enliven the pages of the inn album here, one set of verses by Mr Frank Leslie, editor of the *Belfast News*, is amusing for its resource of rhymes.

Low in heart and low in pocket ;
Come at once to Drumnadrochit ;
Sick of snobs, and tired of swells,
Sojourn at these pleasant " Wells."¹
Better door you cannot knock at
Than the one at Drumnadrochit.

If for shooting you're inclined,
Load your gun, but do not cock it,
And then off to Drumnadrochit.
If for angling you've a mind,
Screw your trout-rod in its socket,
And then, ho for Drumnadrochit !

Pleasant place !—may no one mock it !
No one wonders what o'clock it
Ever is at Drumnadrochit.

On a high promontory at the glen foot, surrounded on three sides by the waters of the loch, and with the mountains rising steeply behind, stands the hoary

¹ The landlord's name was Wells.

ruin of the ancient royal castle of Urquhart. A deep moat on the landward side, with drawbridge, portcullis, and many gates, must have made it a place of massive strength in its time, and, with battlements enclosing five acres of ground, it was fitted to resist a lengthy siege. In 1303, however, the troops of Edward I. marched along these inland shores, English bills and bows swarmed on the mountain side, the stronghold was stormed, and De Bois, the governor, and all his garrison, were put without mercy to the sword.

A different version of the story has it that the defender upon that occasion was Sir Alexander Forbes; and tradition furnishes some details of the siege and capture. The fortress, it appears, proved impregnable; but in course of time the garrison, all supplies being cut off, found themselves at the point of starvation. Within the castle, however, was the governor's wife, and it was determined that she should have a chance of escape from the impending slaughter. The drawbridge accordingly was lowered, and from a secret place Sir Alexander watched with anxious eyes as his wife made her way into the English lines, bearing with her the last hope of his house, for she was about to become a mother. She was clad in rags as a beggar; and the story she told was that she had been shut within the fortress by chance when the siege was set, but that her condition now forced her to seek female help.

Moved by her story, the enemy let her pass; and she made her way to the top of the Eagle Rock, which rises behind the castle. From her view-place

there she saw the final scene enacted. The draw-bridge fell with a clang, the garrison, headed by her husband, rushed forth into the midst of their besiegers, and there, after many hard blows given and taken, they were cut down to a man. The lady escaped to Ireland; and her son at a later day, in recognition of his father's valour, received a grant of lands in Mar from King Robert the Bruce. In 1509 Urquhart castle and glen were granted by James IV. to the ancestor of the Earl of Seafield, their present owner.

Across the loch the deep defile at Inverfarigaig keeps memory of the tragedy of 1746. Down this defile it was that, after his overthrow at Culloden, Prince Charles came, anxious and haggard enough, no doubt, on his way to seek hiding in the wilds of the west. Later and earlier interests also haunt the narrow pass. In that dark and narrow gorge, in 1877, Dr. Bryce, the well-known geologist, was killed by a fall of rock while examining the strata; and on the bald Black Rock, high over head, stand the remains of a Pictish vitrified fort.

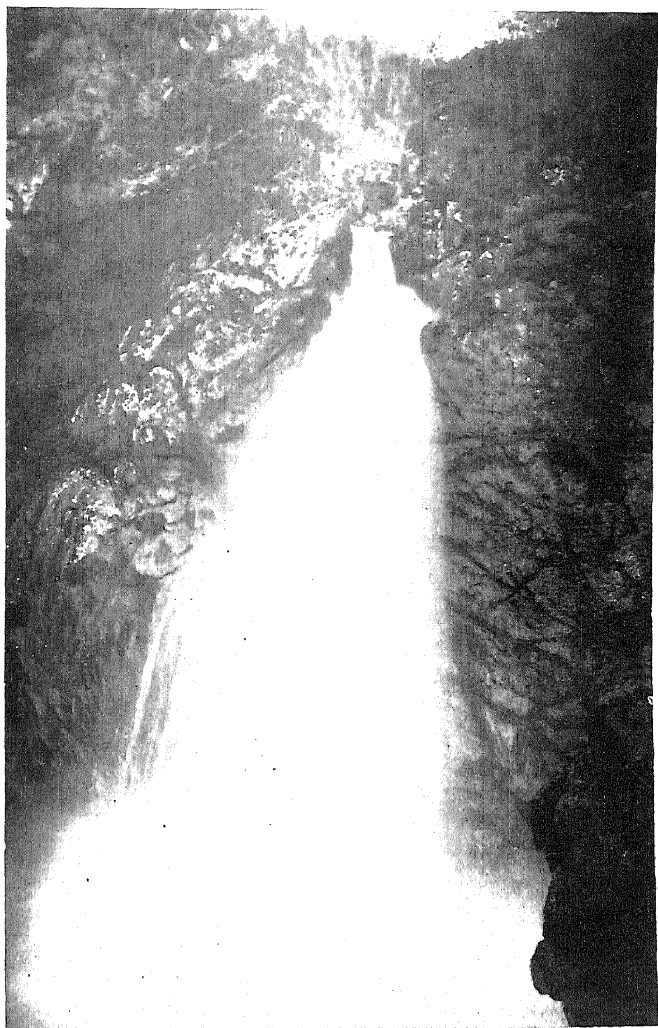
In all ages a chain of royal strongholds appears to have lain through Glen More. The earliest were, perhaps, the vitrified forts, to be traced from Craig-Phadric, at Inverness, to Dunmacuisneachan, in Benderloch. These were replaced in the feudal centuries by castles of stone and lime—Inverness, Urquhart, and the rest, to Dunstaffnage; and more recent times have seen the building of Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William.

The scene of greatest popular attraction on Loch

Ness side, however, owes nothing to the work of men's hands. Twice a day in summer, for many years now, the steamer has drawn into Foyers Pier, and a crowd of tourists has rushed up through the woods to look for a few minutes at the famous Fall of Foyers, before continuing their voyage. It was in different and more leisurely fashion that, towards the close of last century, Robert Burns visited the spot. As he stood alone on the edge of the chasm, within the drifting spray, and looked at the black unfathomed pool, and listened to the pulsing threnody of the great fall, he was moved to one of his few efforts of purely natural description, and on the spot wrote with a pencil the well-known lines :

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And, viewless, echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils.

A few years earlier, Dr. Johnson, on his tour to the Hebrides, was brought to the same place, but appears to have been too greatly fatigued by his climb over the rough crags to do more than consider "the asperities of the rocky bottom." From the thick spray which constantly rises above the



foam of the plunging waters, the Foyers is known in Gaelic by the fine descriptive name of *Eas na Smuid*, the Water of the Smoke.

On the side of the loch opposite the great fall rises Mealfourvounie, the chief mountain of Glen More. Though not so lofty as many Scottish hills, its great dome appears impressive enough from the deck of the steamer below. High on the southern shoulder of the ben lies the scene of a sufficiently savage story. It appears that during the course of a feud in the beginning of the seventeenth century, some of the Macdonnells of Glengarry crossed the hills to Beauly, and coming suddenly upon a congregation of Mackenzies at the kirk of Cill-a-Chriosd, burnt building and congregation together. While the fire was raging, Glengarry's piper, to drown the shrieks of the victims, composed and played the pibroch still known by the name of Cill-a-Chriosd. On their way home triumphant the Macdonnells found themselves pursued, and took to flight. Their chief, closely followed by a gigantic Mackenzie, came over the shoulder of the mountain here, and making for the gorge of the Alt Suidhe, or Resting Burn, leapt the yawning chasm at its narrowest part. The avenger behind him, not to be balked, leapt also. Unluckily for the latter, however, he missed his footing, fell back, and would have been killed but for the branch of a tree on the edge, which he managed to grasp. Macdonnell, looking behind, saw what had happened, and returning to the chasm, deliberately cut the branch with his knife, and watched his enemy crash to death in the abyss below.

One of the first of the movements which finally put an end to wild raids and vengeance of this sort in the Highlands was the building, after the Rebellion of 1715, of the three Government stations, Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William. Fort George, near Inverness, is still a depôt with a garrison, but Fort William was dismantled in 1864. Fort Augustus, at the head of Loch Ness, is now a Benedictine college and monastery—one of the institutions by which the Roman hierarchy is settling its roots once more in this country. Here it was that, after Culloden, “Butcher” Cumberland encamped, and sent out his detachments to ravage the country. By these detachments the castles of Lovat, Glengarry, Auchnacarry, and Lochiel were destroyed, and unheard of cruelties were perpetrated in the quiet glens. Among darker deeds, the clansmen’s dwellings everywhere were burnt, and the women and children driven out, homeless and without food, on the desolate moors. In a few days not a hearth smoked within fifty miles.

At Fort Augustus, in later days, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, whose husband was chaplain to the forces, learned the Gaelic language, and wrote her well-known *Letters from the Mountains*, as well as her fine song, “Oh where, tell me where, is my Highland laddie gone?” and here, in 1773, Dr. Johnson and his biographer stayed a night on their way to the western islands.

Four miles farther on, where the canal enters its summit loch, Loch Oich, at Aberchalder House, on the left, it was that, in 1745, Prince Charles Edward spent the night of August 26th, before

marching to encounter General Cope's army on the Devil's Staircase of Corryvairack. On the night of the 25th he had mustered his army at Invergarry Castle, on the opposite shore of the loch, and there it was that he handed to the messenger of Lord Lovat the patent of a Dukedom of Fraser, which was the wily chief's bait to join the Rebellion.

Invergarry was for ages the home of the chiefs of Glengarry—that branch of the Macdonnells known as Mhic Mac Alastair. Creagan nam Fitheach, the "raven rock" on which the castle stands, gave a slogan to the tribe, and at hand, on the loch shore, rises a monument curiously significant of the ancient spirit of the clansmen. The monument is a pyramid of seven stone heads, and an inscription accounts for its curious shape. Early in the sixteenth century, it appears, two brothers, heirs of the Keppoch family, on returning from school in France, were murdered by seven kinsmen for the sake of their inheritance. The murder was swiftly avenged by order of the Lord of Aros, chief of the clan; and forthwith the heads of the murderers were presented at the feet of Macdonnell in Glengarry Castle, after being washed in this spring, which has been named *Tober-na-ceann*, "the Well of the Heads," from the circumstance.

Between Loch Oich and Loch Lochy stand the Laggan locks, and close by them lies the ancient burying-place of the Macdonalds.¹ A mile farther south, at Kinloch-Lochy, lies the field of *Blar na leine*,

¹ It is a belief of the neighbourhood that the spirit of each Macdonald laid there to rest keeps watch over the spot till another of the race is carried to his long home, and relieves the guard.

"The Battle of the Shirts," where, on a blazing day in 1544, the Macdonalds and the Frasers stripped to their under-garments and fought to the death.¹

Still farther down the loch, on the western side, lies the path by which Prince Charles, high in hope, at the beginning of his enterprise, entered Glen More, and by which, eight months later, his hope broken and his enterprise in the dust, he made his way out of it. The pass, known as the Black Mile, from its dense wooding, leads from Loch Lochy to Loch Arkaig. At the old house of Auchnacarry, at its foot, the Prince stayed a day or two in 1745 while the clansmen were gathering; and in a cave near the middle of the pass he found shelter in the following May on his solitary flight to the coast. Away to the west here is all Lochiel's country—some of the wildest and most romantic in Scotland.

It was on the opposite, the eastern, side of the loch, at the foot of Glen Spean, that the first shots of the last Rebellion were fired. Captain Scott and two companies of soldiers were on their way from Fort Augustus to garrison Fort William, when, almost by accident, at Spean Bridge, they encountered a few scattered clansmen. The soldiers were seen to hesitate; in an hour the whole countryside had risen; and Keppoch, closing in on their retreat, made the entire party lay down their arms.

Glen Spean, and Glen Roy which branches from

¹The battle was fought to reinstate the ousted heir of Clanranald, Raonull Gallda, Lord Lovat's grandson. After the fight Raonull, wounded and a prisoner, was slain at Laggan by his own clansmen, the Macdonalds, who instructed the leech, in dressing his wounds, to thrust the needle into the brain.

it, are chiefly famous to-day for the curious phenomenon of the "parallel roads" along their sides. Various theories have been advanced to account for these. Scientific men are divided in favour of water and of ice. But the Highlanders aver that the "roads," which they call the "King's Hunting Roads," were made by certain of their ancient monarchs who dwelt below at Inverlochy.

Here follows the last stage of the great canal, and the associations which gather about it remain by no means the least thrilling of all in the long day's sail. Close by the waterway, immediately on the left rises a ruin with an uncanny memory. Tor Castle as it is called, was a stronghold taken from the Mackintoshes by the Camerons at some early period; and within its walls, in the fifteenth century, Ailean nan Creach (Allan of the Forays), the Lochiel of the time, came to consult the "Tigh Gairm," or familiar spirit of his house. It was in his old age, when the memory of his many ruthless deeds lay heavy on his soul. The Dark Spirit having appeared at his invocation, Allan demanded what he must do to escape damnation. He was told, in reply, that for each great foray he had made he must build a church; and, when that was done, his soul would be white again. The old sinner lost no time in performing this penance and, as the ruins of his seven churches are still to be seen at different spots in the surrounding country, it may be supposed that he is now duly in Paradise.

Below Tor Castle descends the long flight of locks known as Neptune's Staircase; and at Corpach the

three-score miles of mountain lakes and cuttings that make up the Caledonian Canal come to an end. On an autumn afternoon, when the wind is still and the air clear, the further sail down the long sea-lochs from Corpach is something to remember for a lifetime. Away to the right, due west from Corpach, stretches Loch Eil, a lane of gold between the mountains when the sun is going down. High on the left, above Fort William, in the deep eastern sky, rises Ben Nevis, the loftiest mountain in Scotland. And southward, between Lochaber and the dark Ardgour and Kingairloch Hills, lies the purple highway to the open sea.

Here, at the head of Loch Linnhe, the square grey ruin of Inverlochy Castle carries the memory back by a chain of associations into the hoar mists of antiquity. On the plain under its walls it was that, on February 2nd, 1645, the Marquis of Montrose, with his Royalist Highlanders, defeated the Covenanting forces of his great rival. The battle had begun on the previous evening. At day-break in the wintry morning Argyll betook himself to his galleys; and from their deck, in personal safety, he watched his friends and clansmen being defeated and driven into the sea. At Inverlochy also, in 1431, Donald Balloch defeated and put to rout the Earls of Mar and Caithness at the head of superior forces. The memory of the action is preserved in Clan Macdonald's "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," to which Sir Walter Scott wrote his well-known words. In early times the castle belonged to the great house of Comyn, which then owned all the country hence, by Badenoch and Strathspey,



to the Moray Firth. Still earlier, according to tradition, Inverlochy Castle was the home of Banquo, Thane of Lochaber. And before that, it is said to have been a royal stronghold, and the spot where King Achaius signed a treaty with Charlemagne.

Fort William itself, a couple of miles to the south, dates from the time of Cromwell. A fort was built here then by General Monk to hold the clans in check; and it was rebuilt for the same purpose in the time of William III. The romance of its history, therefore, is entirely of the Jacobite troubles. It was besieged both in 1715 and 1745. For long the main attraction of the place was the ascent of the mountain which rises overhead, and visitors to the spot were almost exclusively knapsack tourists ambitious of "doing" the greatest of all the bens. But a railway now runs through Fort William; and the quiet little Highland town which has grown beside the fort during the last two hundred years has become a place of busier life.

It is no great distance from Fort William down Loch Linnhe and through the narrows to Ballachulish. For two centuries the slate quarries here have been probably the greatest in Scotland; and the village itself, and all about it, are built entirely of the dark blue stone. But the chief interest of the neighbourhood lies neither in Ballachulish itself nor in its quarries. The crowd of eager visitors which each day throughout the summer lands at the little pier, drives through the village and into the desolate and magnificent glen beyond. There, amid the solitude of mist-swept precipices and lonely corries,

Ossian's Cona comes brawling down, and with the scream of the eagle, perhaps, makes the only sound between the mountain walls. It is in certain spots at the bottom of the glen, and in the mansion at its mouth, that the interest centres. There, among the wastes of rock and heather by the burnside, are still to be seen the ruin-heaps of the dwellings of MacIan's clan. About these the wanderer pictures the scene on that morning of darkness, storm, and snow, the 13th of February of the year 1692, when the Government soldiery, quartered in the glen, suddenly rose upon their hosts, fired the dwellings, and butchered all whom they could surprise. For that base deed a stain remains for ever on the otherwise fair fame of William III.; and stories are told yet in the Highlands of how to the third and fourth generation a curse attended the race of the instruments of the cruel deed.¹ In the massacre of Glencoe thirty-eight persons only were killed, though many perished in their flight through the snow. Macdonald's two sons escaped to perpetuate the family of the chief; and Glencoe was held by their descendants till the year 1893, when it passed into the possession of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Close by Ballachulish Hotel rises the little mount on which James of the Glens was unjustly hanged for the Appin murder, as related in *Kidnapped*; and farther south the scene of the murder itself may be made out at the foot of the hills.

¹For some of the most striking of these stories, see Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland* (Second edition, vol. i. p. 105).

But the steamer sweeps on down the long sea-loch—now touching at little piers, where the wonderfully clear green water breaks in jewels on the weedy rocks, and anon sheering by island shores where shaggy Highland cattle, russet and black and fawn, graze among the grey boulders and green knolls. There is Appin, with Castle Stalker, the home of the Jacobite Stewarts of Appin—built by the chief for the entertainment of his cousin, James IV., when he came to hunt in the region. And close by lies the island of Lismore, the “Great Garden,” as its name signifies, which, in the 16th century, gave a designation to that learned Macgregor, Dean of Lismore, whose famous “Book” forms perhaps the earliest extant collection of Ossianic poetry.

Close by the Dean’s domain, on the mainland, lies Benderloch, the very heart of the Ossian country, with its ruin-mound of Selma,¹ the home of Fingal and of Ossian himself. Here are to be identified many of the localities referred to by the Celtic Homer—Barrathon, Torthona, Lochlin (Loch Linnhe), Eta (Etive), the plain of Lutha, etc. Here is to be seen the little burial-place where “the mighty lie in the narrow plain of the rock”; and Shuna, probably the Inisthona of the poems, is not far off. While here, with a roar that can be heard for miles, Loch Etive twice a day pours its tidal waters over Ossian’s Falls of Lora. The names of many of the spots at hand themselves contain a significant history.

¹Named Beregonium in some maps, from a misinterpretation of the Roman geographer, Ptolemy. The true Beregonium lies by Loch Ryan in Galloway.

There are Cairn Ossian, Tom Ossian (Ossian's Knoll), Dun-bhail-an-righ (King's Town), Bealach-na-ban-righ (the Queen's Pass), and so on, all pointing to associations that have long passed away.¹ Dunmacuisneachan, the "Fort of the Sons of Uisneach," which forms a twin crag to Selma at Benderloch Station, takes its name from the hero-lovers of the beautiful Deirdre, whose story is told in one of the most famous folk-songs of the Highlands. Deirdre was the Darthula of Macpherson's "Ossian."

Two miles below the Falls of Lora, crowning a rocky peninsula, rise the grey walls of one of the most interesting ruins in Scotland. Dunstaffnage, at that time probably a vitrified fort, was the capital stronghold of the earliest Scottish kings. Here for hundreds of years, till the middle of the ninth century, was kept the palladium of Scotland—the famous Coronation Stone—brought first from Ireland to Iona by Fergus, son of Erc, and now in Westminster Abbey (*see* page 162). For three hundred and fifty years from the day when the stone was removed to Scone by Kenneth MacAlpin, nothing is recorded of Dunstaffnage. Probably Kenneth removed the stone and the seat of government because of Norwegian inroads. The Norwegians at any rate appear presently to have become masters of Dunstaffnage, along with all the Hebrides; and imagination is left to picture the rude, heroic, and cruel life that was lived within those walls during

¹For many interesting particulars of the antiquities of this region the reader may be referred to Dr. Angus Smith's volume, *Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisneach*.

their occupation. Their prince, Somerled, Lord of the Isles and Thane of Earra Gaidheal, or Argyll, marrying the daughter of Olaf, King of Man, left two sons, Dugal and Reginald, between whom he divided his heritage. Reginald became the ancestor of the great house of Macdonald of the Isles; and from Dugal descended the Lords of Argyll and Lorne. In Bruce's time Alexander of Argyll, who had married a daughter of the Comyn slain at the high altar at Dumfries, was one of the bitterest enemies of the king; and his son, John of Lorne, more than once almost succeeded in destroying the monarch. When at last, in 1308, Bruce overthrew John of Lorne in the Pass of Brander, close by here, he laid siege to Dunstaffnage, within which was shut up Alexander of Argyll himself. Alexander presently yielded the stronghold, and retired on safe-conduct to England, where he died.¹ The charter is still extant by which King Robert then granted the constabulary of Dunstaffnage and its lands, "quhilk Alexander Argyll had in his hands," to Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow. It would appear, nevertheless, as if the actual possession of the place had remained yet a while in the hands of the island lords. So late as 1455, a century and a half afterwards, it is recorded that when James, last Earl of Douglas, had been defeated at Arkinholme in Galloway, he fled westward, and meeting Donald of the Isles at Dunstaffnage, induced him to make a raid upon the shores of Clyde. The memory of Harlaw, however, must still have been in the Isleman's mind; he did not venture to match himself against

¹ See Bower's continuation of Fordun's *Scotichronicon*.

any force of King James, so Douglas was forced to betake himself, a fallen man, to his long exile in England.¹ On John of Lorne's forfeiture, the real ownership of the estates passed by marriage, through an heiress of the Macdougals, into the hands of the Stewarts of Innermeath. Isabel, the heiress of these Stewarts of Lorne, brought the lands, by marriage, a century later, to Campbell of Lochow, who in 1457 became the first Earl of Argyll. It is through this channel that the present Duke of Argyll inherits the territory of the ancient Macdougals of Lorne.²

The male line of Macdougal of Lorne, however, is still extant. After his defeat in the Pass of Brander, John of Lorne fled by sea, managed somehow in these troublous times to maintain himself, and to hand on part of his ancient possessions to Ewen his son.³ From him are directly descended the present Macdougals of Dunolly, who therefore, in the rank of private gentlemen, lineally represent the once mighty house of Somerled of the Isles.

Dunstaffnage was probably the Ardenvohr of Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, and close by may be seen an eminence corresponding to "the round monticle of Drumsnab"—to which Dalgetty so frequently called his host's unwilling attention. More authentic is the fact that Colkitto Macdonald, the lieutenant of Montrose, was confined for a time in Dunstaffnage in

¹Hume of Godscroft's *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*.

²See *Nisbet's Heraldry*.

³Wyntoun's *Cronykil of Scotland*.

1645, was hanged from the mast of his own galley on the doom-hill, Tom-a-chrechaid, at hand, and was buried under the chapel doorstep, in order, as he himself remarked, that he and the Captain of Dunstaffnage might "take a snuff from each other in the grave." In the chapel here, it is said, some of the ancient regalia of Scotland were preserved till the eighteenth century, when, owing to the infirmity of the castellan, they were stolen and disposed of by dishonest servants. Other interesting relics, however, including a battle-axe, a spur, and stirrups of the Bruce, are preserved at Dunstaffnage House, not far away, the modern residence of the Captain of Dunstaffnage. The oldest part of the castle was burned during the Earl of Argyll's rebellion in 1685, but it was restored and garrisoned by Government during the later rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and within its walls for a time Flora Macdonald was confined.

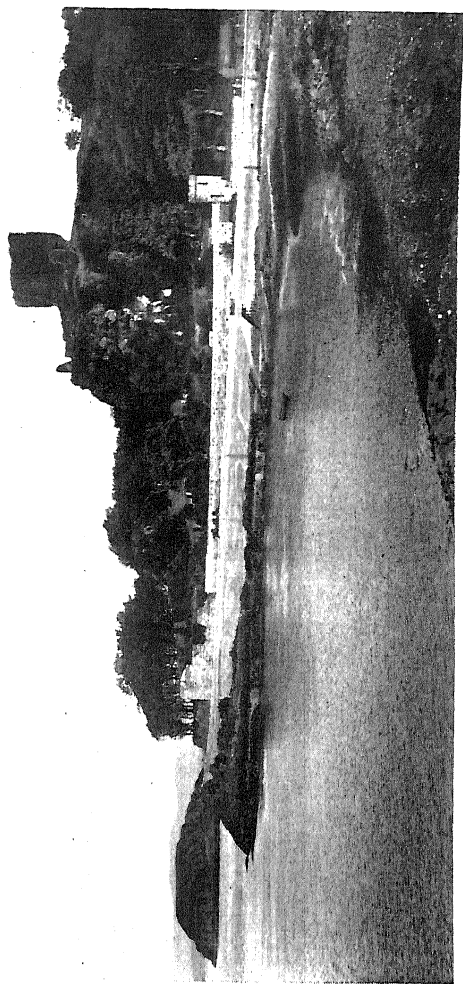
The green-clad ruin of Dunolly, at the entrance to Oban bay, has memories hardly less ancient, if indeed less royal, than Dunstaffnage. This "fort of Olaf," as its name translates, is mentioned as the scene of sieges, demolitions, and rebuildings, in the *Annals of Ulster*, as early as the year 685. It was probably one of the chief strongholds of the Norse invaders during their long domination in the western isles; and there is peculiar appropriateness in the fact that it still belongs to their descendant, whose modern house lies just behind. Among other treasures, Macdougall of Dunolly still keeps the brooch torn from the shoulder of the Bruce by the dying MacKeech in the struggle at

Dalry, in which the king was defeated by John of Lorne.¹

Under the castle rock at Dunolly, in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, some workmen engaged in removing the garden soil made a strange discovery. Five feet below the surface of the ground they came on a bed of ashes; under these lay a thick bed of loose stones; then came a strong wall, and when this was broken through, a cavern was revealed, hung with stalactites, and containing in regular order, among bones of animals, defaced coins, and fragments of swords, an array of human remains. Could these have spoken, some strange pages might have been added to island history.

Kerrera, the island opposite Dunolly, in the Firth of Lorne, has similar heroic memories of early times. The Norse dominion in the western isles, which had followed the conquests of Harold Harfager, King of Denmark, in the end of the 9th century, and of the Norwegian Magnus Barefoot about 1090, reached its climax in the reign of Alexander II. That king, after striving by negotiation and bribery, to induce the Norwegian king to relinquish the sovereignty of the Hebrides, determined to achieve his purpose by force of arms, and boasted that he "would plant his standard

¹The curious history of this brooch, its disappearance in the seventeenth century, and its re-discovery in a London shop-window by Campbell of Lochnell, with other romantic particulars, is furnished in *The Book of the Bishop's Castle* of Glasgow Exhibition, 1888 (p. 39). It disappeared at the sack of the Macdougall stronghold, Gylen Castle, on Kerrera, in 1647, but was discovered in London, where it had been sent for sale two centuries later, and was purchased by Campbell of Lochnell and restored to Macdougall.



on the cliffs of Thurso." He had, however, only reached Kerrera with his fleet and army, when he was seized with fever and died. Haco, the Norwegian king, then sailed southward to assert his rights, and it was on Kerrera that he held the great rendezvous with the island chiefs, who augmented his fleet to 160 ships, with which he sailed away to the battle of Largs.

At last, however, the steamer cleaves the calm waters of Oban bay. Probably no scene in the world is fairer than this. As the sun goes down behind Kerrera on the right, and the magic of the moonlight begins to shine on the narrow waters, when lights begin to twinkle from the anchored craft and the lines of the little sea-washed town—with the shadowy Sound opening away southward to the Firth of Lorne, and nothing to be heard but the rapid beat of the steamer's paddles as she sweeps over the glassy sea—the mind is filled with wonder and ecstasy that is not unmingled with awe.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

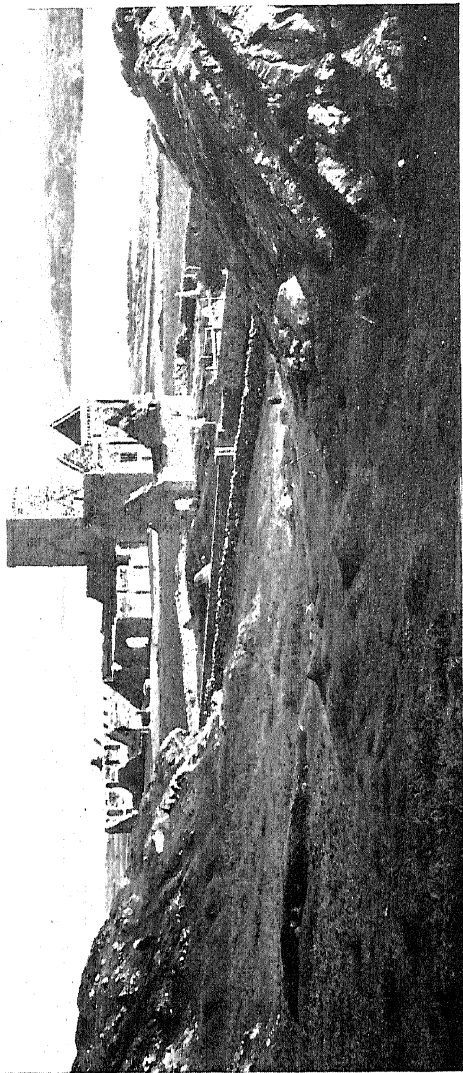
It was a summer evening in the year of our Lord 563, when Columba, with his twelve companions, landed on the island of Iona. The spot where he stepped ashore, a bay at the south end of the island, is known to the present day as Port-na-churaich—the haven of the coracle. The missionary was a tall man, of commanding air, and sweet, strong voice, and when he landed in Iona was forty-two years of age. He was of the royal Irish races of O'Neill and O'Donnel, but was driven from his country, it appears, by a religious feud. Sailing from Ireland, he had landed first on Oronsay, but finding that the coast of the country he had left could still be seen from that island, he once more set sail, and came to Iona. Here the Irish coast was no longer visible, and on the eminence from which Columba looked southward to ascertain the fact is still to be seen the saint's "Cairn of Farewell." The adventurers then, it is said, buried their boat above the shore, where a mound still marks the spot.

Pagan remains, which exist on the island to the present day, must have apprised the settlers that

priests of an older faith had already worshipped here ; but whether any of these priests were encountered, tradition does not say. Cairn Culdeach, on the western shoulder of Dun-I, the highest hill in Iona, is believed to be the spot where Columba and his followers built their first dwelling. The rude remains of a road are still to be traced thence to the lower ground on the east, where they forthwith proceeded to build their church. That church was possibly no more than an erection of wattle and clay, like the Irish sanctuaries of its time ; nevertheless, it was one of the most significant buildings ever raised on the British shores. From it Columba sent out his apostles—men of deep wisdom and glowing zeal—over Scotland in all directions. These emissaries, known later as Culdees, Christianised the country, and founded kells, or churches. Their names live everywhere in the nomenclature of Scotland to the present hour. From Iona also the saint himself, surrounded by his “Order of the Fair Company,” made many missionary journeys, the chief of them being probably that in which he visited and converted the Pictish king, Brud, at Craig-Phadric, the castle near Inverness already alluded to. Icolmkill, in fact, as the rocky isle presently was called, became the shrine from which, amid the darkness of that early time, the light of civilisation was spread throughout the north. The highest royal countenance was apparently not long lacking to the Christian colony. Connal, king of the Scots, who then held Cantyre, was a cousin of Columba ; and when he died, eleven years after the missionary’s settlement in Iona, his

successor, Aidan, came hither to be crowned. The coronation, tradition avers, was made on the Stone of Fate, which now rests at Westminster.

Columba's leisure was occupied in copying manuscripts, and of these during his life here he transcribed no fewer than three hundred volumes. When at last, on a June evening of the year 596, in the odour of sanctity, he died, his hand is said to have stopped at the ninth verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm: "O fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him." Details of his life indeed have been preserved with wonderful minuteness, and these invest some spots on the island with peculiar interest. Adamnan, the biographer of the saint, and his successor seventy years later, records that, on the last day of his life, Columba, being very frail, was helped to the top of Tor Abb, the rocky mound which still stands between the cathedral and the road, and there, looking with wistful eyes over the monastery and island, and away to the dim mountains of Scotland beyond, he stood long in thought, taking his farewell. Then, lifting his hands, he blessed the sanctuary, and passed lingeringly down from the little mount. The grave of the saint is to be seen close by the door of the present cathedral ruin. A faithful servant, Dermot, was buried by his side. But when the two graves were opened a number of years ago, one of them was found to be empty—a fact which confirmed the tradition that, after the ravages of the Norsemen in 829, the body of Columba was carried to Kells, in Ireland, and buried between the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Bridget.



Tradition also has it that at a later date his bones were transferred to Dunkeld.

The fame and the sanctity of Iona, however, were established, and for two hundred years after Columba's death it held rule over all the Scottish and half the Irish religious houses. From Columba's time to the days of Macbeth all the Scottish kings and four of the Irish were buried here; their carved tombstones are still to be seen in the Reilig Oran, the quiet little burying-place round St. Oran's Chapel. Among other treasures also was accumulated at Iona a great library, one of the most valuable in Europe. But again and again the island was pillaged by Norse pirates, who more than once sacrificed abbot and monks to Odin; and at last, in 1059, church and monastery, with all that they contained, were burnt to ashes. The headquarters of Columba's church were then removed to Kells, in Ireland, where the saint's successors continued to administer the simple Culdee faith and form of worship for three further centuries.

St. Oran's Chapel, the oldest building extant on the island, is believed to have been built by Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century. It occupied the site of Columba's original church, and was dedicated to one of the saint's chief followers. Iona Cathedral, close by, was built a hundred years later, probably about the time of David I., and was served by monks of the Benedictine order; while the nunnery, farther south, dates from a century later still. By the gift of George, Duke of Argyll, the sacred buildings of Iona now belong

to the Established Church of Scotland, and they are slowly being restored.

Of Columba's time the only relics extant on the island appear to be a fragment of stone known as the saint's pillow, carefully preserved in the cathedral, and Maclean's Cross, the tall, thin, carved monument standing on its worn pedestal by the roadside below the modern kirk. By the side of this cross Columba is said to have been resting on his last walk, when his old horse gave a sign of his master's approaching end.

For ages, however, Iona was a sacred spot within whose soil the warlike and devout alike of many kingdoms desired that their dust should lie. Eight Norse kings are buried here, and one unknown king of France. Constantly, throughout the feudal centuries, the island chiefs were brought hither to be interred. The scene on these occasions may be pictured—the funeral barges sweeping towards the island shore, the shrill wail of the pipes rising above the coronach of the rowers, and the black pall trailing in the wonderful clear green water of Iona Sound. A mound, known as the Hill of Mourning, is still pointed out above the landing-place in Martyr's Bay, where the bier was wont to be laid by the bearers. Then the procession moved by the nunnery wall along the significantly named Street of the Dead, and into the thrice sacred enclosure, the Reilig Oran. This ancient Christian burying-place contains the dust of all that was illustrious during those centuries in the western isles. Here, under the Iomaire-nan-righ, the Ridge of the Kings, sleep the ashes of ancient royalty; close by, under

a range of strangely-carved stones, lie the bones of the warlike island chiefs—Macleods of Macleod, Macleans of Duart, Loch Buie, and Coll, the famous cateran, Ailean-nan-Sop, and many more, each warrior with some barbaric or heroic tradition belonging to his memory; while within the chapel walls, besides the tomb of St. Oran himself and that of MacQuarrie, “the chief of Ulva’s isle,” is to be seen the grave of Angus Og Macdonald of Islay, the stout friend of Bruce, and one of the king’s lieutenants at Bannockburn, who, under the name of Ronald, figures as the hero in Scott’s “Lord of the Isles.” Besides these the cathedral is full of the dust of saintly abbots and priors, and in the nunnery may be counted the monuments of a long roll of high-born abbesses and sisters who have died under the veil. A plain tombstone outside the convent is said by tradition to mark the grave of a nun whose woman’s heart had proved more powerful than her vows.

At the Reformation, Iona suffered severely. It was nothing to the zealots then that here stood the mother-church of religion in Scotland; and accordingly, with an energy exceeding that of the Norse heathen of earlier days, they wasted the shrine. Hundreds of the sculptured monumental stones were broken and carried away. Among various other wanton destructions it is on record that the Reformed Synod of Argyll ordered sixty of the beautifully carved Iona crosses to be thrown into the sea. Others of the crosses were transferred to spots like Inveraray and Campbeltown, where they may still be seen in the market-places; and so it comes about

that, of the three hundred and fifty-nine crosses which once stood on the island, only two now remain in their place—Maclean's cross, already referred to, and St. Martin's cross, before the cathedral, rich with the scrolls and bossings of early Christian art.

The strangest thing about Iona, however, has never been much commented on. It is the fact that, behind all the memories of Christian faith and worship on the island, have come down, strong and vital through the ages, an amazing number of the beliefs and rites of an earlier mystic time. These things are called superstitions now, and the key to their first meaning is in many cases lost, but not the less are they clearly the relics of a creed which must have had its roots deep in the primal instincts of the human heart. Some of the island "superstitions" are obviously enough of after-Columban origin, such, for instance, as the belief that the possession of one of the beautiful jade pebbles sought for by the children on the beach at Port-na-churaich after a gale, ensures safety at sea. But a belief like that regarding the "angel hills"—green knolls throughout the island, which were said to be the alighting places of the angels when they came to earth—seems rather like a Christian manipulation of some older belief of sun-ray worship. There is Tober-na-h'ois, the Well of Age, on Dun-I, which has the reputed property of restoring youth; and there are the four uncanny Wells of the Winds. Then there were the famous Black Stones of Iona, on which the Highland chiefs, down to a recent period, made oaths of offence and defence, considered

of all oaths the most binding and terrible.¹ There was the oracle stone described by Boece—perhaps one of the curious sounding-stones still extant on the island. And there was the stone over which mariners were wont to stretch their arms three times in the name of the Trinity, assured that after so doing they would ever steer true.

But the most obvious of all the relics of a barbaric faith is a story which, in the course of tradition, has been attached to the name of Columba himself. It belongs clearly to the ages when men believed that a life must be sacrificed to the spirits of evil before a house could be raised that should escape their wrath. As the story is told, Columba found that, as fast as the walls of his church were built, they were thrown down by an unseen agency. It was revealed to him at last, in a vision, that a human victim was required. St. Oran volunteered the sacrifice, and was accordingly buried alive. From that time all went well with the building. Columba, however, was not satisfied, and to appease his conscience, he during the night made his way privately to the spot and dug up the victim. To the explorer's surprise, Oran was alive and hale, lively as a cricket, and, in the rescuer's opinion, a deal too communicative about the manners of the sulphurous regions with which he had made acquaintance. Regarding these he talked away in a fashion that was something

¹The Black Stones of Iona suffered destruction at the hands of a maniac during the nineteenth century. These stones were, it is said, "composed of a single block of dark-coloured granite, curiously carved, were five feet in height and two broad, and stood by the entrance to the cathedral near the cloisters."

more than profane. His language was awful, and his views quite unsuitable for Christian ears. So, at least, thought Columba, for, astonished and shocked, in order that the evil might go no further, he quickly shovelled in the earth again, and left Oran to his fate.¹

Dean Munro in 1549 and Dr. Sacheverill in 1688 have each left records of Iona, as they knew it. In the latter part of last century Iona was visited by Johnson and Boswell, and by Pennant, all of whom have duly recorded their impressions of the island at that time. Wordsworth has also left a record of his visit in three sonnets. And a set of verses on Iona by the Ettrick Shepherd is set to an old air said to have been sung in ancient days by the island monks themselves.² At the present day Iona is visited for an hour six times a week by a rush of restless-eyed tourists. Under the charge of a guide, these flock through the ruins, purchase some of the necklaces of fragile land-shells which abound in Iona, and return, with impressions more or less kaleidoscopic, to their steamer in the bay.³ A few visitors remain for a

¹See note to Sir Walter Scott's poem, "Glenfinlas," for similar pagan traditions.

²See R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, ii. 62.

³Sometimes before and sometimes after calling at Iona, the modern tourist invariably lands at Staffa, six miles away. No contrast could well be greater than that between the two islands. While the interest of Iona lies entirely in its memories, that of Staffa belongs wholly to its natural features. Sir Walter Scott, who visited the two islands under the guidance of the chief of Ulva, in 1810, has left an account of his visit to Staffa in a letter to Joanna Baillie. "It is," he says, "one of the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. It exceeded, in my mind, every description I had heard of it; or rather, the appearance of the cavern, composed entirely of basaltic

time at the inns near the cathedral. But the true interest and charm of the sacred island only unfold to one who lives there, with open eyes, among the people. Much of the primitive life of these kindly folk must have changed little for centuries. In the morning one sees the broad-browed, shaggy beasts come deep-breathing out of the byres, exactly as they have done for hundreds of years, their heads stooping under the low lintels, and their wide-branched horns all but touching both door-posts, as they stumble forth into the sunshine. One hears the thud, thud of the swinging flails as oats are threshed. Sometimes it is still possible to see meal ground in one of the ancient querns, or hand-mills. And below the surface—in the secret hearts of grey sire and dame, brave fisher-lad and strapping crofter lass—behind the influence of Free Kirk and Parish Kirk, and reaching back beyond the days of Protestant and Catholic and Culdee—the student will find, quick and potent as ever, the sacred beliefs and instincts of an early mystic time.

pillars as high as the roof of a cathedral, and running deep into the rock, eternally swept by a deep and swelling sea, and paved, as it were, with ruddy marble, baffles all description. You can walk along the broken pillars with some difficulty, and in some places with a little danger, as far as the farthest extremity. Boats also can come in below when the sea is placid, which is seldom the case." In honour of Scott's visit the boatman on that occasion "took the whim of solemnly christening a great stone seat at the mouth of the cavern, 'Clachan-an-Bairdh,' or the Poet's Stone. It was consecrated with a pibroch, which the echoes rendered tremendous, and a glass of whisky, not poured forth in the ancient mode of libation, but turned over the throats of the assistants." "The head boatman," Scott continues, "whose father had been himself a bard, made me a speech on the occasion; but as it was in Gaelic, I could only receive it as a silly beauty does a fine-spun compliment—bow and say nothing."

The general impression of the wave-worn island and its memories has been put into some well-known words by Dr. Johnson: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

CHAPTER XX.

“OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.”

ALL summer long, when the heavens are blue and the island seas are calm, a constant train of tourists passes nowadays through the wilds of Skye. The wise ones plan their pilgrimage to occupy a week. They land at Broadford, drive to Torrin, on Loch Slapin, pass thence by boat or on foot by Camasunary to Loch Scavaig and Loch Coruisk, whence an eight-mile path leads over Drumhain, between Marscow and Scur-an-Gillea, to Sligachan Inn. Next day there is Corryna-Creich to visit, Portree to reach, and a sail perhaps to be made to Prince Charles' Cave. A third morning sees them on the road, by Eyre and Kingsburgh on Loch Snizort, and by Uig, Kilmuir kirk—where is Flora Macdonald's grave—and Duntulm Castle, the ancient stronghold of Macleod, to the Quiraing, from which the more adventurous return down the coast by the Storr rocks and Red Gate to Portree. Then yet another day perhaps is spent in going by mail-cart to Dunvegan Castle, the ancestral seat of Macleod, on the west coast of the island, whence the pedestrian probably makes his way across the country, by Loch Struan and Bracadale, to Sligachan, and so by the coast-line to Broadford once more.

No doubt much of the island's attraction consists in its wild and desolate scenery. Nowhere in Scotland, probably, is there anything at once so terrible and so full of beauty. From the clear green seas that wash the island shores wild crags shoot up their splintered pinnacles three thousand feet into the sky. Deep among the feet of these mountains lie tarns dreadful and black as night; and again, here and there, in lonely corrie or seaside glen, a burn sings blithely down by some bit of sylvan fairyland.

Much, too, of the island's charm is derived from the primitive conditions of life which may still be witnessed there. A great deal has been heard within recent times of the hardships of the Skye crofters, and there exists a natural curiosity as to the means by which folk so remote from the comforts of urban life make existence tolerable for themselves. Nor is this curiosity without its reward; for dwellings and people alike, speech and circumstances, manners and ways of living, remain as picturesque and full of interest as can well be imagined, and for ever afterwards a hint of peat-reek in the air will have power to bring back many a scene of simple charm to the mind of him who has once wandered in Skye.

But the chief glamour of these island shores lies in the memories which gather upon them; most of all, the memories of Flora Macdonald and the fugitive Prince Charles.

It was a summer day, the 28th of June, of the year 1746, when the little boat containing these two, with the faithful O'Neale, and one or two other attendants, set sail across the Minch from Benbecula.

Since the disaster of Culloden, two and a half months before, Charles had passed through many straits and desperate adventures. Since leaving the mainland of Arisaig under guidance of the Skyeman, Donald Macleod of Guattergill, he had been driven from island to island of the outer Hebrides, tossed by storms, and chased by men-of-war; forced sometimes to subsist on crabs and shell-fish, and rejoicing when fortune, on one desolate island, sent his little company a cow. At last Macdonald of Armadale in Skye, captain of a company of Hanoverian militia quartered in the islands, had connived at the effort of his step-daughter, Flora Macdonald, to effect the Prince's escape. The young lady had seen Charles once before at Holyrood; but the scene was very different when they met again at an outhouse on Milton estate in South Uist. In the haggard and tattered being, hungry-eyed and weather-worn, who there saluted her, she must have been strangely moved to recognise the gallant prince who had been the idol of the glittering Jacobite throng at Edinburgh. A passport was obtained for Captain Macdonald's daughter and her Irish maid, Betty Burke, with other attendants; and it was in female dress as Betty Burke that, after several alarms, Charles set sail with his deliverer from the hut where he had sheltered at Rossiness.

The little craft made first for the shore of Vaternish, on the west coast of Skye. Here, however, the boat almost ran into an encampment of militia, and on drawing hastily back, it was fired on at close quarters, and narrowly escaped. Three hours later the little party landed at Kilbride, near Sir Alexander

Macdonald's house of Mugstat. The house, however, was full of guests, including some rather inquisitive militia officers; and Lady Margaret Macdonald, though she had already done much by second-hand to help the escape of Charles, was thrown into abject terror by news of his near approach. In this extremity old Macdonald of Kingsburgh, one of the guests, was taken into confidence, and he at once expressed his willingness to risk everything for the safety of the unfortunate prince. With a bottle of wine and other viands in his pockets, he made his way to the beach at hand, where "Betty Burke" was skulking, famished, among the rocks; and when nightfall brought comparative safety the two were on their way to Kingsburgh's own house by Loch Snizort.

When they reached the house it was late, and Lady Kingsburgh, as she was called, had gone to bed. She was wakened by a maid-child bursting into her room with the cry that her father had brought home "an odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife," who was pacing with great strides up and down the hall. Upon this, Kingsburgh himself came to his wife's room, desiring her to dress and come down immediately. Charles was sitting when she entered the room, but he rose immediately and saluted her. At this she began to tremble, for she had found the bristles of a man's beard. Going out of the room again, she begged her husband to tell her if it was one of Prince Charles's followers he was helping to escape. "My dear," answered Kingsburgh, taking both of her hands, "it is the Prince himself." Upon

this news the good lady was greatly alarmed, exclaiming that they would all be ruined. "Hoots!" replied her husband, "we can die but ance, and here it is in a good cause. But go you in, and set down what supper you can, for our guest maun needs be hungry." There was nothing but eggs, butter, and cheese in the house, and the lady demurred: whatlike fare was that to set before a prince? "Wife," cried Kingsburgh then, "you little ken what fare he has had to put up with of late. Go in at ance, and set down what ye have."

At supper the Prince sat between Kingsburgh's lady and Flora Macdonald, who had arrived by a different route, and to whom, it is recorded, he always paid the greatest respect, rising up whenever she entered the room, and so on. Charles "made a plentiful supper—eating four eggs, and some collops, with bread and butter. He drank two bottles of beer; then, calling for a bumper of brandy, he pledged 'Health and prosperity to Kingsburgh, and better times to us all.'" After supper he sat up smoking and drinking with his host far into the night, and next day, what with the unusual luxury of clean sheets, he slept till one o'clock.

That day the two ladies dressed his hair, and on Lady Kingsburgh expressing a wish for a lock, he laid his head in Flora's lap and bade her take as much as she wished. Kingsburgh provided him with a pair of new shoes, and for many years the old pair that had carried the Prince through his previous wanderings were treasured in the house,

bits of them being given to friends as precious relics, and carried away by some ladies, it is said, in their bosoms. The sheets also, in which Charles had slept, were kept folded religiously away, and at last served as shrouds for Kingsburgh's lady herself and for Flora Macdonald.

From Kingsburgh House the Prince went to Portree, changing his clothes in a wood by the way. In the inn at Portree he bade farewell to the brave girl who had helped him so well.¹ When the time for parting came, it is narrated, he could not speak for emotion, but stood silent, holding her hand in his. Tears rushed unbidden to her eyes. Then, taking off his cap, he bent reverently, and kissed her twice on the forehead, still no words passing his lips. All she remembered in after life was a hot grasp of the hand, two kisses, and a bronzed, haggard face that said a speechless farewell. At the boat side he turned with the words, "For all that has passed, Madam, I hope we shall meet at St. James's yet." Neither at St. James's nor elsewhere, however, were they ever to meet again.

The Prince's approach to and departure from the island have been celebrated in two almost equally famous ballads—"The Skye Boat-Song" and "Flora Macdonald's Lament."

Two days later Charles was back in Skye. He landed then at Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scor-

¹ Prince Charlie's Cave, four miles up the coast, is the spot assigned for this parting by romantic narrators. It is the scene of Duncan's famous picture of the Prince asleep, with Flora Macdonald keeping watch at the entrance.

breck in Trotternish; thence next day he passed to Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country; and in the evening he left Skye for the last time, to land on the mainland at Loch Nevis.

For his share in the escape Kingsburgh was presently laid in irons at Fort Augustus, but by-and-by he was pardoned. For her part, Flora Macdonald was carried to London, where, after a short imprisonment, she was set free, to be lionised by society. Returning home, she married Macdonald the younger of Kingsburgh, and became by him the mother of several children.

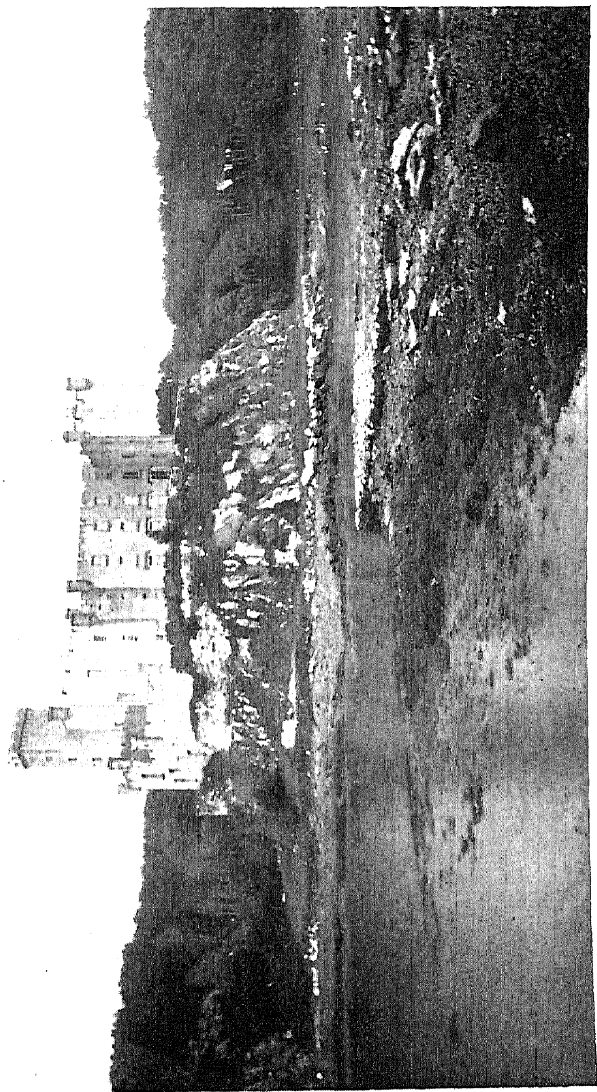
Twenty-seven years after the escape of Prince Charles, Dr. Johnson and his companion, Boswell, visited Skye. It was Sunday, September 12, 1773, when they came over from Raasay, where their visit had been the excuse for much dancing and merry-making, and landed at Portree. Their chief desire was to see and talk with Flora Macdonald, and they rode straightway through the rain to Kingsburgh, where they were made welcome by the laird and his wife. "There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire," says Boswell, "and a dram went round. By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Doctor Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye was a striking sight; for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here." The lady appears to

have been fully equal to the occasion. She said she had heard on the mainland that Mr. Boswell was coming to Skye, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English buck, with him. Whereupon Johnson appears to have done his best to keep the humour going.

Boswell and Johnson slept that night in the room which had been occupied by the Prince—an upper chamber, with neat beds, and tartan curtains on them.

Kingsburgh at that time was in difficulties, and a little later he was forced to emigrate. However, after serving for a time in Carolina and Canada, he returned on half-pay with his wife to Skye, and never again left it. Curiously, as if romance were to attend Prince Charlie's rescuer to the last, the vessel in which the Kingsburghs sailed for Europe was attacked by a privateer, and in the fight which took place the lady's arm was broken. Flora Macdonald died on the 4th of March, 1790, aged 68, and was followed by a multitude over three thousand in number to her grave in Kilmuir kirkyard. The marble tombstone which was erected there to her memory has since been carried away piecemeal by wanton if enthusiastic visitors. The old mansion of Kingsburgh has also long disappeared: only the spot where it stood is still pointed out.

From Kingsburgh Dr. Johnson and his companion sailed and rode to Dunvegan Castle, where they found entertainment on a scale of Highland magnificence, much, it would appear, to the Doctor's liking. There, among other treasures, the wanderers were shown the great horn of Rorie Mhor, an ancestor of



DUNVEGAN CASTLE

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

Macleod, which each chief on coming to power has to drain at a draught as proof of his manhood. They also saw that other quaint square cup of the sixteenth century which is still shown, and which is hardly, if at all, less curious. And they were allowed to look on the Fairy Flag—palladium of the Macleods—which is said to have been taken from a Saracen chief during the Crusades. At the last need of Macleod that bit of red-berried yellow silk is to be flaunted forth. The house will then be restored to its ancient glory, but the flag and its bearer will disappear from earth. Scott, who visited Dunvegan forty-one years after Dr. Johnson, notes, in his diary of the occasion, that the Fairy Flag had three other properties—"produced in battle it multiplied the numbers of the Macleods; spread on the nuptial bed it ensured fertility; and lastly, it brought herring into the loch."

It was on an August morning of the year 1814 that Scott, in the course of his tour in the yacht of the Lighthouse Commissioners, awoke under the walls of the castle. "Macleod," he records, "came off before we were dressed, and carried us to his castle to breakfast." The day was afterwards spent in viewing the relics and antiquities of the place—Dunvegan dates back to the tenth century—and at night Scott slept in the haunted chamber of the castle. His experience there is described in the last of his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*. "I took possession," he writes, "about the witching hour. Except, perhaps, some tapestry hangings, and the extreme thickness of the walls, which argued great antiquity, nothing could have been

more comfortable than the interior of the apartment; but if you looked from the windows the view was such as to correspond with the highest tone of superstition. An autumnal blast, sometimes clear, sometimes driving mist before it, swept along the troubled billows of the lake, which it occasionally concealed and by fits disclosed. The waves rushed in wild disorder on the shore, and covered with foam the steep pile of rocks which, rising from the sea in forms something resembling the human figure, have obtained the name of Macleod's Maidens, and in such a night seemed no bad representation of the Norwegian goddesses called Choosers of the Slain, or Riders of the Storm. There was something of the dignity of danger in the scene; for on a platform beneath the windows lay an ancient battery of cannon, which had sometimes been used against privateers even of late years. The distant scene was a view of that part of the Cuchullin mountains which are called, from their form, Macleod's Dining Tables. The voice of an angry cascade, termed the Nurse of Rorie Mhor, because that chief slept best in its vicinity, was heard from time to time mingling its notes with those of wind and wave. Such was the haunted room at Dunvegan."

Next day the party walked to the church of Kilmore, and heard by the way the wild and sweet singing of the women as they *waulked* native cloth; and after luncheon they returned on board their vessel—"Macleod accompanying us in proper style with his piper." With a salute of seven guns the yacht weighed anchor, and, as the chief returned ashore, his piper playing "Macleod's Gathering," it

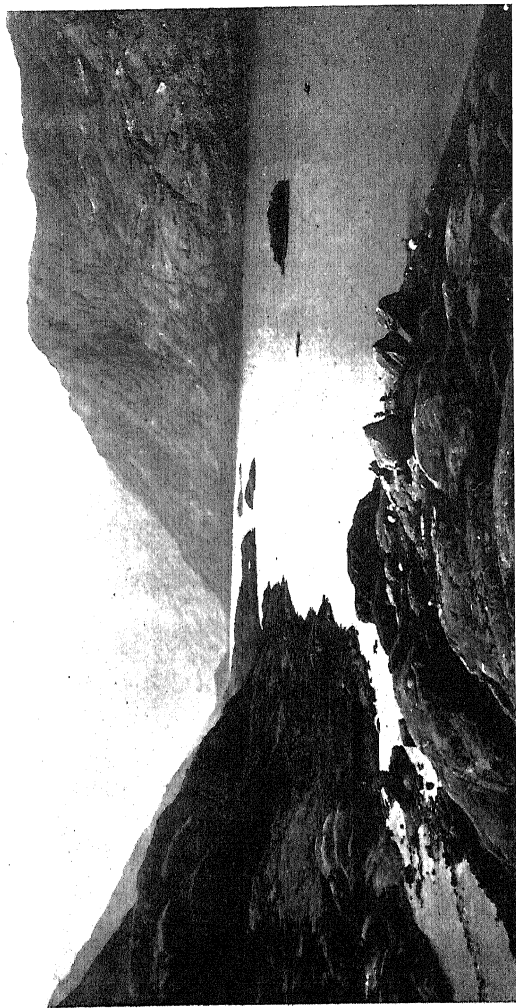


Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

LOCH CORUIISK, SKYE

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stood off for Loch Scavaig, Loch Coruisk, and M'Allister's Cave on Loch Slapin.

Among lovers of the Misty Island of later years, Alexander Smith has given the world his impressions of enchantment in *A Summer in Skye*, and William Black has painted its terror and its witchery, no less than the faces and the hearts of its people, on many a charmed page. Not least in interest is the famous "Canadian Boat Song," translated by Lord Eglinton, and first printed in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in 1829 :

Listen to me as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores ;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as you pull your oars.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand.
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We never shall tread the fancy-haunted valley
Where, 'tween the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children should be banished
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign raid, let discord burst in slaughter,
Oh ! then for clansmen true, and stern claymore !
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WATERS OF THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

OUT of Portree, "The King's Haven"—so called from a visit of James V.—a world of waters opens away to the north. The brown sail of a fishing-craft making for the Shiant Isles and Stornoway, the silver sail of a yacht glinting far off in the sun, and perhaps on the horizon the dark smoke-pennon of a trading steamer, are all that speak of human presence in that expanse of shimmering blue. Lulled by the murmur of these shining seas on an autumn afternoon, no one thinks of the wild gales that in the darkness of winter howl and roar along the watery waste, and of the waves that bite then and raven and hurl themselves with frantic fury among the island rocks. The one aspect, however, is not less familiar in these regions than the other, and hardly is there a crag or creek along these shores but by-and-by, when one comes to know the neighbourhood, he will hear some old man tell a story of wreck and tragedy regarding it.

A typical tale of the coast belongs to Rona, the rocky island passed on the right at the head of the Sound of Raasay. Here in her lonely cottage, the sole

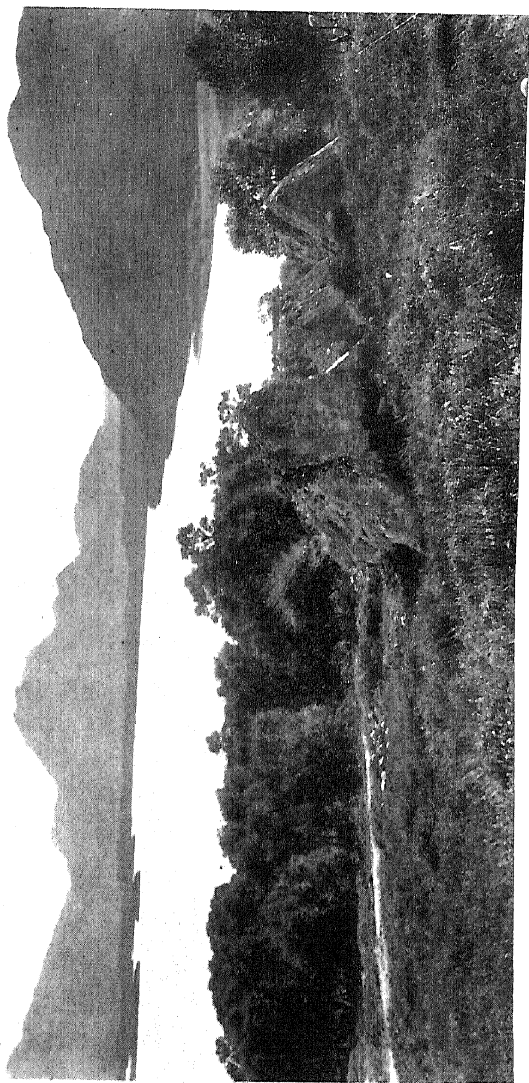
dwelling on the island, one winter night sat a fisherman's wife. Her husband and her three sons were out on the Minch, and as darkness fell, and the roar of waves on the beach grew ever louder, she became more and more anxious for the safety of her men. Again and again she peered out between the blasts, in the hope of descrying their sail; and at last, wrapping a shawl round her head, she made her way to the beach itself. There she wandered long, watching for a sign of them, and comforted somewhat by the thought that they must have run for shelter elsewhere. At length, in a rift of the driving spray, she caught sight of their sail, and she shrieked in desperate terror. They had made a mistake, and were heading for the rocks. Another moment and the error was fatal: the boat went to pieces like an egg-shell among the breakers, where no life could survive. As the poor woman turned, she almost lost her reason to discover the cause of her man's mistake—the light in her cottage window, which had always served as a guide to the fishermen at night, had been blown out by a gust of the storm. The good woman survived her loss, but the thought of other women's husbands out on the wild waters lay always afterwards on her mind, and from that night she never failed after dusk to keep a bright light burning in her cottage window for the sake of those at sea. At last the Rona lighthouse was built at the north end of the island, and the widow's efforts were rewarded with a post as keeper.

Episodes like this, however, are dwelt on but lightly as the swift steamer, tourist-laden, sweeps up the sunlit Sound of Raasay, and over the corner

of the sleeping Minch, to the mainland at Gairloch. There the sea breaks in jewels along the shining shore, as if it knew nothing of black rage and cruelty, and had filled no hearts with the bitterness of death; and it is with regret that the wanderer leaves the seduction of its whisper and its smile. There is a beautiful road, however, past the fine old mansion of Flowerdale, the home of the Mackenzies of Gairloch, through Kerriesdale, with its waterfalls, and over the height whence Loch Maree is seen lying in silver calm round its islands of the blest.

Loch Maree, with all its charm, is not to be known at a glance or in a day. One must drift among its islands with rod and book, listen in idle hours to the legends of its shores, see the sun rise on Ben Slioch, and watch the rain-veils gather and trail away among the hills. A little steamer runs now once a day from end to end of the loch, but the beat of its engines, as it rounds point and island, does not break the enchantment of these woodland waters.

The loch is believed to have once been part of Loch Ewe—the arm of the sea into which its waters descend—and its lower end is thought to have been dammed up by the silting of sand and gravel. This belief is supported by the fact that the village at the upper end of Loch Maree is still named Kinlochewe, the head of Loch Ewe. The present name of the loch is taken from one of its islands, the famous Eilean Maree, opposite Talladale. On this island once stood a monastery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Its burying-ground is still to be



seen. There is also a sacred well, described by Whittier in his poem on Loch Maree, to which in days gone by the insane were brought to lave their brows and be cured. Among all the legends which gather about the isle, however, one is particularly dramatic. A Norwegian prince, it appears, had appointed this as the meeting-place with his bride, the daughter of an Irish king; and he himself in due time was waiting in the monastery here to receive her. Day after day passed, but the lady did not come, having been delayed by contrary winds; and the prince, fearing the worst, was plunged into deep dejection. At last, however, word was brought that a sail had been sighted off the coast, and a messenger was sent down to Poolewe with orders to hoist a white flag if the lady were there and well, and a black flag if she were lost. The bride was there—beautiful, and in eager spirits, and the messenger told his errand. Then, for a caprice, to test her lover's faith, she bade them hoist a black flag, and sailed up the loch to see the effect when she should in person contradict the message. On her arrival at Eilean Maree, however, she found all in confusion, and learned to her horror and despair that at sight of her signal the prince had taken his life. Two stones in the monastery enclosure are said to cover the graves of the hapless pair.

Most of the country about Gairloch and Loch Maree belonged at one time to a chieftain of the clan Macleod. These Macleods had their stronghold on Loch Tollie, near the north end of Loch Maree. A laird here in the fifteenth or sixteenth

century married a Mackenzie, and dying, left the estate in possession of his widow and her three sons. The youngest son, however, one night murdered his mother and two brothers within the castle, and seized the estate. Word of the tragedy was brought to the lady's brother, Hector Roy Mackenzie. He procured letters of fire and sword against the murderer, drove him and his followers from the lands, and took possession of them himself. Thus was founded the family of Mackenzie of Gairloch, the shores of the two lochs having remained in possession of the descendants of Hector Roy. Again and again, however, the Macleods made efforts to regain their old domains, and John Roy, the grandson of Hector, found it necessary for safety to build his house on Eilean Rorymore, in Loch Maree, where its vestiges may still be seen.

An end, however, must sometime be made to all lingering; and even to the loveliness of legend-haunted Loch Maree it is necessary at last to say farewell. There is a mail-cart and a good road from Kinlochewe, under Ben Eay and Ben Liughach, to the wild scenery of Loch Torridon; a bargaining with Highland boatmen for the eight-mile sail to Shildaig; and from the comforts of "mine inn" there, in the morning, the glen road stretches "Southward ho!"

CHAPTER XXII.

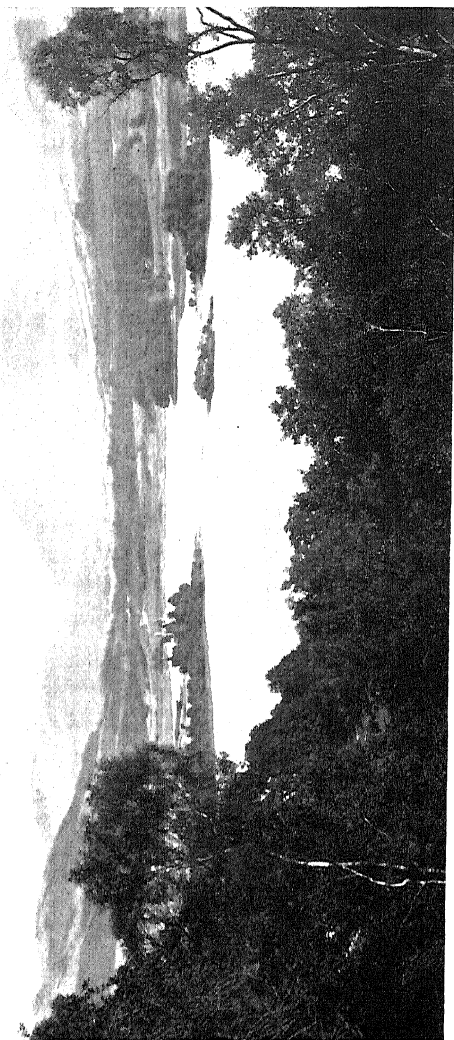
THE SILVER CHAIN.

ROUND Ben Lui, like the gleaming jewel-pendants, of a great queen's necklace, fall seven of the loveliest of the Highland lochs. Loch Etive, Loch Awe, Loch Fyne, Loch Long, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and Loch Voil—all sparkle in a shining half-circle round the breast of that great central mountain, and there is not a more interesting journey in the Highlands than to follow the road which links the splendours of the pendant chain.

From Oban, eastward, road and railway together keep company for a time. Out by Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, and up Loch Etive by Ossian's Falls of Lora, in a few hours the pedestrian sees the blue peat-reek curling from the clachan roofs of Bonawe. Southward here stretches the lovely Glen Lonain, home of Ruskin's ancestors. They were, it is said, a race of MacCalmans, who took the name "Na Rusgain," from their occupation as bark peelers for the local tannery. One of them, wounded at Sheriffmuir, was nursed back to life by a farmer's daughter, whom in gratitude he married, and so became the ancestor of John Ruskin. The glen, too, has been

famous from early times for its associations with the lovely Deirdre and her lover Naisi, heroine and hero of the most famous of the old Gaelic folk-tales. In more recent times "Coille Naish," the wood of Naisi here, used to be cut every twenty years for fuel for the Lorne Furnaces at Taynuilt. These furnaces have long been supplanted by the great Bonawe Quarries on the opposite shore of Loch Etive; but the workmen are remembered by the memorial they raised in front of the parish kirk—the first in the country in honour of the fallen Nelson.

Out of the pass behind come pouring with sullen roar among their boulder-pools the heavy waters of the Awe. Here stands the romantic old mansion of Inverawe, within whose walls about the year 1756 Major Duncan Campbell had the terrible Ticonderoga Vision, which forms the subject of one of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Tales of the Highlands*. Near the old Bridge of Awe below, Scott has placed the scene of his romance *The Highland Widow*, and there, on the left bank, the funeral cairns mark the scene of the great Macdougall overthrow in 1308. Robert the Bruce came this way then to punish his old enemy, John of Lorne. Macdougall, aware of the king's coming, and hoping, perhaps, to repeat, with equal success, his former stratagem at Dalrigh, had taken up position in this deep and narrow pass. Bruce, however, reversed the old stratagem. He sent a detachment over the shoulder of Ben Cruachan, and while he himself attacked in front, this detachment, coming down in flank, broke the Macdougalls, and



drove them to rout. John of Lorne himself escaped with difficulty from the slaughter, and fled to England by sea, but Dunstaffnage, the family stronghold, was taken by Bruce, and the power of the house broken for ever.

Four miles above, at the Rocks of Brander, the waters rush headlong out of the loch. Here, with the steep side of Cruachan hanging above, and the black deep waters of the loch washing below, was fought an earlier battle of the Wars of Independence.

Edward I. had granted Argyll and Lorne to a creature of his own, named Macfadyen, and, driven before the Irish mercenaries of this nominee, Duncan of Lorne and Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, the rightful lords, had shut themselves up in a castle on the Ladder-Rock in this pass. Word of their danger having reached Sir William Wallace, he made a forced march from the Lowlands, suddenly appeared, hemming Macfadyen in the defile, and, after a terrific battle which lasted two hours, drove the Irish headlong over the rocks. According to tradition, when the battle was lost, Macfadyen and fifteen of his men hid themselves in a cave under a great crag. A boulder is still pointed out in the torrent on which Macfadyen stood, pulled off his armour and flung it into the river, before plunging in and swimming, unharmed by the showers of arrows aimed at him, to the farther bank. Thither he was followed by Duncan of Lorne, who presently returned with his enemy's dripping head on the end of his spear.¹

In early times the northern shores of Loch Awe

¹ *Scottish Review*, Aug., 1894.

belonged to the bold Clan Gregor, whose chief's house stood here in Glenstrae. So early, however, as the days of Wallace the house of Campbell had effected a footing in the neighbourhood,¹ and as the Macgregors, scorning the new "parchment tenures," continued to hold their lands only by the primitive *coire à glaive*, or right of the sword, they were ousted on every indiscretion by the newer and more prudent race. The corrie is still pointed out on Cruachan where the last Macgregor of the neighbourhood to be hunted with a bloodhound, like a wild beast, turned to bay, and shot his deep-mouthed tracker. So confident did the Campbells finally become in the security of their remote fastnesses here that the commonest of their vaunting bywords used to be, "It's a far cry to Lochow."

Kilchurn Castle, whose ruin forms such a picturesque detail of the magnificent islanded reach of the loch which lies at the foot of Ben Cruachan, was built in the time of James I. of Scotland by Sir Colin Campbell, the first laird of Glenurchy, ancestor of the house of Breadalbane and uncle to the first Earl of Argyll.² The story runs that Sir Colin, who was a Knight of Rhodes, was at one time seven years absent on a foreign war, and that during his absence his lady spent the rents of his estates in

¹ The ruin of their ancient castle of Awe is still to be seen on Inischonnel, one of the islands at the southern end of the loch. Its name forms a curious counterpart to that of the other stronghold of the family, Castle Gloom, in the Ochils.

² The acquisitive deeds of Sir Colin and his successors are narrated at length in the *Black Book of Taymouth*, published some forty-five years ago.

building this castle. If tradition be believed, the work had a romantic denouement. Rumour declared Sir Colin to be dead, and his widow after many delays was being forced to marry another lord. The wedding feast was coming to a close when word was brought that a beggar at the door refused to drink health to the pair unless the bride herself filled his cup. The lady complied, and the beggar drank, but when he returned the cup she gave a scream. In the cup lay Sir Colin's ring, and the beggar was Glenurchy himself. Of the deeds of justice and injustice, of love and ambition and vengeance, which have taken place within those walls the traditions and charter-chests of Scotland contain unnumbered records. The castle was garrisoned last in 1745, and was habitable much later, till a foolish factor stripped off the roof for the sake of the wood it contained.

Among the other islands, Inishail, the "isle of rest," contains the ruins of an ancient nunnery, and a burying ground, with many a strangely-carved mossy stone, where the clansmen sometimes still are laid. And Inisfraoch, the "heather isle," has the ruined keep of the ancient chiefs of MacNaughten. On this latter island, according to the poetic tradition of the Highlands, enshrined in Ossian's songs, a great serpent kept guard over the trees of the apples of immortal youth. The entire region is crammed with legend, and Loch Awe itself is said to have come into existence through the carelessness of a girl who fell asleep and forgot to put the cover on a fairy spring on Cruachan.

Down the east side of Loch Awe it is not far to Cladich, and presently, bidding farewell to dark Ben

Cruachan and the reaches of golden loch and russet island, there is the descent through the stately pine forests of Glen Aray to the Campbell capital of later centuries.

Inveraray Castle as originally built, a massive, strong edifice, stood somewhat nearer the river than the present mansion. It was founded by the Campbell of Glenurchy who built Kilchurn, who was tutor or guardian of his nephew, afterwards Earl of Argyll. Within its walls for four hundred years the descendants of the elder branch of the Campbells of Lochawe ruled with the various titles of Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Argyll, King's Lieutenant, and Hereditary Justiciar General of Scotland, and with all but unquestioned power. A picture of one type of the transactions with which the place was no doubt familiar during those centuries is furnished in the dramatic dungeon scene of *The Legend of Montrose*. And the kind of justice which was apt sometimes, it is to be feared, to be administered here during the times of the ancient clan feuds has been painted more recently in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. The stronghold was demolished by its noble owner no farther back than the year 1810.

The original town of Inveraray, "a dirty, ill-built village," stood close by the castle gates, in a country bare and poor. But in 1742 the Duke of Argyll began to improve his estate; the town was rebuilt on its present site on the bay, the present castle was projected, and planting was begun. Now many thousand acres are under valuable timber in Glen Aray, and on the site of the ancient Campbell strong-



INVERARAY CASTLE

Photo, W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

hold and its squalid village some of the stateliest trees in Scotland wave over silent and noble lawns.

The only antiquity of note in Inveraray is the beautiful Celtic cross which stands above the quay. Brought originally from Iona, this stood for centuries in the old village as the market cross, and in that situation many a proclamation and many a hanging and beheading it has seen. For long after the removal of the village, however, the cross lay useless and neglected, and it is only within the last half century that it has been restored to its rightful place of honour as the central ornament of the town.

There is no temptation of any kind to keep the pedestrian in Inveraray, and for an early start on the morrow it is best to take the ferry from the place at night. On a dark night, with a gale blowing up Loch Fyne, there is a pleasant spice of adventure in the two-mile crossing to St. Catherine's. But the ferrymen, discovered about the fire in their black-raftered waterside tavern, seem nothing loath, and soon the stout little lugger is laying down her brown sail before the roaring wind and sheets of spray, as she heads for the inn light on the farther shore. At that inn, after a scramble over black rocks slippery with seaweed in the darkness, excellent Highland cheer is to be found, and though, owing to a crowd of guests, one has perhaps to sleep on a parlour sofa by way of bed, one is only the merrier for it in the morning. After a dip in the loch, and a dish of succulent fresh herrings out of it, he is ready for the road at a swinging pace.

Past Hell's Glen, up the alpine woodlands of the

Kinglas Water to "Rest and be Thankful," and down the desolate Glencroe, with Glasgow's great new acquisition, "Argyll's Bowling-green" on the right, and on the left the steep precipices of Ben Arthur, one comes upon the touch of sophistication once more at Arrochar, by the head of Loch Long. There the merchant youth of Glasgow, knickerbockered for the holiday fortnight, row, walk, and drive the daughters of their native city, in striking contrast to the place's fashion of an older time, when Arrochar was the capital of "the wild Macfarlane's plaided clan." Loch Sloy, which furnished the clan's slogan, lies among the hills behind.

Beyond Arrochar a shady mile—the isthmus across which Haco's lieutenant dragged his boats seven centuries ago to harry the inland shores—and the glories of Loch Lomond from Tarbet open away to north and south. Opposite rises Ben Lomond itself, and down the loch, if one had a week to spend with oar and sail and walking-staff, lie isles of beauty and scenes of story whose enchantment would last a lifetime. Glen Douglas there, opposite the Ben, can claim an earlier and greater memory than that of Haco. According to Skene, reading from the early Nennius, it was the scene of King Arthur's first great battle against the Picts. No scene in Scotland is more enchanting than the few miles of elfland road up the loch side to the ferry at Inveruglas. Here, under the edge of the woodlands, the birches bend over the sweet lapping waters, and fern and foxglove lend their beauty to the mossy roadside dyke. Then at Inversnaid, when the loch has been crossed, it is



LOCH KATRINE

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

impossible to forget the farewell of Rob Roy with a certain Bailie Nicol Jarvie and his friend, or the lines to the Highland girl, the kindly maid of the inn, seen here by Wordsworth on his tour. The waterfall is singing yet, the bosky glen has its wild beauty as of old, and the road still keeps the muirland charm it possessed when Inversnaid was sung by the poet.

Four miles over the sunny moor by Loch Arklet, past the spot from which Rob Roy carried off his bride, the road drops to Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine side. The terraced Highland hotel here is full all summer of gay-clad tourists, and busy as a café of the boulevards. But the stir is confined to its terraces and grounds, and all around rises the wild solitude of the hills. On the left here the lonely waters wind away among the hills to Glengyle, the ancient burying-place of Macgregor; and the son of Alpin, bent on exploring the country of his fathers, may make his way from the head of that wild glen down the river Lochlarig, by the spot where Rob Roy died, to the lovely Loch Voil, and Balquhiddy, where the cateran's ashes rest.

But from Stronachlachar the little loch steamer sweeps eastward over the narrow waters towards scenery of still more vivid fame. Deep and pellucid and cool, these waters form in a peculiar sense a fountain of life. On the right hand, as the steamer descends the loch, appears the arch of the channel by which they are drawn away through the heart of the mountain, and by which—an aqueduct only eight miles shorter than the Aqua Claudia of ancient Rome—they pour their crystal purity into the heart of the city of Glasgow. High on the side of Ben Venue, farther on,

is to be seen the hollow of Coir-nan-Uriskin, the Goblin's Cave, and higher still, Beallach-nam-bo, the Cattle Pass, through which the caterans of old days used to bring their stolen herds from the Lowlands.

The beauty of Loch Katrine lies chiefly at its eastern end. Between the steep sides of Ben Venue and Ben A'an the loch narrows and darkens till under the hanging woods which shadow its loveliness it literally fulfils Scott's description :

A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth 'of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

Here, a leafy bower reflected in the water, lies Ellen's Isle, the caterans' fastness of bygone centuries, which Scott has painted as the refuge of the banished Douglas and his daughter—the Lady of the Lake. On its shore may still be seen the “blighted tree” against which the harper leaned, and opposite still appears a remnant of the famous Silver Strand.

About these shores it is the easiest thing in the world to recall the various episodes of Scott's poem. The Battle of Beal an Duine, of which the poet makes Allan Bane chant a description to the dying Roderick Dhu, was a fact of history. A detachment of Cromwell's soldiers fought the battle, and an English trooper who swam to the island shore to seize a shallop actually met his death at the hand of a woman in the manner described in the romance :

The spearman floats,
A weltering corse beside the boats ;
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.



But a furlong or so farther on the steamer draws in to the little rustic pier, and soon the coaches, with red-coated drivers and guards, are clattering through the woody pass of the Trossachs—no longer the solitude which Fitzjames explored—and rolling away by Achray and Vennachar to Menteith, or climbing the Duke of Montrose's road, over the mountain, to the Clachan of Aberfoyle

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAINT MUNGO'S CITY.

GLASGOW has long been looked on vulgarly as nothing more than a commercial city, and some of its inhabitants have done their best to perpetuate the notion. It is a common accusation against Glasgow people that they set the means of life higher than its deeds—look rather to the silk hat than to the head it covers. In palliation of this trait, if it were at all general, some reason might be offered. No one can deny that in the matter of material prosperity the Second City of the kingdom has much to vaunt. It is probably, with the doubtful exception of London alone, the best-built city in Britain. The manufactures of Glasgow—engines and ships and machinery—are famous everywhere. And the River Clyde, once no more than a three-foot salmon stream, has been converted into one of the most commodious harbours in the world. An ample proof of the city's eminence in enterprise and industry, and the fruits of these, has been afforded by more than one great exhibition held on Kelvinside.

But Glasgow at the present day, it hardly need be said, is much more than a mere city of the money-maker. Seeds of taste in letters and music and

painting, sown within the last half-century by the munificence of individual citizens, have blossomed and spread, and diffused their refinement; and the city has trophies to show in each respect which prove a title to polite regard. With the exception of the favoured British Museum and the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, there is probably no fuller working collection of books in the three kingdoms than the combined University and Mitchell libraries of Glasgow. For the adequate and continuous representation of the music of the great composers no other city, not London itself, has greater and more effective provision. And in the painter's art, not only has the "Glasgow-school" proved itself one of the most living exponents of colour and form, but the collections of pictures, ancient and modern, by the citizens in their private and public capacities are sumptuous enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseurs.¹ To house its public treasures of art and science the city has built a magnificent museum under the shadow of its university at Kelvingrove.

With the gradual growth of these tastes and their refinement, Glasgow begins to come into touch again with its character during the Middle Ages as the great lamp of spiritual and scholarly light in western Britain.

The original Chartulary, or "Register of the Diocese of Glasgow," carried to the Scots College in France at the Reformation in 1560, by James Beaton, the

¹ The report of H.M. Surveyor of Pictures in 1882 referred to the collection of Dutch, Flemish, and Italian paintings belonging to the Corporation as "the most interesting and valuable provincial public collection of such works in the kingdom."

last archbishop, but brought back in 1798, furnishes many valuable details of that early time. The beginnings of the great city of to-day appear from these registers to have been humble, but early and interesting enough. A few years before 397 A.D., when he built his church, the famous Candida Casa, at Whit-horn, and while the Romans still ruled in Britain, St. Ninian, the British missionary, consecrated a burial-place on the banks of the Molendinar. Nearly two hundred years later, when King Arthur had fallen at Camelon, the Cymric tribes between the Roman walls, whom the king had led against Pict and Angle, broke up into two great factions. At Arthuret, near Carlisle, these factions fought their great battle. Gwendolew, the chief of the tribes which clung to paganism, was defeated and slain,¹ and Rhydderch Hael, the Christian chief, established himself in his new Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde. That kingdom stretched from Loch Lomond and Stirling to Appleby and Windermere, and its capital was Alclud, or Balclutha, known now by its later Gaelic name of Dunbriton, or Dunbarton. The bishop of this British or Cumbrian kingdom was Kentigern, otherwise St. Mungo; and twenty years before Columba landed on Iona, he made his settlement by the Molendinar, as the Monk of Furness states, "near a certain burying-place which had long before been blessed by St. Ninian, and was surrounded by dense and overshadowing trees." Above hung Cathures (*cathair* or *caer*, a stronghold) the

¹ Merlin, his bard, retired after the battle to the Forest of Caledon, about the springs of Yarrow and Ettrick, and sang his great song of lament. His grave is pointed out by tradition at Drummelzier to the present day.

British fort of prehistoric times. Here St. Mungo laboured, and here, in the year 603, he was buried. St. Mungo's shrine and well are still to be seen in the crypt of the cathedral.

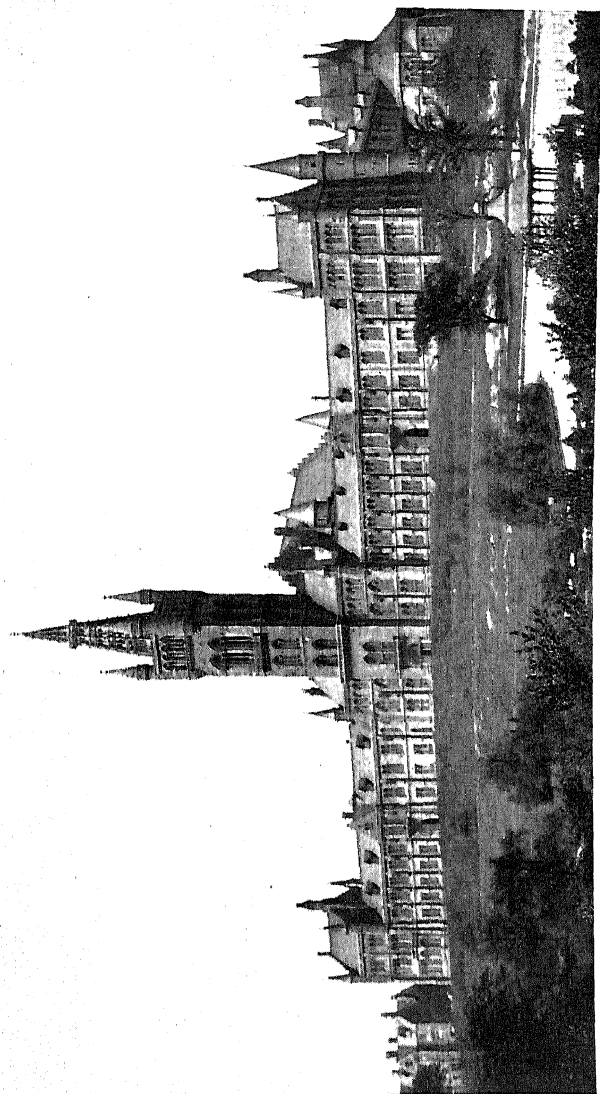
Light next falls on the Cymric see when David, afterwards David I., the son of Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, was still only Prince of Cumbria. Under his rule, in 1115, the bishopric was restored on the Roman basis, and in 1124 a new church was built on the spot once occupied by the cell of Kentigern. Thirty-nine years later the great abbey of the diocese was founded at Paisley by Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and a year afterwards, in 1164, the cathedral church of Glasgow, which was built of wood, was destroyed by fire.

It is to the year 1175 that the first prosperity of the city of Glasgow must be attributed. In that year Joscelyn, the fourth bishop of the revived see, obtained from William the Lion the charter of a feudal burgh for the cluster of dwellings which had gathered about the seat of his bishopric; and fourteen years later he got from Alexander II. the right of holding a fair. From these small beginnings—the burgh of barony on the cathedral hill, which had a bishop for its feudal lord—has grown the great city of to-day.

For several centuries the history of Glasgow was made by its bishops. Joscelyn projected the building of the present cathedral, and the church was consecrated in 1197. It was not, however, completed till 1233, during the bishopric of William de Bondington, chancellor of the kingdom. About that cathedral church and the bishop's feudal castle, which had

replaced the early British fort, and stood grim and strong, with palace attached, on the spot now occupied by the Royal Infirmary, much historic interest was to gather in later years. From the gate of the castle it was that, towards the close of the century, Wallace by a stratagem drew Bishop Beck of Durham and his men-at-arms to their slaughter at the bend of the High Street below. And in the Autumn of 1301, Edward I., lodging for a fortnight with the Friars Preachers, was constant in his offerings at the high altar of the cathedral. Bishop Wishart, the head of the diocese of that time, was the friend of Bruce, assoilzied him for the sacrilegious slaughter of Comyn at Dumfries, buckled on armour and fought in his cause like a lay Baron, and—probably within these walls—prepared the standard and royal robes for the coronation of the king. The ruin of the castle, consisting chiefly of Bishop Cameron's tower, which was long used as a prison, was still standing in the end of the eighteenth century.

Latest of the great benefits conferred upon Glasgow by its feudal bishops was, probably, the foundation of its University. It was when James II. was battling for existence against the great house of Douglas. Glasgow was the key of the Douglas country, and to secure the friendship of its feudal lord, Bishop Turnbull, the king procured from Pope Nicholas V. a bull for this purpose, dated the 7th of the Ides of January, 1450, and with great ceremony and high feasting the second *Studium Generale* of Scotland was started on its career.



The first home of Glasgow University stood on the south side of Rottenrow. In 1549, however, it moved to a new site half-way down the east side of High Street, and there for over four hundred years the main labour of the mental culture of the West of Scotland was carried on. Among the *alumni* of these dim old rooms sat many of future fame, John Knox and George Buchanan, Thomas Campbell, Adam Smith, Tobias Smollett, and, in later days, Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. It was within these precincts, too, that James Watt found shelter from the jealous trade-guilds while he wrought out the practical application of steam to mechanical purposes. The older college was rebuilt in 1632, but times and their needs changed, and in 1870 professors and students removed to their magnificent new Gothic home on Gilmorehill; and in 1885, to make way for a railway station, the old college front, its beetling cornices black with age, was taken down. The stones have since been re-erected, with but slight addition, into a picturesque gatehouse of ancient Scottish style at the foot of the newer university avenue.

Within the century following the founding of the university the feet of more than one famous personage trod the aisles of the great church of Glasgow. During one of his fits of penitence James IV. had himself appointed a canon of the cathedral, and in 1491-92, out of regard for the welfare of the church with which he was thus identified, procured the erection of Glasgow into an archbishopric. A few years later James Beaton—uncle of the notorious cardinal—became

archbishop; and it is said to have been Beaton's successor, Archbishop Dunbar, who suggested to James V. the foundation of that chief "stoup" and glory of Edinburgh in these later days—the Scottish College of Justice.

At the time of the Reformation, in 1560, Glasgow had probably outgrown any need for the fostering care of its archbishops. In the crisis of the religious movement, indeed, the tables seem to have been completely turned; it was by the city guilds that the ancient cathedral was preserved from fanatical destruction. Glasgow must still, however, have been a small place six years later, when Queen Mary came to carry her husband, the sick Darnley, from the prebend's house where he lay, in what is now Cathedral Square, to the notorious Kirk o' Fields.¹ Two years later still, Glasgow was the headquarters of the queen's brother, Moray, from which he galloped at the head of his cavalry and hagbutters to intercept her march across country at the village of Langside, two miles to the south.²

Eighty-two years afterwards, in 1650, the troops of the Covenant had been scattered before the English Ironsides, and Cromwell had his lodging in the Salt-market. Scott, in his *Tales of a Grandfather* tells the story how, at service in the cathedral, Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony, fulminated against the Protector,

¹ The house still stands at the corner of Macleod Street, in which Mary is said to have lodged, and where she must have written the most incriminating of the Casquet Letters, if she wrote these letters at all. It is known as the Laird of Provan's Lodging.

² For details of the battle and battle-field, see the late Mr. Scott's monograph, *The Battle of Langside*.

till an officer whispered over the general's shoulder, "Shall I pistol the fellow now?" Cromwell took a surer way with his vituperator. He invited him to supper at his Saltmarket lodging, and kept him on his marrow-bones by a prayer which lasted for three mortal hours. Cromwell's chair and Zachary Boyd's pulpit are carefully preserved in the Cathedral.

Glasgow has memories also, vivid and rueful enough, of the visit of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." It was on Christmas day of the year 1745, on his retreat from Derby, that Charles and his army quartered in the city. The newspapers and private letters of the time show the panic into which the citizens were cast by the appearance of the Highlanders. The town, indeed, it is said, would have been looted for its Whig sympathies, but for the influence of "the gentle Lochiel"; and there is a tradition that in acknowledgment of the good offices of the Cameron chief the magistrates passed a decree that the bells of Glasgow in all time coming should be rung when Lochiel or his descendant should enter the city. Even as it was, the burgesses were made to pay, for they had to supply the Highlanders with £10,000 in money and six thousand pairs of boots. Charles himself was quartered in Shawfield Mansion at the foot of Glassford Street, and thence he marched on the first day of January, 1746, to scatter the Glasgow volunteers and Hawley's dragoons like chaff on Falkirk muir.

Of the Glasgow of that time little is left but the cathedral at the town head and the tolbooth at the corner of High Street and Trongate. Outside the tolbooth steeple the hangings used to take place;

and within the tolbooth itself Scott pictured the famous scene between Rob Roy and Bailie Nicol Jarvie. The Saracen's Head inn, demolished in 1905, farther along the Gallowgate, was built of stones from the ancient Bishop's Castle; and within its walls Johnson and Boswell, on their famous tour in 1773, Burns in 1788, and the Wordsworths later, with many another famous visitor, were entertained in the old days of saddle and coach.

But between Glasgow past and Glasgow present there is probably as great a difference of appearance as between the River Clyde as it comes down through the lonely uplands of Lanark, by Wallace's Crag, Tillietudlem, and the noble ruins of Bothwell, and the same river as it flows between the city quays, and bears the merchandise of Scotland out by the grey rock-portal of Dunbarton and the islanded firth, to all the countries of the world.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ISLAND DOMAIN.

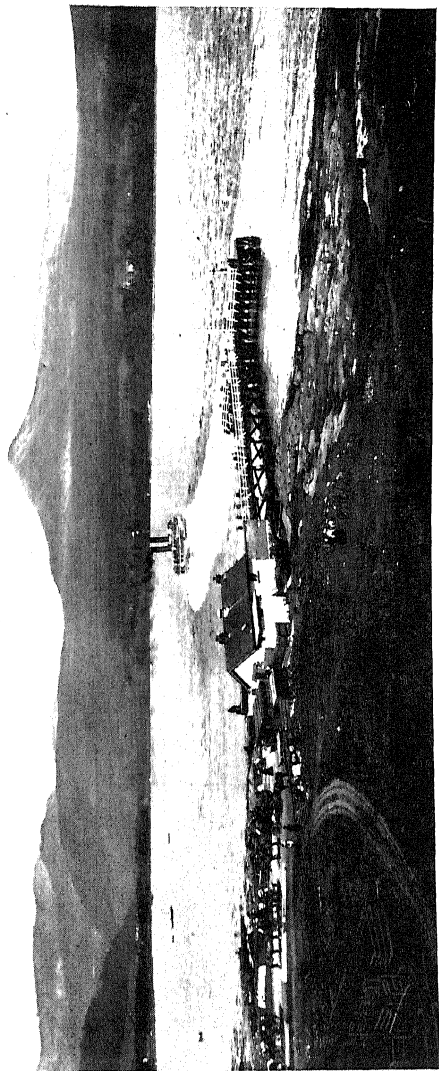
OF all the countless watering-places on the shores of their noble firth to which the people of Glasgow resort, the most magnificent, and the least conventional by far, is Arran. Hither in the heat of the year, when work in the city has become a weariness, and the streets are no longer sufferable, preacher and professor, merchant and man of law, bring their households to rusticate on mountain sheep-farms and in fishers' sheilings on the lonely shores. Nowhere in Scotland, perhaps, do moorland and ocean mingle a more bracing and golden air, and certainly nowhere else, within so small a compass, are so many holiday interests of the more studious sort to be found. For the young and the athletic there is occupation enough—the mountains are there to climb and the glens to explore; oar and sail are possible round all the coast; and the waters, salt and fresh, have prizes everywhere for the angler. But here especially is the passion of the scientific soul to be gratified amid its relaxations. In the island of Arran, botanist, geologist, and archæologist alike have an all but unrivalled field for their speculative pleasures. Here grey monuments of pagan times rise among

meadows of the mystic asphodel, and the cairngorm shines, in beds of granite sand, among strange old lichens, orange and brown; while wonderful beetles, green and gold, hide in the woodland crannies, and the air is bright with the drift of blue moths and the flashings of the regal dragonfly.¹

Hardly to be forgotten is the first approach to Arran, either from the north or from the Ayrshire coast. The granite peaks and precipices rising blue against the heavens, with chiaroscuro of shadowy glens, and white mists lingering far in lonely corries, draw the mind by a mysterious charm to the mountain island. Then, as the paddle-ship sweeps nearer, and the lovely bay of Brodick (the Brathwick of an older time) opens up, the green croft on the cliff, the clachan at the glen foot, and the ancient castle of the Hamiltons, with its windows flashing among the hanging woods above the water, increase with every detail the interest and the spell.

Arran is small enough to be well explored in a week, but the pedestrian who steps ashore at Brodick pier might do well to be tempted to a much longer wandering. By the wild burnsidcs and on moors of heather and bog-myrtle by day, and spending his nights in the cosy inns that are better than any hotels, in a month he will be bronzed as a Druid and have muscles of iron, and there will have been breathed into him a new understanding of the inner spirit and instinct of the dwellers among the hills.

¹Probably the best extant introduction to the interests of the island is the volume prepared by the late Dr. Bryce for the visit of the British Association to Glasgow in 1863.



BRODICK PIER AND GOATFELL

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.

Nearest the pier at Brodick lies the clachan of Invercloy, with the Cloy Burn coming down under its woodland bridge just beyond. On that bridge, in the dewy summer evenings when work on croft and farm is over, generally lingers a knot of native youths, drawn, perhaps, to look at the white-dressed city folk that come and go along the road, but drinking in silently also, no doubt, the sweet sounds of the mavis' song in the undergrowth around, and the leaping of the trout feeding in the clear reaches of the burn below. These clear waters, besides, have a tale of other days to tell. In the hollow of the hills at the head of the burn the angler stumbles upon a curious array of earthen mounds and enclosures. It is there that the Good Lord James of Douglas is said to have encamped while waiting for the coming of Bruce from the isle of Raghryn.

Brodick proper lies at the head of the bay, with Glen Sherig and the lonely String road to Shisken just beyond. Farther round, Glen Rosa, with its clear river on a bed of granite sand, opens away into the hills, and above it rises the grandeur of Goatfell. Among the menhirs in the park at the glen mouth, where the path for Goatfell runs up under the mountain woods, is generally to be seen a great herd of the graceful fallow deer; and sometimes, in the glades about the castle farther on, may be caught a glimpse of some antlered stag of the red deer of the hills.

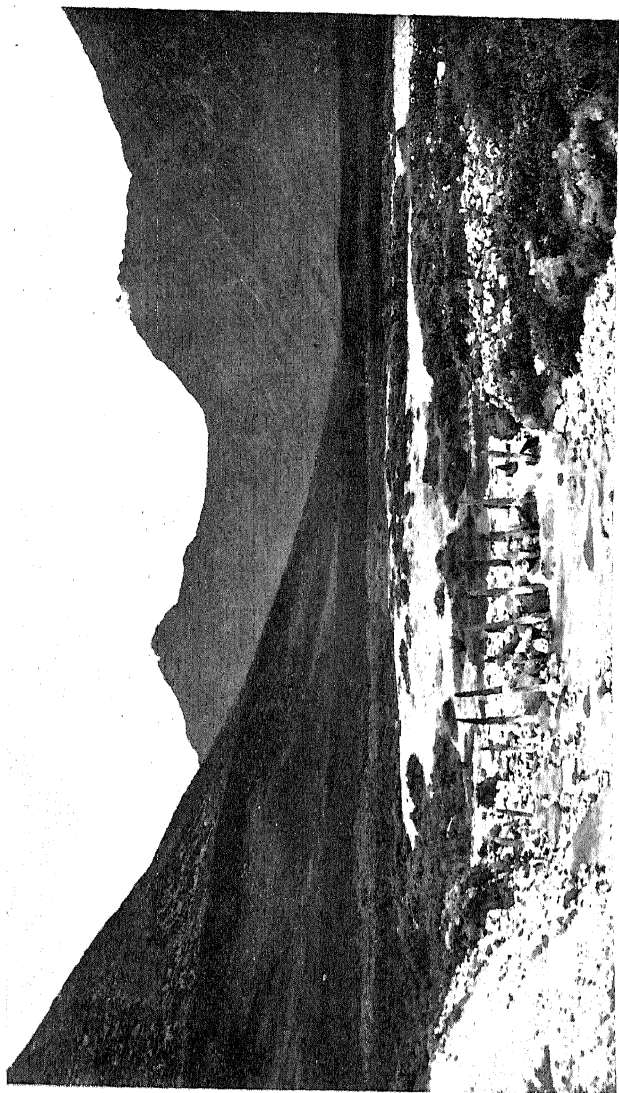
Part of the old red castle of Brodick (the ivy-covered end) dates from the thirteenth century. According to John Barbour, it was held by an English warden when Bruce and Douglas foregathered on the

island, and to the present day within its walls is preserved an oaken table said to have been the dining-board of the king. Somewhere on the shore below, Douglas surprised and captured a boat convoy bringing provisions to the English garrison—an exploit which may be taken as the first stroke of Bruce's final successful campaign.

The road leads northwards, under the castle woods, by the lonely birch-grown shore, to the little fishing clachan of Corrie. Here, if anywhere, is a spot to dream the hours away, with the blue waters washing in among the red shore-rocks, and the yellow stubble-patches brown with fisher-nets drying in the sun. Close behind the hamlet rise the mountains, corrie and crag; and the bleat of the dotting sheep and the singing of the far-off waterfalls come down through the quiet air.

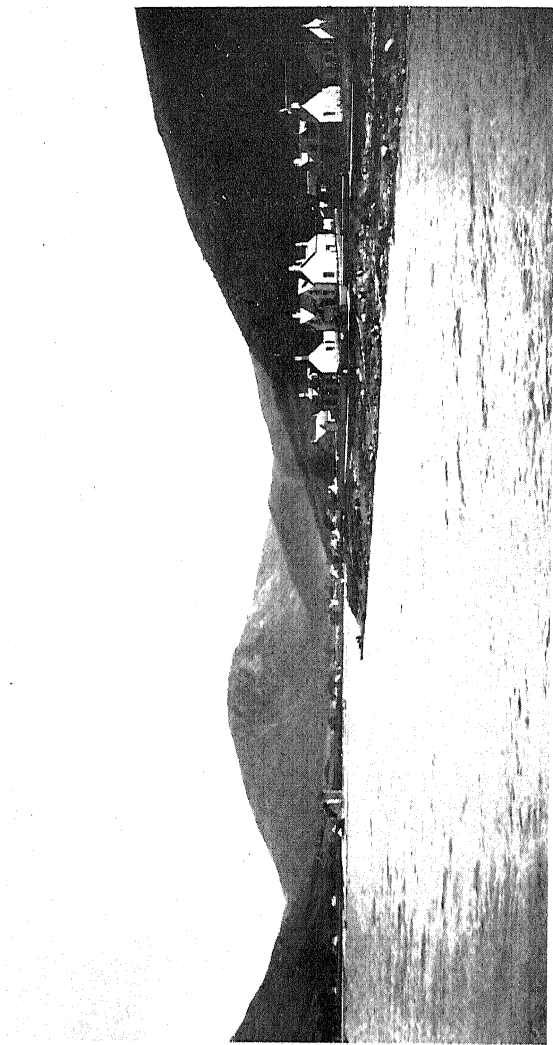
Two miles beyond Corrie the desolate Glen Sannox opens into the very heart of the hills. One need not go far from the road to have the best impression of it, though a favourite path with pedestrians lies over the Saddle, at the head of Sannox, and back by Glen Rosa to Brodick. The mountains and the loneliness make the sublimity of the glen, which has been likened, by turns, to Glencoe in Lochaber and Glen Sligachan in Skye. To the right, looking up the glen, rise the Seat of Fergus and the Peaks of the Castles: Cir Mhor, bars the head of the valley; and on the left rise the Maiden's Paps and the hoar Goatfell itself.

The carriage road goes up, not this, but North Glen Sannox, and down Glen Chalmadale, on the far side of the hills, to the little land-locked bay and clachan of



GLEN SANNOX

Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons, Ltd.



Loch Ranza. Here from the pleasant angler's inn, of an autumn night, one may watch the brown sails of the fishing boats set forth one after another, till a line of two or three hundred of them trends away up the sound towards the herring shoals of Loch Fyne. Scott, in "The Lord of the Isles," has left a description of the spot which is not likely to be surpassed :

On fair Loch Ranza streamed the early day ;
Thin wreaths of cottage smoke are upward curled
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world ;
And there the fisherman his sail unfurled,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirled,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil.

Loch Ranza Castle, on the low promontory which juts into the loch, is said to have been a royal hunting-seat as early as Bruce's time, and its two ruined towers still bear traces of something like royal ornament. Here, too, stood—if ever it existed—the convent of St. Bride, in which Scott paints the meeting of the Lady Isabel and the hero-king.

But much of the interest and beauty of Arran lies, little known, on its western shore. Here, at the clachan of Thundergye, is still to be seen something of the primitive Scots system of farming in common. The cluster of turf-built sheilings hangs on the cliff-edge above, and the different families of the little community may be seen working together on the stony fields below. Then, beyond Pirnmill and the shooting lodge of Dhugarbh, with its antlered gables, the road turns inland over Drumnadoon, and there,

on the wide heath of Tormore, between the Machrie and the Blackwater, stand the chief Druid stones of the island. Most of the stone circles here were explored by Dr. Bryce, and within nearly all of them he found cists and funeral remains. Some of these discoveries, such as that of pieces of deer's horn among the human ashes, agree curiously with unexplained allusions in the Ossianic poems. Whether, however, it is the life of Ossian's time as depicted in the poems, or the life of an earlier age, which has its memorials in these grey monuments, may never now be known. For fifteen hundred years the strange circles have kept their secret, and whether their origin was of terror or tears, of faith or of despair, they are likely to keep that secret still. One thing, nevertheless, has been remarked—the similarity between these remains and the remains of ancient Chaldea; and it has been suggested that for the best description of the rites which once were practised about such circles as those of Arran, one should turn to certain Old Testament writers like Ezekiel.

Other prehistoric relics—cists, cromlechs, and funeral mounds—which exist between Tormore and the south end of the island, have been described by the various antiquaries who have written of Arran—Pennant, Headrick, McArthur, Landsborough, and the contributor to the Statistical Account of Scotland. Following those writers, the late Dr. Hatley Waddell, in his ingenious volume, "Ossian and the Clyde," has endeavoured to identify in these remains some of the most interesting spots of Ossianic memory. The great caverns, of which the chief is known as the King's Cove, in the basaltic cliff face of Drumadoon,

close by. Tormore, are usually supposed to have got their name from the fact that Bruce sheltered there on landing in Arran; but Dr. Waddell attributes the name to a more ancient circumstance. Here, he thinks, Fingal must have landed on his way from Morven to the scene of his wars in Ireland. In support of his belief Dr. Waddell quotes Headrick: "The sides of the cave exhibit innumerable small figures, equally rude, representing dogs chasing stags, and men shooting arrows at them. The people here believe these figures to be representations of various exploits of Fiounn, or Fingal, in the chase." Again, a large cromlech in the neighbourhood, nearer Blackwaterfoot, which, on exploration by Dr. Bryce, was found to contain an urn of unbaked earth, full of burned bones, seems to be assigned by tradition as the tomb of Malvina, the betrothed of the son of Ossian. It stands "in a quiet, verdant recess of the shore, below a bosky bank, and at a point where two lines—one from Blackwaterfoot and another from Drumadoon farm—would cross nearly at right angles." Dr. Waddell also slights the tradition which sets Fingal's grave at Killin, and he adopts the Arran legend that the hero lies in a heathy space, marked by two boulders, nine paces above the road, half-way between Blackwaterfoot and Sliddery. Still farther south, opposite the entrance to Glenree on the Sliddery water, the same writer quotes tradition to identify an ancient broken cist as the tomb of Ossian's son, Oscar. And the burying-place of the bard himself Dr. Waddell identifies in a great mound close to Clachaig farmhouse, at the south end of the island. The mound, it

appears, has always been reputed among the islanders as Ossian's grave, and regarded as a sacred place accordingly. Sixty or seventy years ago, however, a native, thinking the spot might contain treasure, began to dig there. His operations were suddenly stopped, it is said, by the discovery of two fiery eyes glaring at him out of the earth. Nothing deterred by this fearful incident, Dr. Waddell explored the spot, and under the surface came upon a stone cist, four feet by two, covered by a large and heavy slab. All that he found within, however, was some grey dust and a sprinkling of calcined ash.

Whether that dust was the dust of the Celtic Homer, and whether the particular spots referred to are the resting-places of the heroes to whom they are assigned, there can be no doubt that these remains, and others on the island, are relics of prehistoric times. Some of them even contain testimony of the deeds of long ago. McArthur, in his "Arran," states of a tumulus at Torlin here: "It is intersected from east to west by a row of vaults, consisting each of six unhewn slabs from five to eight feet square. These vaults, when opened, were filled with human bones, some of which were cleft, as if from the blow of an axe or hatchet." So, for fifteen hundred summers, on the sunny hillside above the blue waves that flash by Pladda and Ailsa to the dim-seen Irish coast, the heroes of long-forgotten battles have slept.

Farther on, by Whiting Bay, comes into sight the great dome of Holy Isle, with its cave and holy well and memories of their possessor, the Culdee anchorite, St. Maol Jos.

But the memories of the holy man and of all these heroes of early time pale in interest beside the dramatic incident whose scene was the point of land running out into the waves towards Holy Island. From this point—King's Cross as it is named—the Bruce watched for his scout's signal on the Ayrshire coast, and presently, catching sight of the far-off blaze, set sail on the enterprise which was to end at Bannockburn.

Bruce's coming to the island is well told by Barbour. His arrival from Rachryn, "with thretty small galayis and three," his inquiries of a native woman, and how Douglas and his men at their hunting heard the far-off blast of his bugle, and instantly recognised the king—all form an episode telling enough. Not less vivid is the royal departure—the Bruce at sunset pacing the beach by his galleys, the burning prophecy of the island soothsayer, the flare of the beacon twenty miles away on Turnberry Point, and the adventurous setting forth. Scott has retold the tale in the fifth canto of "The Lord of the Isles," but scarce more tersely than it is told by the earlier poet:

Thai rowit fast with all thair mycht
Till that apoun thaim fell the nycht,
That wouk myrk apoun gret maner,
Swa that thai wüst nocht guhar thai wer.

Never were the shores of Arran left on a more momentous errand.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

A DUSTY highway, broad and straight, nowadays leads southward out of Ayr to the Bridge of Doon. All day and every day during summer the dust of that highway is kept flying by the wheels of the cheap tripper, as all sorts and conditions of men drive two miles out to see the birthplace of "Scotland's immortal bard."

Fifty years ago Burns's cottage, as it is called, though it never belonged to Burns, and he passed only the earliest and least eventful years of his life there, was occupied as a wayside alehouse, and in that character it was at least in accord with the hospitable disposition of the poet. Its hearth, at any rate, was not then cold; and hearty feeling, if not always expressed in the daintiest way, was still possible within its walls. Even then, however, it was very different from the "auld clay biggin'" of the year 1759.

To begin with, in 1759 the old road to Ayr ran past what is now the back of the house, and the only light which made its way into the little black-raftered kitchen came through the knotted glass of the small deep-set window near the high bunk bed.

One can try, nevertheless, to imagine the scene here on the afternoon of that wild winter day when "a

blast o' Januar' win'" was to blow "hansel in on Robin." There would be the goodwife's spinning-wheel set back for the nonce in a dark corner; the leglins, or milking-stools—on which the bright-eyed boy was to sit a few years later—pushed under the deal table; the wooden platters and bowls from which the household ate, arranged in the wall rack, and the few delf dishes appearing in the half-open aumrie or cupboard; while from the rafters overhead hung hanks of yarn of the good-wife's spinning, a braxie ham, perhaps, and the leathern parts of the horses' harness. Then, for the actors in the humble scene, there was a shadowy figure and a faint voice in the deep-set corner bed; the inevitable "neighbour-woman" setting matters to rights about the wide fireplace in the open chimney; and William Burness himself, whip in hand, hurriedly getting into his heavy riding-coat to face the blast outside.

A glance at the face of the great eight-day clock, a whispered word and a moment's pause as he bends within the shadow of the bed, while the neighbour turns industriously to the fire, and then, with a pale face and some wildness in the eyes, the husband makes off, over the uneven floor of flags, and the door closes after him. In a minute or two the tramp of the hoofs of his galloping mare dies away in the distance, and the women are left, waiting.

Behind him as he turned from his door on that wild day, the farmer would hear the Doon thundering down its glen, and the storm roaring through the woods about the ruin of Alloway Kirk, which his son's wild fancy was afterwards to make the scene of such

unearthly revels. The old road to Ayr was narrower and more irregular, between its high hedges, than the present one; and every step of the way had some country-side memory belonging to it. Behind, by its well, where the road rose from the steep river bank among the trees, stood the thorn "where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'." In the park of Cambusdoon an ash tree still marks the cairn "where hunters fand the murdered bairn." Farther on, in a cottage garden close by the road, is still to be seen that "meikle stane, where drucken Chairlie brak's neck bane." And on the far side of the Rozelle wood, a hundred yards to the left of the present road, was "the ford where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd."

As William Burness reached the stream here a singular incident befell him. On the farther side, when he had crossed, he found an old woman sitting. The crone asked him to turn back and carry her over the river, which was much swollen by the rains. This, though he was in anxious haste, he paused and did, and then, dashing a third time through the torrent, sped off on his errand to Ayr. An hour later, on returning to his cottage with the desired attendant, he found to his surprise the gipsy crone seated by his own fireside. She remained in the house till the child was born, and then, it is said, taking the infant in her arms, uttered the prophecy which Burns has turned in his well-known lines:

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart abune them a',
He'll be a credit till us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Shortly afterwards, as if to begin the fulfilment of the carline's prophecy, the storm, rising higher and higher, at length blew down a gable of the dwelling. No one was hurt, however, and the broken gable of a clay "bigging" was not a thing beyond repair.

Such were the circumstances and such was the scene of the birth of the great peasant-poet. Much change, no doubt, has taken place in the appearance both of the cottage and of the countryside since the twenty-fifth of January in the year 1759; but after all it is the same countryside, and the cottage is on the identical spot. Within these walls one pictures the poet in his childish years:

There, lonely by the ingle-cheek
He sat, and eyed the spueing reek
That filled wi' hoast-provoking sneek
The auld clay biggin',
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

Above the deep river dell, close by, the high-springing arch of the ancient bridge keeps for ever the memory of the fleeing wraith pictured by the poet in later and sadder years, the terrified Tam o' Shanter. And by the riverside itself, among these "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" about which his genius has cast so tender an interest, one can picture better than anywhere else, perhaps, the pregnant wanderings of Robert Burns.

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